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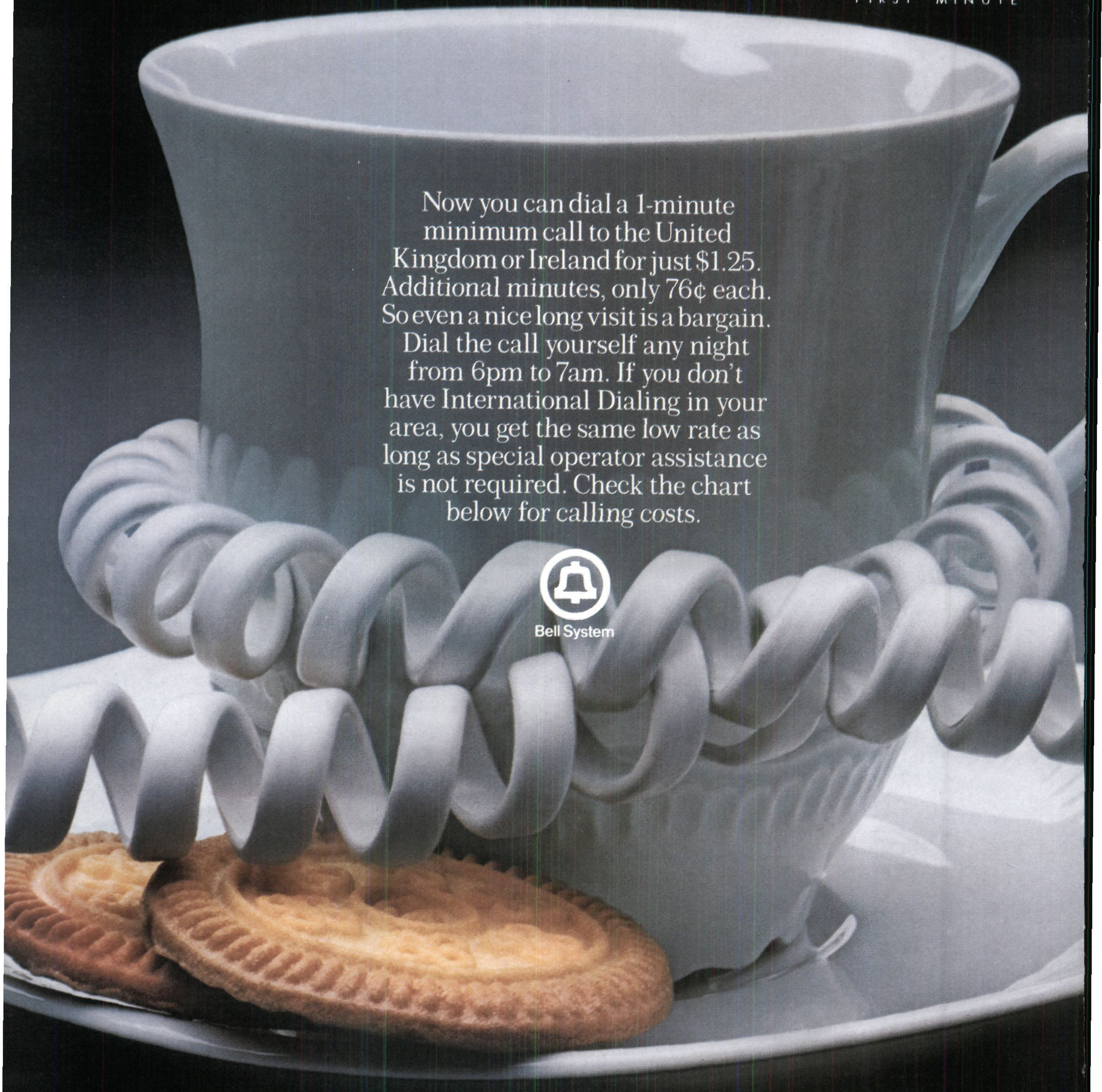

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

ANGELS FALL—Barnard Hughes, Fritz Weaver, Danton Stone, Nancy Snyder, Brian Tarantina, and Tanya Berezin wait out a nuclear accident in the Western desert; they have much to say and every word of it is worth listening to. The author is Lanford Wilson. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/31/83.) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BLOOD RELATIONS—A play about Lizzie Borden, by Sharon Pollock. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 27.)

CATS—Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (10/18/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

DO LORD REMEMBER ME—James de Jongh has made his tense, dramatic play from reminiscences of former slaves who were still alive in the nineteen-thirties. The performances—the acting, singing, and dancing—under Regge Life's direction are often humorous and always moving. With Frances Foster, Glynn Turman, Ebony Jo-Ann, Charles H. Patterson, and Lou Myers. (11/8/82) (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 869-4731. Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 2 and 8. Closes Saturday, Feb. 26.)

84 CHARING CROSS ROAD—Ellen Burstyn and Joseph Maher, along with a small, able cast of minor characters, bring a certain measure of life to what is little more than a recital of letters posted back and forth across the Atlantic. The correspondents are a failed playwright in New York and a London dealer in secondhand books. (12/20/82) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 27.)

THE ENTERTAINER—In this revival, Nicol Williamson appears in the role that John Osborne wrote for Laurence Olivier twenty-five years ago, yet even Mr. Williamson, fine actor that he is, cannot conceal the ear-bending tedium of Archie Rice, the tacky vaudevillian who vents his spleen on his family and subjects the audience to his atrocious monologues. Frances Cuka is very good as his abused, gin-soaked wife. (1/31/83) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, March 12.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—A revival of Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.,'s play **HAPPY BIRTHDAY, WANDA JUNE** is the fifth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 27. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

EXTREMITIES—Susan Sarandon in a play by William Mastrosimone. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

FOXFIRE—In the Blue Ridge Mountains of northern Georgia, an elderly widow and the exceptionally lively ghost of her husband talk about their life together, their children, and the fate of the farm to which they came in the promise of youth. Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn are splendid as the widow and ghost. (11/22/82) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

GENIUSES—Jonathan Reynolds, a gifted playwright, has written an annoying, campy comedy about some movie people on location near Manila during a typhoon. (5/24/82) (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

GREATER TUNA—Joe Sears and Jaston Williams, a pair of nimble, clever actors, portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. It was written by Mr. Williams, Mr. Sears, and their director, Ed Howard. (11/1/82) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays and Friday, March 4, at 8, and Saturdays and Friday, Feb. 25, at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

HANNAH—A play by Israel Eliraz. Anna Sokolow is the director. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY—An English domestic play that all but stifles in its own gentility. The late Wynyard Browne was the dramatist. Staged by Lindsay Anderson. (11/29/82) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, March 13.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Through Sunday, March 6: Gilbert and Sullivan's **THE MIKADO.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS—Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is untainted by camp. The spirited, tuneful rock score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman wrote the witty book and witty lyrics; the singing and comic acting by the entire company are a credit to Mr. Ashman, the inventive director. Martin P. Robinson designed and manipulates the menacing plant,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. With Lee Wilkof as the apprentice florist who discovers and nurtures it, and Ellen Greene as the lady he loves. (9/27/82) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MASTER HAROLD . . . AND THE BOYS—The theme of this short, elegantly written melodrama is the desolation of failed relations, whether in the family or out in the world. The scene is South Africa. The author, Athol Fugard, has directed his superb cast with appropriate energy. With James Earl Jones. (5/17/81) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 26.)

MERLIN—Doug Henning, a superb magician, has wandered as if by chance into a musical comedy totally unsuited to his nature. One of the members of the cast plays a unicorn, unconvincingly. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE MISANTHROPE—In the leading role, Brian Bedford speaks Molière's lines (admirably translated by Richard Wilbur) with elegance and feeling, but the production as a whole is oddly thin, like a house of paper instead of limestone. (2/14/83) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MOOSE MURDERS—Holland Taylor in a play by Arthur Bicknell, directed by John Roach. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2.)

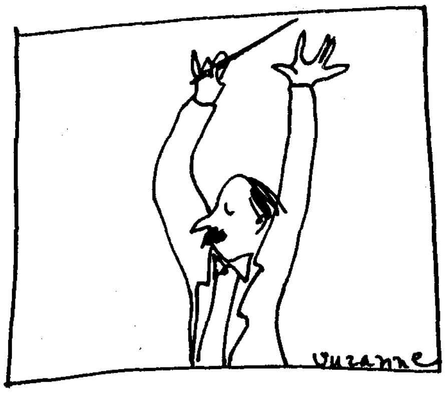
PAINTING CHURCHES—Tina Howe's sparkling comedy (with some shadows) about an artist who goes to Boston to help her old parents close up their house on Beacon Hill, and to paint their portrait. With Frances Conroy as the painter, Donald Moffat as her distinguished father, and Marian Seldes as her mother. Beautifully directed by Carole Rothman. (2/21/83) (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 8. Closes Sunday, Feb. 27.)

PLENTY—The fascinating heroine of this play by the English dramatist David Hare is a woman who, after her experiences with the French underground during the Second World War, conducts her own private war against every aspect of English life. Most of Mr. Hare's post-John Osborne targets are familiar by now, but his characters and scenes and lines are original and strong, and the performances, under his direction, are first-rate. Kate Nelligan is his driven heroine and Edward Herrmann is her stalwart, victimized husband; among the supporting actors are Ellen Parker, Daniel Gerroll, and George N. Martin. (11/1/82) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

POPPIE NONGENA—A demonstration—narrative, song, dance—of South Africa's brutality to its nonwhite citizens. The action covers forty years in the life of one woman. The performance of the South African company is very good indeed. Sophie Mgcina composed most of the beautiful music. (1/31/83) (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 489-2420. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

QUARTERMAINE'S TERMS—The Long Wharf Theatre production of a play by Simon Gray, with Remak Ramsay in the starring role. Preview Wednesday, Feb. 23. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 24. (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

SLAB BOYS—A revival of Scottish playwright John Byrne's play, with Kevin Bacon, Sean Penn, Val Kilmer, and Jackie Earle Haley. Robert Allan Ackerman is the director. Previews through Wednesday, March 2. Opens officially on Thursday, March 3. (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 586-7670. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)



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SNOOPY—A musical based on Charles M. Schulz's comic strip, "Peanuts." The music is by Larry Grossman, the lyrics by Hal Hackady, and the book by Warren Lockhart, Arthur Whitelaw, and Michael L. Grace. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SUMMER—A play by the glum English dramatist Edward Bond, set in some Eastern European country. Frances Sternhagen, as a wealthy émigré, and Betty Miller, as her former maid, struggle valiantly against the numbing drone of the dialogue. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 6.)

THE TOOTH OF CRIME—A rock-music version of Sam Shepard's 1973 play. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

TOP GIRLS—This British play by Caryl Churchill reopens Thursday, Feb. 24, with a new cast. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

TRUE WEST—Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production last year, has now been transformed by the superb clowning of John Malkovich and Gary Sinise, of Chicago. Mr. Sinise was the excellent director. (11/29/82) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE—From the Long Wharf, in New Haven, comes this admirable production of the Arthur Miller thriller. Tony Lo Bianco and Rose Gregorio make the most of their opportunities as an Italian husband and wife in the gray depths of Brooklyn. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

WHODUNNIT—A disastrous mock-thriller by Anthony Shaffer, who wrote the classic "Sleuth" and has here unaccountably lost his way. (1/10/83) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**AGNES OF GOD:** A flaky young nun has given birth to a baby, whose body is subsequently found in a wastepaper basket in her convent room. The nun maintains that God is the child's father, and her Mother Superior is inclined to agree, but a court-appointed psychiatrist has other notions. More of a debate than a play, but brilliantly enacted by Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Carrie Fisher. The author is John Pielmeier. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **AMADEUS:** We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with David Dukes, John Pankow, and Suzanne Lederer heading the large cast. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a bright and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is nimbly performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE DINING ROOM:** The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place over the past fifty years or so, in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters who are portrayed by six accomplished actors. David Trainer was the good director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EVITA:** A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Loni Ackerman, Anthony Crivello, and David Cryer. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss Ackerman at the Wednesday and Saturday matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,496 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT:** A musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8:15, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NINE:** A musical version of the autobiographical movie "8½" that Fellini directed almost twenty years ago. Raul Julia plays the hard-pressed hero, here depicted as an overgrown crybaby, surrounded by twenty-odd women, most of them abjectly servile sexual objects. A gorgeous production. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PUMP BOYS AND DINETTES:** A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann or by his wife, Cass Morgan. (Princess, Broadway at 48th

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St. 586-3903. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. With Nancy Marchand. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Richard DeFabees substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée performances. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** Debbie Reynolds heads the cast of this musical. The music and lyrics are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

MARTIN CHARNIN'S UPSTAIRS AT O'NEALS'—A lively little revue with a young cast of six, whose ranks may or may not include a future Chita Rivera or Joel Grey. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 382-1614. Tuesdays at 8 and 10:30; Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; and Saturdays at 7, 9:30, and midnight.)

ICE SHOW—"Ice: A Theatre of Symphony & Skates," with Peggy Fleming, Toller Cranston, Robin Cousins, Katherine Healy, and the Radio City Music Hall Symphony Orchestra. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursday, at 2:30 and 7:30. Closes Monday, Feb. 28.)

DANCE

DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Feb. 23, and Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 27, at 2: "Swan Lake," "Les Biches," and "Schéhérazade." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Feb. 24-25, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 26, at 2; and Sunday, Feb. 27, at 7:30: "Pas de Dix," "A Streetcar Named Desire," and "Firebird." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

JENNIFER MULLER & THE WORKS—A one-week engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesday, March 1, at 7; Wednesday through Saturday, March 2-5, at 8; and Sunday, March 6, at 3.)

BATTERY DANCE COMPANY—Two premières—"Worldes Blis" and "The Caste System"—"Mockingbird," and "Last Dance." (Schimmel Center for the Arts, Pace University, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. Thursday, Feb. 24, at 6:30; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 25-26, at 8; and Sunday, Feb. 27, at 2. For tickets, call 285-3715.)

LES BALLETS TROCADERO DE LA KARPOVA—The first four of twelve performances of "The Firebird" and other ballets. (18th St. Playhouse, 145 W. 18th St. 929-7907. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 25-26, and Friday and Saturday, March 4-5, at 11.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

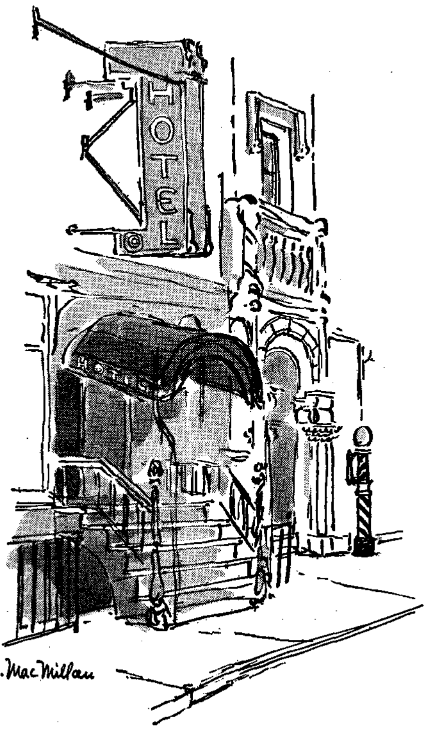
ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant that's been a Chelsea fixture for years. **JAKI BYARD,** a jazz professor, a big-band leader, and a simultaneously free and stride pianist, leads a trio on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 25-26, and on Friday and Saturday, March 4-5, **MAJOR HOLLEY,** a showboating, buzzing, humming bassist, will work with the driving young pianist **HILTON RUIZ.** Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. **ART BLAKEY** and his Class of '83 **JAZZ MESSENGERS** can be heard through Sunday, Feb. 27, and on Monday, Feb. 28, Lola Dunn will be on hand with Mike Morgenstern & the Jazzmania All Stars. There are usually three sets, beginning at nine-thirty.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The roster: Through Wednesday, Feb. 23, Warren Zevon; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 25-26, and Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 28-March 1, **LOU REED;** Thursday and Friday, March 3-4, the Uncle Floyd show; and Saturday and Sunday, March 5-6, singer **PHOEBE SNOW** and rock guitarist **EDGAR WINTER.** Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (although no musician's name is ever posted anywhere on the premises) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. Bassist **RED MITCHELL** is present with pianist **MIKE LONGO** through Saturday, Feb. 26, and with pianist **LEE ANN LEDGERWOOD** on Sunday, Feb. 27. On Monday, Feb. 28, **EDDIE GOMEZ,** another real fine bassist, will come in with pianist Eliani Elias. Music from nine-forty-five.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. On Wednesdays and Thursdays from nine to two, **BOB DOROUGH** claims the keyboard and furnishes vocals in his easy, salty Arkansas voice. Dining.



CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist, composer, and occasional singer **JOE BUSHKIN** has settled in at the Café Carlyle with his quartet. Shows at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** plays the piano and sings a bit, too, in the Bemelmans Bar, nightly, except Sundays, from nine.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS,** the demure, elegant pianist, is the star at this dark-brown room just in back of Carnegie Hall. Music nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. Wednesday, Feb. 23, the Wild, the Grownups, Fee-lines, and Rocking Bricks. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**CARRIE SMITH,** a strong-voiced blues, jazz, and Bessie Smith interpreter, sings here through Saturday, Feb. 26; on Tuesday, March 1, folklorist, historian, and singer **OSCAR BRAND** will move in. Shows at nine and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

DAVID K'S, 1115 Third Ave. at 65th St. (371-9090)—**RONNY WHYTE** is at the piano, singing from his repertoire of Porter, Gershwin, Coward, and Joel (Billy, that is), with assistance from bassist **FRANK TATE.** In the Aquarium Lounge from nine to one through Saturday, Feb. 26.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, Feb. 23, the Tap Room Band; Thursday, Feb. 24, Steve Garcia & the Navesink Valley String Dusters; Saturday, Feb. 26, Special Consensus Bluegrass Band; Wednesday, March 2, Clairseach and Robin Howard; Thursday, March 3, champion flat picker **ORRIN STAR** and his sidekick **GARY MEHALICK;** and Saturday, March 5, **TONY TRISCHKA'S SKYLINE.** Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays, from eight-fifteen on Thursdays, and from nine on Saturdays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternative hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works Tuesdays through Saturdays, from eight-thirty to two. On Sunday, Feb. 27, the Bill Kirchner Nonet will perform from nine-fifteen, and on Monday, Feb. 28, Jack Maheu's quintet will be present. On Wednesdays, Bill and George Simon's quintet works from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs room, which is patronized by tourists, people on dates, and music lovers, and which is frequently very crowded. The bandstand will be crowded, too, through Sunday, Feb. 27, as drummer **MEL LEWIS** and his **JAZZ ORCHESTRA** assemble themselves on it. On Tuesday, March 1, six great players—**ART FARMER, BENNY GOLSON, CURTIS FULLER, ALBERT (TUTTI) HEATH, RAY DRUMMOND,** and **MICKEY TUCKER**—will move in to play together. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday, Feb. 23, Dream Syndicate, Mad Violets, and Velvet Monkeys; Friday, Feb. 25, the Irish music of **JAMES KEANE, ROBBIE O'CONNELL, & MICK MOLONEY;** Saturday, Feb. 26, the **DANNY KALB** band; Tuesday, March 1, Sidetrack; Thursday, March 3, Marty Cutler & Charged Particles and Kenny Kosek & Alan Feldman; and Friday, March 4, the **IRISH TRADITION.** Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Wednesday, when the music starts at ten, and Monday, when a hootenanny begins around eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile drummerless music. The mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. The live music: Wednesday, Feb. 23, Ebony Jo-Ann; Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 24-26, Charles Hughes; Monday, Feb. 28, **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and **BROSS TOWNSEND** with Tony Goldman; Tuesday through Thursday, March 1-3, Kim Shaw; and Friday and Saturday, March 4-5, Tina Fabrik. On Sundays, Val Eley and Tony Goldman are onstage. Music Sundays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine, eleven, and one. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Pianist Ted Saunders' trio works through Sunday, Feb. 27; Wednesday through Sunday, March 2-6, will belong to guitarist Jack Fragomeni's trio. On Mondays, the Graham Forbes duo can be heard; and on Tuesdays a trio led by speedy bebop guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** has the floor. All these groups begin about ten. On Sundays from five to ten, Ellingtonia expert and singer and pianist **BROOKS KERR** lays claim to the piano bench, and Loumell Morgan plays piano the same hours Mondays through Fridays.

Griff's, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A pleasant, spiffy, laid-back restaurant that hangs over Third Avenue—it's one level up. Longtime colleagues pianist **CEDAR WALTON** and super bassist **RON CARTER** team up again through Saturday, Feb. 26; on Tuesday, March 1, pianist Mike Melillo will move in with bassist Gene Perla. Music from nine. On Sundays and Mondays from seven to eleven, the **NINA SHELDON** duo can be found at work.

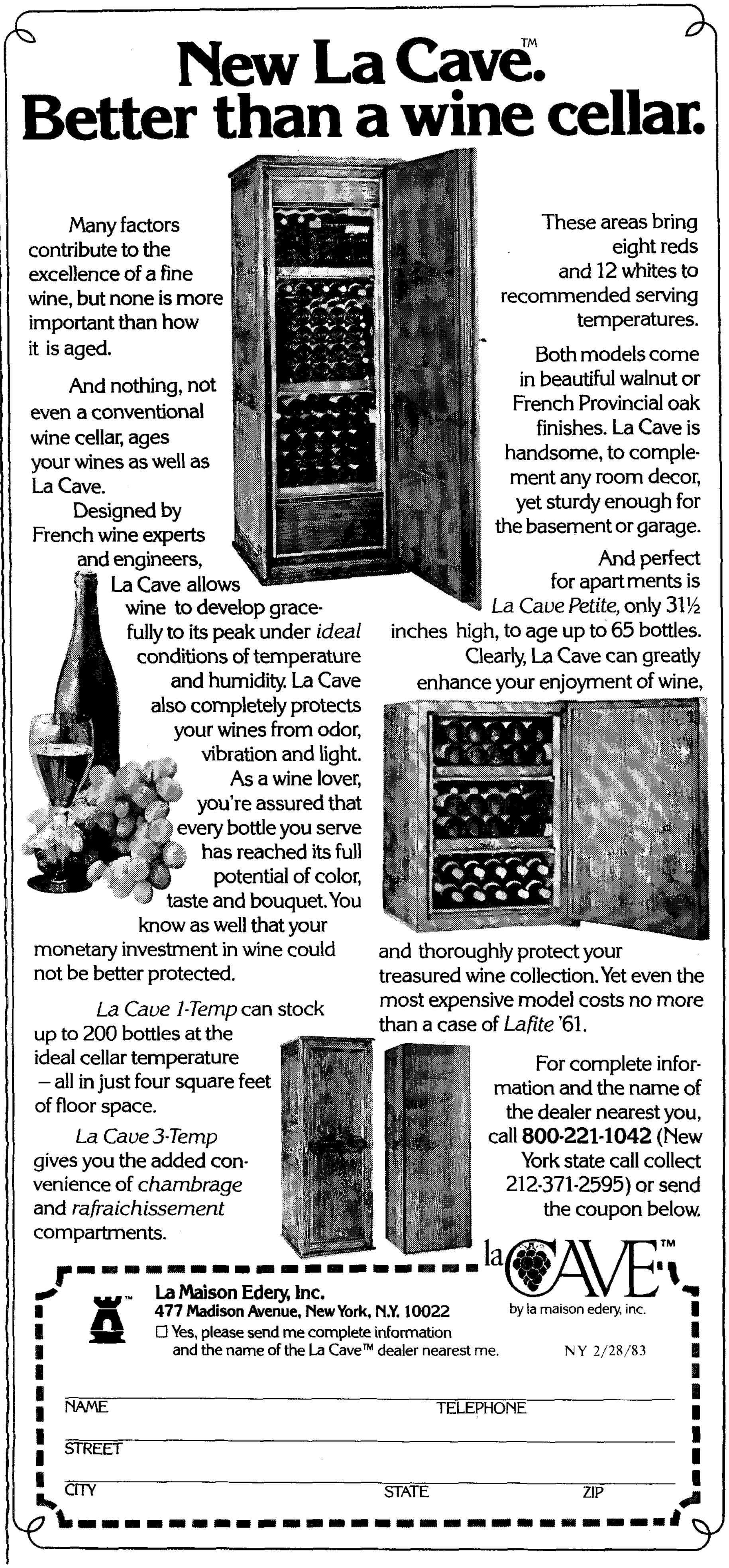
Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—At first glance, you might think **JUDY CARMICHAEL** a mere wisp of a girl—that is, until she begins her forceful, energetic, fireballing piano rags and stride numbers. She carefully and considerately and charmingly explains the histories of the tunes she performs and seems to have no problem in winning over an audience. In the course of a recent set, she took a sip of Sanka, lit into Fats Waller's "Handful of Keys," finished it, leaned back, stretched out her fingers, and sighed, "It's like aerobics." She's here Tuesdays through Saturdays. Another traditionalist pianist, Terry Waldo, works here on Sundays and Mondays. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A very big, airy room with ceiling fans and jazz fans. Wednesday, Feb. 23, Flash Presents; Thursday, Feb. 24, Frequency; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 25-26, **CLAUDIO RODITI,** a crackling sharp trumpeter, and his combo; and Friday and Saturday, March 4-5, pianist and composer **DOM SALVADOR.** Sets usually from about eight-thirty. On Fridays after 1 A.M., saxophonist-proprietor **MIKE MORGENSTERN** presides over a jam session.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet led by trumpeter Spanky Davis occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons: Pianist **RAY BRYANT** and his bassist, **JIMMY ROWSER,** work through Saturday, Feb. 26; on Tuesday, March 1, **CEDAR WALTON** and **RON CARTER** will move in; and Sundays and Mondays are given over to **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA.** Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness except in the wide-open-spaces department. Wednesday, Feb. 23, the Osmonds and Blackwater;



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Thursday, Feb. 24, **DR. JOHN** and Libby Titus; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 25-26, Moonshine Express and Six Gun; Sunday, Feb. 27, **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER;** Monday, Feb. 28, the New Riders of the Purple Sage and John O'Leary; Tuesday, March 1, **PORTER WAGONER;** Wednesday, March 2, a Texas Independence Day celebration; and Thursday, March 3, Orleans. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious, fledgling jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it. Drummer **ROY HAYNES** is at the helm of a hard-bopping combo Wednesday through Sunday, Feb. 23-27; on Wednesday, March 2, a band named Quest will take over. Sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Mondays.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave. at 73rd St. (249-4100)—**CHRIS CONNOR** is singing here Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING,** always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, is musically escorted by **DON THOMPSON,** on bass and second piano; through Saturday, Feb. 26. On Tuesday, March 1, a program entitled "Julius La Rosa Sings the Dream Lyrics of Oscar Hammerstein" will commence. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. Mondays from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band has the floor. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—For more than a decade, rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. The lineup: Thursday, Feb. 24, Sherry Winston; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 25-26, Chew, with electric pianist Ray Chew and guitarist **ERIC GALE;** Tuesday, March 1, Weldon Irvine; Thursday, March 3, Dave Tofani; and Friday and Saturday, March 4-5, **DAVE VALENTIN,** a wonderful Latin-jazz flutist. Music from about ten until two.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. The schedule: Wednesday, Feb. 23, Susan Savell and Bush Rock; Thursday, Feb. 24, Richie Scarlett & the Seducers; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 25-26, **TANIA MARIA,** a trilling, chirping, exciting Brazilian-jazz singer and pianist; and Friday and Saturday, March 4-5, Robert Hunter and Chris Smither. Shows start at nine-thirty and midnight. Sundays after ten are jam-session nights. Mondays, a talent showcase begins at eight. Dining and dancing.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**PANAMA FRANCIS AND THE SAVOY SULTANS** play absolutely uplifting swing music so infectiously that it's downright impossible not to want to Lindy to it. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Wednesday, Feb. 23, the System; Saturday, Feb. 26, Novo Combo; Thursday, March 3, Triplets; Friday, March 4, R.E.M.; and Saturday, March 5, the Members. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables.

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The schedule: Wednesday, Feb. 23, Frank Ferucci; Thursday, Feb. 24, the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND;** Friday through Sunday, Feb. 25-27, trumpeter **TERUMASO HINO;** Monday, Feb. 28, Ed Palermo and his big band; Tuesday, March 1, Laurie Altman; Wednesday, March 2, **YOSHIAKI MASUO,** a real fine blues and jazz guitarist; and Thursday through Saturday, March 3-5, Idiot Savant. Music from nine-thirty.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A club—in a renovated luncheonette—that offers, in the words of its proprietor, Larry Gold, "the Brazilian experience." The schedule: Wednesday, Feb. 23, guitarist **TONINO HORTA;** Thursday, Feb. 24, Samba Spaceship Dance Band; Sunday, Feb. 27, Clarice Taylor; Tuesday, March 1, Marcos Silva; Wednesday and Thursday, March 2-3, pianist **JORGE DALTO'S** band, which will feature percussionist **POTATO VALDEZ;** and on Fridays and Saturdays **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays.

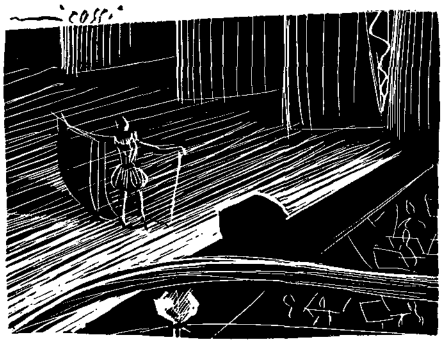
STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—The great drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES,** who has lately been performing in generous doses around town with Red Garland and with his Tadd Dameron repertory nonet, Dameronia, will be here leading a quartet of his own on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 25-26. Music from ten. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Alto saxophonist **LOU DONALDSON,** who still plays hard-swinging, bluesy music in a strong, full tone and with bebop rapidity, heads up a quintet through Saturday, Feb. 26; on Sunday and Monday, Feb. 27-28, bassist **SAHEB SARBIB** will guide a quartet; and on Tuesday, March 1, trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON** and tenor saxophonist **JIMMY HEATH** will arrive with their quintet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A nonthreatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club. Wednesday, Feb. 23, Random Speed and D. Sievers; Thursday, Feb. 24, the Mitchell Lewis band and Janie Barnett; Friday, Feb. 25, the Shirts and Black Lace; Saturday, Feb. 26, Miller, Miller, Miller & Sloan and Id; Wednesday, March 2, Jessie and the Whiz Kids; Friday, March 4, Tony Frye and Jail Bait; and Saturday, March 5, Urban Blight and the Majestics. Music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays are nights of salsa music in the big, barnlike downstairs room. On Feb. 28, two bands, **CONJUNTO CLASSICO** and **TIPICA '73,** will be present with guest jazz soloist pianist **HILTON RUIZ.** In the Top of the Gate on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 25-26, **HERBIE MANN** will lead his quartet, which will feature a guest, vibraharpist **ROY AYERS.** And meanwhile, out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio on Tuesdays. Music from nine or so.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. **DEXTER GORDON,** who is himself a hallowed tenor saxophonist, performs with his quartet Wednesdays through Sundays; on Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 28-March 1, the **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** will blast forth. Music from ten.



VILLAGE WEST, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A pleasant, informal, tile-floored bar and restaurant on Abingdon Square, with live jazz. **DARYL SHERMAN** will be singing at the piano with support from guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **JAY LEONHART** through Sunday, Feb. 27; on Tuesday, March 1, singer **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE** will bring in her backing crew. Shows at nine and eleven Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Esther Blue is at the piano Mondays through Wednesdays; Kuni Mikami has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight-thirty until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. The lineup: Saxophonist Heywood Henry through Saturday, Feb. 26; alto-sax wonder **LEE KONITZ** on Sunday, Feb. 27; and the Shelbo Jump Band on Monday, Feb. 28. Music from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A sleekly designed ground-floor town-house bar and restaurant with chamber jazz. Pianist **BROOKS KERR,** who plays standards, stride numbers, and lots of Ellington, and who sings some, too, works with bassist **BRIAN TORFF** until Saturday, Feb. 26; on Monday, Feb. 28, pianist **PHIL MARKOWITZ** will come in with bassist Boots Maleson. Music from nine. The Sunday men, **JOHN BUNCH** and **PHIL FLANIGAN,** are present from eight-thirty.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

BARRY MANILOW—Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesday, Feb. 23, through Saturday, March 5, except Sunday, Feb. 27, at 8.

MAX ROACH, BILL T. JONES, ARNIE ZANE, AND CONNIE CROTHERS—A program incorporating jazz and dance. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 24-26, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 27, at 2.)

AMERICA—With Robert Kraft. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

BENNY POWELL QUINTET—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 25-26, at 10, 11:30, and 1.

BILLY BANG STRING ENSEMBLE—With dancer Rrata Christine Jones. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

CULTURE CLUB—With Spoons. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 9. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

LEGENDS OF ROCK GUITAR—With Alvin Lee, Johnny Winter, and L.A.W. (Palladium. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 7:30.)

JULIO IGLESIAS—Radio City Music Hall. Wednesday through Saturday, March 2-5, at 7:30.

LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III—With the Persuasions. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday, March 5, at 8.)

ROGER WHITTAKER—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Saturday, March 5, at 8.

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Tuesdays at 9: Jam session. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 23, at ten and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband, with Leon Thomas. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 24, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Orpheus Gaitanopoulos nonet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Feb. 25-26, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Lloyd McNeill sextet and the Andrew White quartet, with Michael Carvin. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 27, at 10 and midnight: Eddie Daniels quar-

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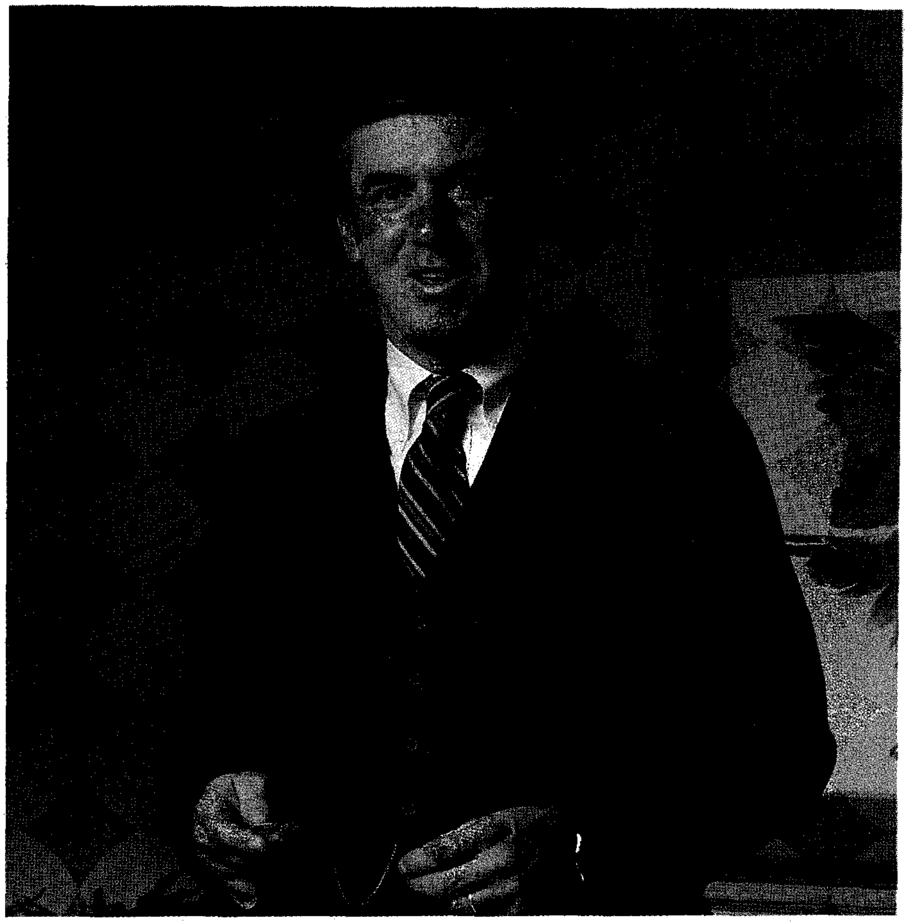

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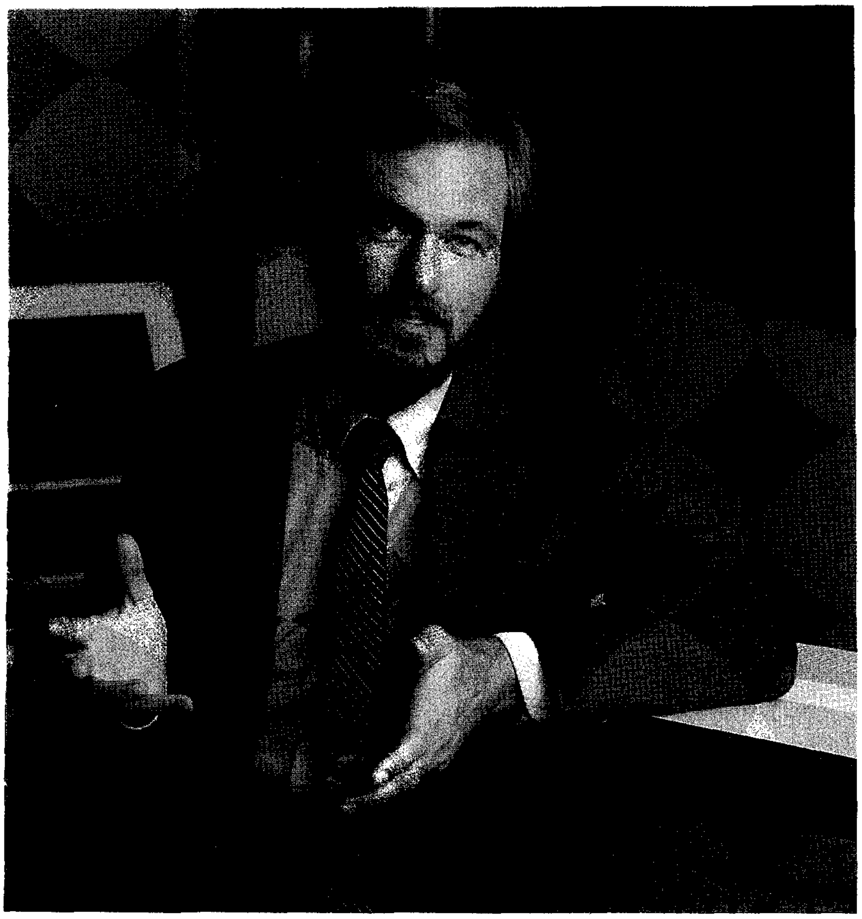

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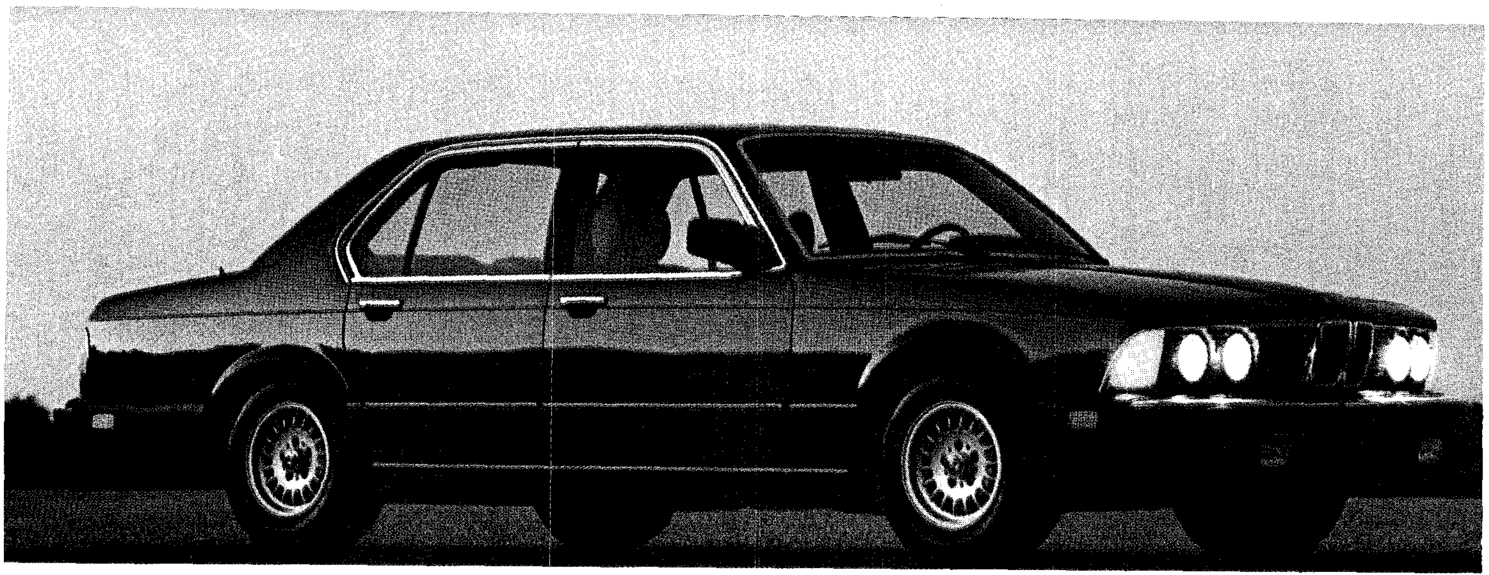

THE BMW 733i. IT DOESN'T SCREAM WEALTH. IT JUST QUIETLY REWARDS INSIGHT.

It's no secret that there are some expensive sedans that are purchased for their sheer expensiveness.

Sedans that serve as a sort of public declaration of prosperity and status.

Such cars are the antithesis of the BMW 733i—the luxury sedan engineered in the belief that performance, not self-congratulation, is the ultimate measure of a car's true worth.

A PANACEA FOR PURISTS.

The 733i is a car whose subtleties of engineering and technology place it beyond the needs of all but a handful of purists. (Which is perhaps just as well, given its limited supply.)

For those serious drivers, however, it is as close to a necessity as a $35,000* sedan can come.

Its fuel-injected engine delivers the sort of heady response that suggests an oversized power-plant beneath the hood.

Not so. The 733i's 6-cylinder engine arrives at high performance through refinement, not brute force.

A system of microprocessors gathers data on fuel mixtures, engine speed and other factors. It then orders ignition to occur at the optimum moment—accomplishing through elegance of design what might otherwise require additional cylinders and extra girth.

Its suspension handles the landscape with precision instead of bluntness—removing almost surgically the wallowing, skittishness and related uncertainties from bumps and curves.

(One reason: a new rear suspension that incorporates one of the most significant breakthroughs in independent rear suspension design in a generation.)

The 733i is also designed for those who prefer the subtleties of road topography to the anesthetizing ride of limousine-like sedans. Its highly tactile steering places you in touch with that alternately pleasant and harsh reality called the road—filtering out just enough of its harshness, while never removing the reality.

The result is a machine that is as much system as car, one so perfectly balanced and rigorously self-policing that it even calculates when routine service is needed.

ENGINEERED FOR DRIVING, NOT JUST SITTING.

Inside, the 733i is engineered for activities of considerably more subtlety than sitting.

Its interior literally helps you drive, rather than merely accompanying you on the trip.

Its supple leather seats are designed to follow the curvature of the spine, placing the driver in postures that are anatomically correct and help reduce driver fatigue.

An Active Check/Control provides readings on 7 different measures of the car's operational readiness.

An on-board computer provides all manner of trip information, such as the distance remaining to your destination.

In fact, no detail in a BMW 733i ever suffers from inattention because it's judged 'minor.' And its warranty reflects this obsessiveness. The 733i is backed by BMW's 3-year/36,000-mile limited warranty and a 6-year limited warranty against rust perforation.+

All of which led Car and Driver to conclude that the 733i's "parts and pieces...work so well together they must have been melded in another world."

It may be seen, however, in much more convenient locations. We invite you to visit your nearby BMW dealer, who will be happy to arrange a test drive.

BMW

THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price: $34,300. Actual price depends on dealer. Price excludes state and local taxes, dealer prep, destination and handling charges. +Warranty applies to automobiles purchased from authorized U.S. BMW dealers only. See your BMW dealer for details. © 1982 BMW of North America, Inc. The BMW trademark and logo are registered. European Tourist Delivery can be arranged through your authorized U.S. BMW dealer.

tet. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in another fifth-floor loft. Tuesdays: Daniel Poncé. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 25: Don Cherry. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 26: Odeon Pope trio. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Evenings at 9.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Patricia Broderick—Cheerful impressions, in oil or oil crayon, of Irish fishermen, theatrical folk, children, and landscapes. Through Saturday, March 5. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Porfirio Di Donna—Abstractions from the past four years in oil, watercolor, and charcoal. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Siegel, 29 E. 73rd St.)

Klaus Fussmann—Loosely executed paintings of interiors and landscapes (some with figures), and still-lifes. Through March 19. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Darryl Hughto—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St.)

Peter Hutchinson—Recent works. Through March 31. (Gibson, 205 E. 78th St.)

Lois Lane—New paintings. Through March 16. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

John Linnell (1792-1882)—About a hundred oils, watercolors, and drawings by an English artist who did portraits and idyllic landscapes and who was a patron of William Blake. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Leo Lionni—Meticulously executed pencil drawings of botanical forms and rock formations. Through March 12. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Joan Mitchell—Paintings from the past two years. Through March 26. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Jules Olitski—Abstract paintings. Through March 10. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Jean-Pierre Péricaud—Nonobjective paintings on canvas and paper. Through March 16. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Kay Rosen / Robert Schecter—Conceptual works, served up in book form, stemming from the artist's interest in language. / Wall pieces of overlapping zigzags in black-painted cardboard. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Herk Van Tongeren—A dozen recent abstract bronzes. Through March 12. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Edouard Vuillard (1868-1940)—Paintings and drawings, including a large interior. Through March 10. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Helen Miranda Wilson / Jody Mussoff—Paintings, many of them small and on domestic themes, which this artist considers her visual diary. / Figure drawings of considerable dexterity, done with colored pencils. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Frank Lloyd Wright (1869-1959)—Chairs (one from Tokyo's Imperial Hotel), lamps, tables, and other objects. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. The Metropolitan has a larger show of Wright designs.)

Group Shows—At the **carus,** 872 Madison Ave., at 71st St.: Max Beckmann heads a show of German Expressionist graphics with eighteen of his etchings and lithographs; there are also one or two prints apiece by Kirchner, Kokoschka, Nolde, and others. Through April 1. . . . **cds gallery,** 13 E. 75th St.: The versatility of paper as a medium is explored in a show of works by nearly forty artists, among them Douglass Morse Howell, Robert Rauschenberg, and Anne Elliott. Through March 12. (Open Mondays.) . . . **saidenberg,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A score of paintings and works on paper by Bauhaus associate Herbert Bayer and a scattering of works by other members of that period, among them Kandinsky, Klee, and Schwitters. Through April 15. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.) . . . **schlesinger-boisanté,** 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Works incorporating found objects by Fred Brathwaite, Michael Hafftka, Keith Haring and LA 2, and Justen Ladda. Through March 12. (Open Mondays.)

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GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Benny Andrews—Recent collages and paintings. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Drawings from the past twenty-five years. (Glass Gallery, suite 8W, 315 Central Park W., at 91st St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) Both shows through Thursday, March 3.

Jerry Atkins—Frogs, baboons, and other animals, as well as people, are reduced to their fundamental forms in these sculptures, done in bronze or polymer resin. Through March 12. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—"Street in San Miguel" and other paintings originating from his 1946 summer in Mexico. Through Thursday, March 3. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Helen Bershad—Acrylic paintings of large, simple geometric forms arranged in grid patterns and touched up with pastel scribbles. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

Isabel Bishop—A small show of oils which includes one of girls at a lunch counter, plus the small etching that inspired it, and the intermediate working drawings and photographic enlargements made during its development. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Carol Brown—Small colored-pencil drawings of mountain ranges and vegetation—reduced to their basic shapes—in Arizona and Utah. Through March 26. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

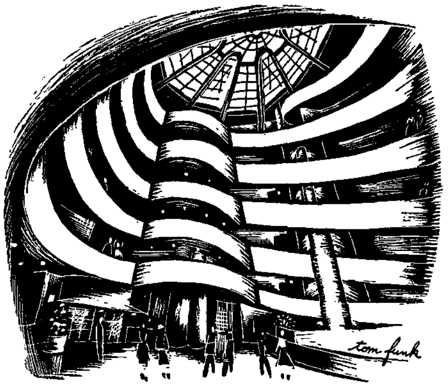
Janet Fish—Recent paintings and pastels of glittering glassware and dresser-top junk, and, for the first time in her career, portrait figures. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Mary Frank—New works, including her familiar ceramic sculptures and a large series of monotypes, plus two five-foot figures put together with lakeside driftwood and partially coated with plaster. Through March 19. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Juan Gomez Quiroz—Still-lifes, mostly of wine bottles and pitchers, painted in multicolored cross-hatching, plus pastels of flowers. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Sutton, 29 W. 57th St.)

John Grillo—Paintings of nudes done since 1976. Through March 31. (Lumbard, 38 E. 57th St.)

Theophil Groell—Landscape paintings and drawings from the past two years. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)



Don Hazlitt—The shadow of the bomb hovers over everything in these paintings, which otherwise have the quality of Mother Goose illustrations. Through March 12. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

John Hejduk—Two sets of models and drawings for recent architectural competitions in Berlin and Philadelphia, plus other drawings. Through Saturday, March 5. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Theo Hios—Landscapes of Greece in acrylics on canvas. Through March 19. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 11:30.)

George McNeil—New oils. Through Saturday, March 5. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Robert Moskowitz—Large-scale paintings and drawings from the past three years. Through March 19. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Ben Norris—Large watercolors, in most of which young people are seen reflected in puddles of rainwater. Through Thursday, March 3. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Carolyn Plochmann—Richly textured paintings and works on paper, a number of which are organized around portrait figures. Through Saturday, March 5. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Lawrence Poons / Stanley Boxer—New paintings. / Small-scale paintings—one is two inches by two. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Judy Rifka—The Berlin Wall, classical architecture, and modern dance are among the themes touched on in new paintings and set pieces by this restless artist. Through March 12. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

William Schwedler (1942-82)—A memorial show of abstract and nonobjective paintings and constructions. Through March 9. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Phil Sims—Large paintings and drawings of black squares consisting of countless vertical strokes with brush or pastel and charcoal which give character to the surface. Through Saturday, March 5. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Randy Stevens—Satirical drawings by an artist whose subject matter has changed from cheerleaders and beauty parlors to art-gallery openings and show-biz stuff. Through Saturday, March 5. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Carl Nicholas Titolo—Small works on paper incorporating objects collected during a recent trip to Italy. Through Thursday, March 3. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Ger van Elk—Large photographs of flowers (both handmade and garden-grown) served as the canvases for this artist's paintings. Through Saturday, March 5. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Neil Welliver—Maine landscapes in oil. Through Wednesday, March 2. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **aaron berman,** 50 W. 57th St.: Abe Ajay, Elisabeth Munro Smith, and Sylvia Wald are among the dozen artists showing painted constructions and wall reliefs. Through March 26. . . . **galerie st. etienne,** 24 W. 57th St.: Twentieth-century folk painters: Grandma Moses, Nan Phelps, Israel Litwak, Abraham Levin, and others. Through March 12. . . . **getler-pall,** 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and works on paper by gallery artists Steven Sorman, Charlotte Brown, Stephanie Rose, and others. Through Saturday, March 5. . . . **janis,** 110 W. 57th St.: Abstract paintings by eight New York artists, including Robert Ryman, Jerry Zeniuk, and Marcia Hafif (who was also the curator for this show). Through Saturday, March 5. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Marjorie Abramson—A ceramic wall piece entitled "Truffle" and depicting a split mushroom is typical of this artist's new sculptures. Through March 16. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Carolyn Brady—Watercolors emphasizing flower, fruit, and other still-life objects that are seen against patterned wallpaper and

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

wicker furniture. Through Wednesday, March 2. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Daniel Buren—An installation extending through two rooms at the Weber gallery, in one of which panes of glass painted with broad vertical stripes are arranged to form a grid pattern on the wall. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Stephen Chapin—Large paintings of events on an imaginary island—storms, drownings, sailboat disasters, military action. Through Saturday, March 5. (Concord, 451 Broome St.)

John Ford—Paintings in which a human figure (or face) is barely discernible through the interstices of a complicated grid pattern. Through Sunday, Feb. 27. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Opens Sundays at noon.)

Gérard Garouste—History, real and imaginary, and mythology are the subjects of these paintings, some of them immense, by a French Expressionist. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway, and Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Sidney Geist—Sculptures and drawings. Through March 12. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Jannis Kounellis—Wall sculptures incorporating found pieces of wood touched up with paint and arranged on long metal shelves, along with an occasional seashell, bit of classical sculpture, or whatever. Through Saturday, March 5. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Craig Langager—Life-size wall sculptures in mixed mediums, some devoted to pantherlike predators and some to placid, deerlike creatures, plus drawings, one of which shows a huge alligator on a rooftop. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

John Lees—Paintings of stark medieval-looking buildings and landscapes, plus related drawings and a couple of small portraits. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

Margaret Leveson—Landscapes, in oil, of the Southwest and the Catskills. Through Wednesday, March 2. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Robert Longo—A two-gallery exhibit by this prolific young artist: Huge drawings (of children, a war-torn city) and mammoth sculptures (a free-for-all entitled "Corporate Wars," for example). Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.) . . . ¶ More huge works, including an eight-foot-tall silk screen of the dancer Bill T. Jones' head. Through Saturday, March 5. (Metro Pictures, 169 Mercer St.)

Stephen Lorber—Still-life paintings in which baskets, the artist's favorite subject, coexist with handmade patterned quilts. Through Wednesday, March 2. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Constance McMillan—Semi-abstract paintings on themes ranging from crab-apple and plum trees in bloom to women and swans. Through Thursday, March 3. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Wilhelm Moser and Hermann Spörel—Paintings by two German artists. Architectural renderings done on old truck tarpaulins, with the help of a photographic process, by the former; Neo-Expressionist works, including a Times Square scene and a pool-hall interior, by the latter. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Joyce Robins / Thomas Nozkowski—Abstract shapes outlined in cast bronze. / Drawings in oil on uniformly sized rag paper. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

David Salle—Sketchy figures and details of figures are crowded into these large paintings, whose narrative thread is sometimes deliberately obscured by the introduction of wholly disparate objects (a lamp, say, or a coil of tubing) on shelves projecting from the canvas. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Al Souza / R. J. Kreznar—Several of his paintings contrast the straightforward images of road signs, in one panel, with abstractions, in another. / Sculptural works made up of tiers of plate glass cut into long, narrow strips. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ In another gallery here, Eugene Brodsky is showing relief paintings and drawings.

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Group Shows—At **the drawing center,** 137 Greene St.: Minnie Maude May Schuyler and Thomas Slaughter are among the dozen emerging artists showing their paintings, drawings, and, in the case of Slaughter, painted-paper cutouts of vases set on shelves that are attached to the gallery walls. Through March 30. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **feldman,** 31 Mercer St.: "1984—A Preview" consists of works by upwards of seventy artists (among them Alice Aycock, George Segal, Roy Lichtenstein, Ed Ruscha) which illustrate the Orwellian thesis. Through March 12. . . . **toll,** 146 Greene St.: Large works on paper by Milo Reice, Richard Beckett, and Dennis Kardon. Through Saturday, Feb. 26.

OTHER GALLERIES

E. E. Cummings (1894-1962)—A recently uncovered painting that Cummings gave to his landlord in lieu of rent, and original works on paper, which were the basis for his book "CIOPW." Through March 26. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St. Open Mondays.)

Stewart Hitch—Abstract paintings. Through March 19. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

Franz Hitzler and Troels Wörsel—Paintings by two Munich artists. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30; Saturdays, 9 to 4.)

Vita Petersen—Small paintings of landscapes and interiors, plus black-and-white drawings. Through Monday, Feb. 28. (New York Studio School, 8 W. 8th St. Open daily; closes at 4 on Saturdays and Sundays.)

Terry Rosenberg—Recent terra-cotta sculptures and related drawings. Through Saturday, March 5. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

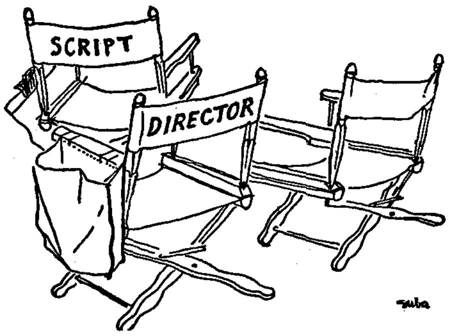
Group Show—Nearly thirty portraits by contemporary artists represented in the collections of the Whitney Museum, which sponsored this exhibit. Robin Tewes, Mimi Gross, May Stevens, and John Ahearn are among those whose paintings, works on paper, and plaster reliefs are on display. Through April 1. (Federal Hall National Memorial, 26 Wall St., at Broad St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Rogi André (1905-70)—Portraits of French artists and writers in their homes or studios. The subjects include Colette, Gide, Matisse, and Utrillo. Through March 25. (French Institute-Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 8; Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 10 to 1:30.)

Lewis Baltz—"San Quentin Point," a series of silver-gelatin photographs from 1982. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

Marilyn Bridges—Aerial photographs of Yucatán ruins. Through April 10. (Centro Mexicano del Libro, 24 E. 81st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8; opens Sundays at noon.)



Roy DeCarava—The Studio Museum in Harlem has mounted an exhibit of a hundred and twenty-five of his silver prints of jazz musicians. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

André Kertész / Arthur Rothstein—Photographs of landscapes and interiors from negatives printed about ten years ago. / New prints. Through March 12. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Marvin Lazarus (1918-82)—Robert Motherwell, Ad Reinhardt, Man Ray, and other artists photographed in the fifties. Through March 17. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Olivia Parker—New works, including still-lifes, by an artist who has begun using a banquet camera. Through March 11. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Tad Yamashiro—Each photograph consists of several negatives printed side by side. Through Sunday, Feb. 27. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Group Shows—At the **international center of photography,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Scandinavian photography, part two, which concentrates on the past seventy years. Through Saturday, March 5. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **prakapas,** 19 E. 71st St.: Photographs by Belgian Surrealist painters René Magritte, Raoul Ubac, Marcel Marien, and others. Through April 9. (Opens at noon; open Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . **wolf,** 30 W. 57th St.: Prints by gallery artists Frank Gohlke, Nicholas Nixon, Sheila Metzner, and others. Through Saturday, Feb. 26.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Vatican Collections. Starts Saturday, Feb. 26. . . . ¶ An exhibit of fifteenth-and sixteenth-century Italian drawings by such masters as Michelangelo, Raphael, and Leonardo da Vinci. All of the works, which number close to a hundred, are from the museum's collections. Through April 17. . . . ¶ A show of eighty paintings, sculptures, and decorative works received as gifts in the past year, ranging from third-millennium B.C. metalwork cosmetic boxes to a 1982 watercolor by Dorothea Rockburne. Through March 27. . . . ¶ A display of about a hundred designs by Frank Lloyd Wright which includes architectural drawings, furniture, and ceramics. Through Sunday, Feb. 27. A complementary show is at Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. . . . ¶ "La Belle Epoque," a show of costumes in period settings. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—An architectural exhibit consisting of one large model of each of three skyscrapers under construction in Hong Kong; Jeddah, Saudi Arabia; and Boston. Also, drawings and photomontages. Through March 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A small exhibit marking Joan Miró's ninetieth birthday combines paintings and two large ceramic pieces. . . . ¶ Yves Tanguy retrospective: More than a hundred and twenty-five paintings and works on paper by the French-American Surrealist. Both shows through Sunday, Feb. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of sculptures by Ellsworth Kelly, accompanied by the drawings he used as studies. Through Sunday, Feb. 27. . . . ¶ An exhibit of approximately thirty paintings by the Eight, commemorating the seventy-fifth anniversary of their show. Through March 20. . . . ¶ A Frank Stella print retrospective. Through March 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11

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Dep. Chicago	5:15 PM	Arr. Cairo	5:30 PM
Dep. Boston	9:15 PM	Arr. Cairo	5:30 PM

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The museum's permanent collection is the primary reason for a visit right now. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Star Gods of the Ancient Americas," a show of artifacts from early cultures whose people worshipped the moon and stars. Through March 27. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM I, 44 W. 53rd St.—A show of twenty-five clay and glass vessels by Glen Lukens (1887-1967). Through April 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A loan show of nearly a hundred Buddhist paintings and sculptures identified with the remote Vajrayana monasteries that lined the trans-Himalayan trade routes during a thousand-year period that began in the seventh century A.D. Through April 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Tiffany Studio designs: An exhibit of decorative desk sets, lamp bases, and jewelry that underscore the shop's trademark combinations of bronze, copper, and silver with Favrile glass and enamel. Through April 17. . . . ¶ A show of drawings, prints, and models representing four centuries of designs for theatre buildings as well as for stage sets and costumes. Through May 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition of six very large constructions in mixed mediums by Frank Stella, who took his inspiration from photographs of eighteenth-century Polish wooden synagogues. Through May 1. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—The variety and abundance of symbolic animal imagery in ancient and medieval art provide the basis for a show of cylinder seals and illuminated manuscripts, drawn primarily from the library's collections. Through April 10. . . . ¶ William Blake: Twenty-one watercolors done as illustrations for "The Book of Job," an autograph copy of his collection of poetry known as the Pickering Manuscript, and other works. Through March 31. . . . ¶ A display of about fifty drawings by the eighteenth-century French draftsman Gravelot which ultimately appeared, duplicated as etchings, in books he illustrated. Through March 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A loan exhibit of Italian still-life painting covering three centuries (starting with the fifteen-nineties) offers among its forty-six works two attributed to Caravaggio, from the Galleria Borghese, in Rome. Through March 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—A show of color-field paintings by Sam Gilliam. Through March 13. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Roy DeCarava's series on jazz musicians. Through March 20. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Paul Zaloom (performance), Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Lawrence Weiner, Ian Wilson, Hanne Darboven, and other artists showing works incorporating words. Through April 2. . . . ¶ "One Year Performance," Tehching Hsieh's exhibition of photographs and three hundred and sixty-five maps documenting the days and nights he spent living on the streets of New York. Through March 12.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	1	2	3	4	5

JUST ABOVE MIDTOWN/DOWNTOWN, 178 Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Two dozen artists are participating in "Photography: New Approaches." Through Wednesday, March 2.

P.S. I, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—"Abstract Painting: 1960-69," with works by Al Held, Brice Marden, and Doug Ohlson, is one of the many shows here devoted to art from the sixties. Through March 13.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 8: "La Bohème," with Linda Zoghby, Patricia Craig, Dano Raffanti, and Richard Stilwell; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Gwendolyn Bradley, Catherine Malfitano, Viorica Cortez, and Kenneth Riegel; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 25, at 8: "Arabella," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Kathleen Battle, David Rendall, and Bernd Weikl; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 26, at 2: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Renata Scotto, Viorica Cortez, Neil Shicoff, and Mario Sereni; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8: "La Bohème," with Linda Zoghby, Patricia Craig, Placido Domingo, and Richard Stilwell; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 28, at 7: "Don Carlo," with Mirella Freni, Grace Bumbry, Placido Domingo, and Louis Quilico; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 1, at 8: "La Bohème," with Linda Zoghby, Patricia Craig, Dano Raffanti, and Richard Stilwell; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 2, at 8: "Arabella," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Kathleen Battle, David Rendall, and Bernd Weikl; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 3, at 7: "Don Carlo," with Mirella Freni, Grace Bumbry, Placido Domingo, and Louis Quilico; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, March 4, at 8: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Renata Scotto, Viorica Cortez, Neil Shicoff, and Mario Sereni; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 5, at 2: "Arabella," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Kathleen Battle, David Rendall, and Bernd Weikl; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 5, at 8: "La Bohème," with Linda Zoghby, Patricia Craig, Dano Raffanti, and Richard Stilwell; James Levine.

OPERA ENSEMBLE OF NEW YORK—Ruth Bierhoff conducting the final performances of Henry Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas" and Mozart's "Bastien and Bastienne." Staged by John J. D. Sheehan. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Wednesday, Feb. 23, and Friday, Feb. 25, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 27, at 3. For information about tickets, call 288-1485.)

JUILLIARD AMERICAN OPERA CENTER—Benefit performances of Bellini's "I Capuleti ed i Montecchi." Staged by Ian Strasfogel, with the Juilliard Symphony conducted by Denis Vaughan. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Wednesday, Feb. 23, and Friday, Feb. 25, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 27, at 3. For tickets, call 874-7515, Wednesday through Friday, from 9:30 to 5:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Christoph von Dohnanyi conducting—Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8; Friday, Feb. 25, at 2; and Tuesday, March 1, at 7:30: A program that includes the American première of Manfred Trojahn's "First Sea Picture," with Bella Davidovich, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, March 3-4, at 8, and Tuesday, March 8, at 7:30: A program of music by Beethoven, Mozart, and Richard Strauss, as well as the new Trojahn work, with Seymour Lipkin, piano.

MUSIC FROM JAPAN—Gunther Schuller directing the American Symphony Orchestra, with Kaori Kimura, piano; Shikou Tokiwazu, sangen; and the Newark Boys Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—André Previn conducting, with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, March 2, at 8.)

TOULOUSE CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—With Michel Debost, flute. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 2, at 8.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC—Lukas Foss conducting the third in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four concerts, this one a program of music by David Amram, William Hibbard, William Kraft, Faye-Ellen Silverman, Diana Greene, and Francis Thorne. With Susan Belling, soprano. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, March 4, at 8. For information about tickets, call 254-6300, Ext. 205. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, March 5, at 8.)

MANNES ORCHESTRA—Sidney Harth conducting. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

POMERIUM MUSICES AND CONCERT ROYAL—Alexander Blachly and James Richman directing a joint concert of Bach cantatas and motets. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, Feb. 25, at 8. Tickets at the door on the evening of the performance.)

BEETHOVEN SOCIETY—At Alice Tully Hall—Saturday, Feb. 26, at 3: A program of Beethoven arias and songs, performed by Karen Williams, soprano; Shirley Love, mezzo-soprano; Paul Sperry, tenor; John Ostendorf, bass; and the Philharmonia Orchestra of the Manhattan School of Music. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 5, at 3: Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis," performed by the New Haven Symphony Orchestra and the Cornell Chorale, with Lorna Haywood, soprano; Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; and David Arnold, baritone.

NEW YORK CHORAL SOCIETY—Margaret Hillis directing a performance of Brahms' Requiem, with Marvis Martin, soprano, and William McGraw, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

SINE NOMINE SINGERS—Harry Saltzman directing. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

Canticum Novum Singers—Harold Rosenbaum directing a program of music by Josquin des Prés. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 8. Tickets at the door on the evening of the performance.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Feb. 28, at 7:30.)

Texas Boys Choir—Jack Noble White directing. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 4, at 8.)

Bach's "St. John Passion"—Johannes Somary directing the Amor Artis Baroque Consort and the Choir of St. Ignatius Loyola, with soloists. (Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. Friday, March 4, at 8. Tickets at the door on the evening of the performance.)

RECITALS

Michael Gurt—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

Carol Rosenberger—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

Brigitte Engerer—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal—Flute. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8, with John-Steele Ritter, keyboard. . . . ¶ Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 8, an all-Vivaldi program, with Ransom Wilson, conductor-flutist, and Solisti New York.)

Waverly Consort—A program devoted to Italian baroque music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 24, and Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

Peter Corey—Classical guitarist. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Friday, Feb. 25, at 8. For information about tickets, call 757-3255.)

New York Philharmonic "en Famille"—Members of the Philharmonic, together with members of their families, and guest artists, including Gabriel and Diana Banat, violin and viola; Linda Copeland, harpsichord; and Elizabeth DiFelice, piano. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Feb. 25, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

New York Brass Quintet—Chamber music. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Feb. 25, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Barry Tuckwell—Horn, with Michel Block, piano, and Elizabeth Knighton, soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

Emerson String Quartet—With Lilian Kallir, piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Henryk Szeryng—Violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 3.)

Lynn Harrell and Friends—The cellist in the second in a series of three recitals, this one with Kathleen Battle, soprano, and Brooks Smith, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 3.)

Music Project—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—The fourth in a series of seven recitals will be an all-Mozart program, performed by the Classical Quartet, with Jaap Schroder, violin. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the performance.)

Anthony Newman—Organ, in a Handel-Bach program, with the Handel Festival Orchestra conducted by Stephen Simon. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 8. At 7:15, the cellist Nathaniel Rosen will give a pre-concert recital.)

Tashi—With William Douglas, composer-bassoonist; Eddie Gomez, double bass; Vivian Fine, piano; and Robert Routch, horn. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Roberta Peters—Soprano, with John Solum, flute. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

Håkan Hagegård—Baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

Bennett Lerner—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

On Original Instruments—The first in a series of three concerts, this one featuring Max van Egmond, baritone, in Schubert's "Die Winterreise," with Malcolm Bilson playing a Graf piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

New York Camerata—Jayn Rosenfeld, flute; Charles Forbes, cello; Glenn Jacobson, piano; Diane Bruce, violin; and Eleanor Clark, soprano. (Church of the Ascension Parish Hall, 12 W. 11th St. Monday, Feb. 28, at 8. Tickets at the door on the evening of the performance.)

Alexis Weissenberg—Piano, in an all-Chopin recital postponed from Jan. 22. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 1, at 8.)

Pinchas Zukerman and Marc Neikrug—Violin and piano, in an all-Schubert program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, March 1, at 8.)

New York Vocal Arts Ensemble—A vocal quartet, with Raymond Beegle, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, March 1, at 8.)

Raphael Trio—The second in a series of three concerts entitled "Trios of the Romantic Period." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, March 1, at 8.)

Musica Camerit—Carol Wincenc, flute; Joseph Swensen, violin; Masao Kawasaki, viola; Stephen Kates, cello; and Samuel Sanders, piano. The first in a series of three concerts by this new chamber ensemble. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, March 1, at 8.)

Capricorn—A program of works by Chester Biscardi and Peter Maxwell Davies. With dancers Ivan Torres and Marilyn Mazur. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesday, March 1, at 8. Tickets at the door on the evening of the performance.)

Elly Ameling—Soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, March 2, at 8.)

Alan Feinberg—Piano, in a program of twentieth-century music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, March 2, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, March 2-3, at 8.)

Kyung-Wha Chung—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 3, at 8.)

Henry Herford—Baritone. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, March 3, at 8.)

Judith Alstadter—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 5, at 2.)

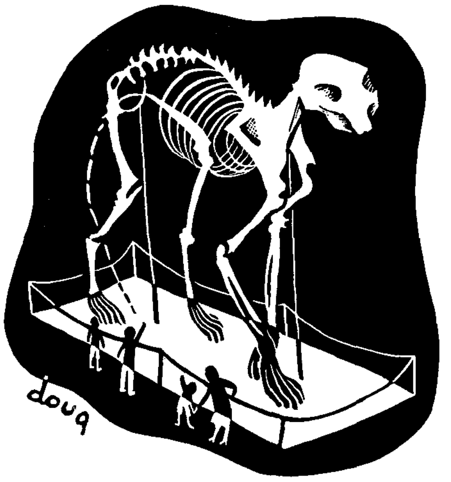
Yehudi Menuhin—Violin, in an all-Brahms program, with Andras Schiff, piano; Nathaniel Rosen, cello; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 5, at 8.)

Joseph Kalichstein—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, March 5, at 8.)

Mozartean Players—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, March 5, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Benefit Concert—A program called "Fascinatin' Rhythms," with Loretta Devine, Ellen Greene, Margaret Whiting, Terri Klausner, Maureen McGovern, Liliane Montevecchi, the New York City Gay Men's Chorus, and others. The beneficiary is the chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 8.)



SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:30): Knicks vs. Chicago, Saturday, Feb. 26. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday, March 1. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, March 5. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Chicago, Wednesday, Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Golden State, Friday, Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Houston, Wednesday, March 2. (Games begin at 7:35.)

Gymnastics—McDonald's American Cup Gymnastics Championships. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday and Sunday, March 5-6, at noon.)

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Hartford Whalers, Wednesday, Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Monday, Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Thursday, March 3. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Detroit Red Wings, Saturday, Feb. 26. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Thursday, March 3. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Devils, Saturday, March 5. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Detroit Red Wings, Thursday, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Edmonton Oilers, Tuesday, March 1. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Thursday, March 3. (Games begin at 7:35.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 16. The Next Move Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 26; the Lucky Draw, Sunday, Feb. 27; and the Swift, Saturday, March 5. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Tuesday, March 15. The Barbara Fritchie Handicap, Saturday, March 5.

Track Meets—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** U.S.A./Mobil Indoor Track and Field Championships Grand Prix Finals. (Friday, Feb. 25, at 6:30.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Vitalis/United States Olympic Invitational, postponed from Feb. 12. (Sunday, Feb. 27, at 2.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, April 2. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Tuesday, Aug. 9.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Sara Miles, Pattiann Rogers, and Laurie Sheck reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Feb. 24, at 6. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Alice Munro and Marilynne Robinson reading from their own fiction. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Feb. 28, at 8.) . . . ¶ Cynthia Ozick and Alice Munro reading from their own works. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. 737-1450. Tuesday, March 1, at 7:30.)

Discussions—Screenwriters Steve Tesich, John Sayles, Judith Rascoe, and John Guare talking about their work with film critic Nora Sayre. (American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. Monday, Feb. 28, at 8. Tickets at the door on the evening of the discussion.)

Cat Show—Empire Cat Club. (Madison Square Garden Exposition Rotunda, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. Saturday and Sunday, March 5-6, from 9 to 7.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Thursday, Feb. 24, at 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 25, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese jades and other works of art, as well as paintings. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Feb. 25-26, at 2: English, Continental, and American silver, and English furniture, decorations, and clocks. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 26, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese and Japanese works of art. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 2: Nineteenth-century British and Continental drawings and watercolors. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 25, at 10 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 1, at 10: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Friday, Feb. 25.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Feb. 27: "El Cid" (1961; directed by Anthony Mann), with Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren, Raf Vallone, and Geneviève Page.
March 1-2: "Babo 73" (†); "Hold Me While I'm Naked" (1966; George Kuchar); and "Hallelujah the Hills" (†).
March 3-4: "The Brig" (1966; Jonas Mekas); and "Come Back, Africa" (†).
From March 5: "David Holzman's Diary" (†) and "Portrait of Jason" (†).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Tootsie" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Feb. 24: "Lola" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German); and "Circle of Deceit" (1982; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with Bruno Ganz and Hanna Schygulla.
From Feb. 25: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Sting II" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Jackie Gleason and Mac Davis.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Lovesick" (Marshall Brickman), with Dudley Moore and Elizabeth McGovern.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Lords of Discipline" (Franc Roddam), with David Keith and Robert Prosky.
Theatre 2: "Tootsie" (†).
Theatre 3: "Sophie's Choice" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"48 Hrs." (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Road Warrior" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Table for Five" (Robert Lieberman), with Jon Voight.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The Verdict" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Diva" (†).

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sophie's Choice" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "48 Hrs." (†).
Theatre 2: "The King of Comedy" (Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Jerry Lewis.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"We of the Never Never" (Igor Auzins; an Australian film).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Local Hero" (Bill Forsyth), with Peter Riegert.
Theatre 2: "Betrayal" (David Jones), with Jeremy Irons and Ben Kingsley.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Lovesick" (Marshall Brickman), with Dudley Moore and Elizabeth McGovern.
Theatre 2: "The Sting II" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Jackie Gleason and Mac Davis.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Frances" (Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard.

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Tootsie" (†).
Theatre 2: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Twilight Time" (Goran Paskaljevic), with Karl Malden.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Without a Trace" (Stanley Jaffe), with Kate Nelligan and Judd Hirsch.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through March 3 (tentative): "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).
From March 4: To be announced.

ARTS
W.C. FIELDS FESTIVAL
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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 20.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Sting II" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Jackie Gleason and Mac Davis.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 24: "The Lords of Discipline" (Franc Roddam), with David Keith and Robert Prosky. From Feb. 25: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 24: "The Entity" (Sidney J. Furie), with Barbara Hershey and Ron Silver. From Feb. 25: To be announced.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Sophie's Choice" (†).

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Table for Five" (Robert Lieberman), with Jon Voight.
Theatre 2: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Poetry in Motion" (directed by Ron Mann), a documentary.
Theatre 2: Through March 1: "Camera Buff" (1980; Krzyztof Kieslowski; in Polish). From March 2: "Provincial Actors" (1979; Agniészka Holland; in Polish).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 24: "Vortex" (Scott B and Beth B), with Lydia Lunch. From Feb. 25: "Hollywood Out-Takes & Rare Footage."
Theatre 2: "Le Beau Mariage" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Sophie's Choice" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sophie's Choice" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (†).
Theatre 2: "Frances" (Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard.
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 24: "Time Stands Still" (Péter Gothár; in Hungarian). From Feb. 25: "Street Music."
Theatre 4: "Frances" (Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Parsifal" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Gandhi" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Feb. 24: "Mon Oncle" (†).
Feb. 25-March 3: "Jour de Fête" (†).
From March 4: "Playtime" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Feb. 26: "Coup de Torchon" (†).
From Feb. 27: "The Gift."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Sophie's Choice" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Tootsie" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†).
Theatre 2: "La Nuit de Varennes" (Ettore Scola; in French), with Harvey Keitel and Marcello Mastroianni.
Theatre 3: "The Stationmaster's Wife" (1977; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Kurt Raab.

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Winter Kills" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Pirates of Penzance" (Wilford Leach), with Kevin Kline and Linda Ronstadt.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "We of the Never Never" (Igor Auzins; an Australian film).
Theatre 2: "Lianna" (John Sayles).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 24: "Lovesick" (Marshall Brickman), with Dudley Moore and Elizabeth McGovern. From Feb. 25: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 24: "Sophie's Choice" (†). From Feb. 25: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 24: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (†). From Feb. 25: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 24: "Tootsie" (†). From Feb. 25: To be announced.

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "The Verdict" (†).
Theatre 2: "Frances" (Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "The Dark Crystal" (Jim Henson and Frank Oz).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 24: "Sorceress." From Feb. 25: "One Dark Night."
Theatre 3: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Sting II" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Jackie Gleason and Mac Davis.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "The Entity" (directed by Sidney J. Furie), with Barbara Hershey and Ron Silver.
Theatre 2: "Table for Five" (Robert Lieberman), with Jon Voight.
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 24: "The Dark Crystal" (Jim Henson and Frank Oz). From Feb. 25: "Sophie's Choice" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 24: "House on Sorority Row." From Feb. 25: "Frances" (Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard.
Theatre 5: "The Verdict" (†).
Theatre 6: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"48 Hrs." (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "48 Hrs." (†).
Theatre 3: "Diner" (†).
Theatre 4: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Let's Spend the Night Together" (Hal Ashby), with The Rolling Stones.

Loews State I and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1: "The Lords of Discipline" (Franc Roddam), with David Keith and Robert Prosky.
Theatre 2: "Without a Trace" (Stanley Jaffe), with Kate Nelligan and Judd Hirsch.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"The Pirates of Penzance" (Wilford Leach), with Kevin Kline and Linda Ronstadt.

Rivoli I and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: "Sorceress."
Theatre 2: "The Road Warrior" (†).

R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 24: "One Down, Two to Go." From Feb. 25: To be announced.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "The Sting II" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Jackie Gleason and Mac Davis.
Theatre 2: "Lovesick" (Marshall Brickman), with Dudley Moore and Elizabeth McGovern.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through March 3: "America—From Hitler to MX" (1983; directed by Joan Harvey), a documentary.
From March 4: "Land of Look Behind" (1982; Alan Greenberg), with Gregory Isaacs.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
"The State of Things" (1983; Wim Wenders).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Feb. 23: "The Spirit of the Beehive" (1973; Victor Erice; in Spanish); and "Lord of the Flies" (1963; Peter Brook), with a cast of children.
Feb. 24: "Foreign Correspondent" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and George Sanders; and "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre.
Feb. 25-26: "Murmur of the Heart" (1971; Louis Malle; in French), with Léa Massari; and "Forbidden Games" (1952; René Clément; in French), with Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly.
From Feb. 27: A program of Russian films.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Feb. 24: "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970; Russ Meyer); and "Vixen" (1969; Russ Meyer).
Feb 25-26: "Swept Away" (1975; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato; and "Seven Beauties" (1976; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey.
Feb. 27-March 1: "Reggae Sunsplash" (1980), a concert film with Bob Marley, Third World Band, Peter Tosh, and Burning Spear; and "The Harder They Come" (1973; Perry Henzel; a Jamaican film, with Jamaican patois), with Jimmy Cliff.
March 2-3: "Taxi Zum Klo" (1981; Frank Ripploh; in German); and "Score" (1974; Radley Metzger), with Calvin Culver and Gerald Grant.
March 4-5: "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold; and "Harold and Maude" (†).

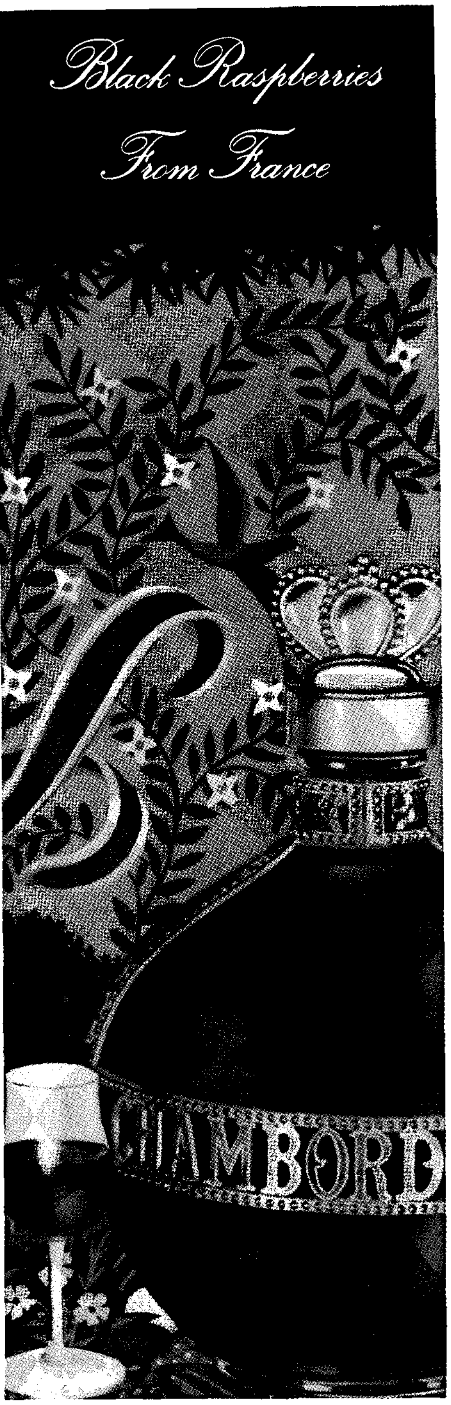
8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Pirates of Penzance" (1983; Wilford Leach), with Kevin Kline and Linda Ronstadt.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Feb. 23: "The Good Earth" (1937; Sidney Franklin), with Luise Rainer and Paul Muni; and "Dragon Seed" (1944; Jack Conway and Harold S. Bucquet), with Katharine Hepburn and Walter Huston.
Feb. 24-26: "Casablanca" (1942, Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "Spellbound" (1945, Alfred Hitchcock), with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll.
Feb. 27-28: "Fame" (†); and "Hair" (1979; Miloš Forman), with John Savage, Treat Williams, and Beverly D'Angelo.
March 1-2: "One-Eyed Jacks" (1961; Marlon Brando), with Brando, Karl Malden, and Katy Jurado; and "Viva Zapata!" (†).
March 3: A program of new films.
March 4-5: "Dr. No" (1963; Terence Young), and "From Russia with Love" (1964; Terence Young), both films with Sean Connery as James Bond.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Feb. 24: "To Kill a Mockingbird" (1963; Robert Mulligan), with Gregory Peck, Mary Badham, Phillip Alford, and John Megna; and "Anatomy of a Murder" (1959; Otto Preminger), with James Stewart, Lee Remick, Ben Gazzara, and Arthur O'Connell.
Feb. 25-26: "Ship of Fools" (1965; Stanley Kramer), with Vivien Leigh, Simone Signoret, Oskar Werner, and José Ferrer; and "Voyage of the Damned" (1976; Stuart Rosenberg), with Faye Dunaway, Max von Sydow, Oskar Werner, Malcolm McDowell, Orson Welles, and James Mason.
Feb. 27: "Papillon" (†).
Feb. 28-March 1: "W. C. Fields and Me" (†); and "No Way to Treat a Lady" (1968; Jack Smight), with Rod Steiger, Lee Remick, and George Segal.
March 2-3: "Baby Doll" (†); and "The Bad Seed" (1956; Mervyn Le Roy), with Nancy Kelly and Patty McCormack.
March 4-5: "West Side Story" (1961; Robert Wise), with Natalie Wood, Richard Beymer, Russ Tamblyn, Rita Moreno, and George Chakiris; and "Splendor in the Grass" (†).

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Feb. 23: "Newsfront" (1979; Phillip Noyce; an Australian film); and "The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith" (1978; Fred Schepisi; an Australian film), with Tommy Lewis.
Feb. 24: "Scandal" (1950; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune and Yoshiko Yamaguchi; and "No Regrets for Our Youth" (1946; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Susumu Fujita.
Feb. 25: "The Tin Drum" (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent; and "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda.
Feb. 26: "The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant" (1972; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German); and "Chinese Roulette" (1977; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Margit Carstensen.
Feb. 27: "Forbidden Planet" (1956; Fred M. Wilcox), with Walter Pidgeon, Anne Francis, and Leslie Nielsen; and "War of the Worlds" (1953; Byron Haskin), with Gene Barry.
Feb. 28: "The Fearless Vampire Killers" (1967; Roman Polanski), with Jack MacGowran and Sharon Tate; and "Compulsion" (†).
March 1: "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" (1939; Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Claude Rains, Guy Kibbee, and Beulah Bondi; and "The Whole Town's Talking" (†).
March 2: "Barravento" (1962; Glauber Rocha; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "Tent of Miracles" (1977; Nelson Pereira dos Santos; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).
March 3: "Ikiru" (1952; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Takashi Shimura; and "I Live in Fear" (†).
March 4: "Andrei Roublev" (1969; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian).
March 5: "Gaslight" (1944; George Cukor), with Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten, Angela Lansbury, and Dame May Whitty; and "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Feb. 23: "Of Men and Music" (1951; Irving Reis); and "Ludwig van Beethoven" (1970; Hans Conrad Fischer).
Feb. 24-26: "Maytime" (1937; Robert Z. Leonard), with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy; and "New Moon" (1930; John Conway), with Grace Moore and Lawrence Tibbett.
Feb. 27-28: "A Night at the Opera" (1935; Sam Wood), with the Marx Brothers, Kitty Carlisle, and Allan Jones; and "Charlie



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Chan at the Opera" (1936; Bruce Humberstone), with Warner Oland as the detective.

March 1-2: "Prince Igor" (1972; in Russian), performed by the Kirov Opera and the Ballet of Leningrad; and "The Queen of Spades" (1960; Roman Tikhomirov; in Russian), performed by the Bolshoi Theatre company.

March 3-5: "Rhapsody in Blue" (1945; Irving Rapper), with Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, Alexis Smith, Oscar Levant, and Paul Whiteman; and "Night and Day" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Feb. 23: "Roxie Hart" (1942; William Wellman), with Ginger Rogers and Adolphe Menjou; "Rose of Washington Square" (1939; Gregory Ratoff), with Alice Faye, Tyrone Power, Al Jolson, and William Frawley; and "Ali Baba Goes to Town" (1937; David Butler), with Eddie Cantor.

Feb. 24: "A Special Day" (1977; Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni; and "We All Loved Each Other So Much" (1977; Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Vittorio Gassman, Nino Manfredi, Stefania Sandrelli, and Aldo Fabrizi.

Feb. 25-26: "Atlantic City" (1981; Louis Malle), with Burt Lancaster, Susan Sarandon, and Kate Reid; and "The Leopard" (1963; Luchino Visconti), with Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon, and Claudia Cardinale.

Feb. 27: "Days of Heaven" (†); and "The Duellists" (1978; Ridley Scott), with Keith Carradine and Harvey Keitel.

Feb. 28: "La Dolce Vita" (1960; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.

March 1: "Alice in Wonderland" (†); and "The Blue Bird" (1940), with Shirley Temple.

March 2: "Double Indemnity" (1944; Billy Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson; "Cry Danger" (1951; Robert Parrish), with Dick Powell and Rhonda Fleming; and "Lady Scarface" (1941; Frank Woodruff), with Judith Anderson and Dennis O'Keefe.

March 3: "King Kong" (1932; Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack), with Fay Wray, Robert Armstrong, and Bruce Cabot; and "Bird of Paradise" (†).

March 4-5: "Norma Rae" (†); and "Wise Blood" (1980; John Huston), with Brad Dourif, Ned Beatty, Harry Dean Stanton, and Amy Wright.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Feb. 23: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "The Fugitive Kind" (1960; Sidney Lumet), with Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani, and Joanne Woodward.

Feb. 24: "Kitty Foyle" (1940; Sam Wood), with Ginger Rogers and Dennis Morgan; and "Roxie Hart" (1942; William Wellman), with Ginger Rogers and Adolphe Menjou.

Feb. 25-26: "Murder Most Foul" (1965) and "Murder She Said" (1962), both films directed by George Pollock, with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Jane Marple.

Feb. 27: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley; and "Singin' in the Rain" (1952; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, and Jean Hagen.

Feb. 28: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (†); and "M" (1932; Fritz Lang; in German), with Peter Lorre.

March 1: "Confidential Agent" (†); and "The Big Sleep" (1946; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Martha Vickers.

March 2: "The General" (1926; Buster Keaton and Clyde Bruckman), with Keaton, Marian Mack, and Glenn Cavender; and "Steamboat Bill, Jr." (1927; Charles Riesner), with Buster Keaton, Marian Byron, and Tom Lewis.

March 3: "Conquest" (†) and "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" (†).

March 4: "Dial M for Murder" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams; and "I Confess" (1953; Alfred Hitchcock), with Montgomery Clift, Anne Baxter, Karl Malden, and Brian Aherne.

March 5: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Band of Outsiders" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina and Sami Frey.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II. 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—Feb. 24 at 2:30: "Une Etrange Affaire" (1983; directed by Pierre Granier-Deferre; in French), with Michel Piccoli, Gérard Lanvin, and Nathalie Baye. . . . ¶ Feb. 24 at 6: "Une Chambre en Ville" (1983; Jacques Demy; in French), with Dominique Sanda, Richard Berry, Danielle Darrieux, and Michel Piccoli. . . . ¶ Feb. 25 at 2:30: "Toute une Nuit" (1983; Chantal Akerman; sparse French dialogue, no subtitles), with Aurore Clément and Véronique Silver. . . . ¶ Feb. 25 at 6: "Paradis pour Tous" (1983; Alain Jessua; in French), with Patrick Dewaere, Jacques Dutronc, Fanny Cottençon, Stéphane Audran, and Philippe Léotard. . . . ¶ Feb. 26 at noon: "Man's Castle" (1933; Frank Borzage), with Spencer Tracy, Loretta Young, and Glenda Farrell. . . . ¶ Feb. 26 at 2:30: "Une Chambre en Ville." . . . ¶ Feb. 26 at 5: "Toute une Nuit." . . . ¶ Feb. 27 at noon: "Man's Castle." . . . ¶ Feb. 27 at 2:30: "Paradis pour Tous." . . . ¶ Feb. 27 at 5: "Une Etrange Affaire." . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 2:30: "Stella Dallas" (1937; King Vidor), with Barbara Stanwyck, John Boles, Anne Shirley, and Alan Hale. . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 6: "Me and Daphne" (1977; David Hay) and "Dirt Cheap" (1980; David Hay). . . . ¶ March 1 at 2:30: "Hallelujah" (1929; King Vidor), with Daniel L. Haynes and Nina Mae McKinney. . . . ¶ March 1 at 6: "Haitian Song" (1982; Karen Kramer). . . . ¶ March 3 at 2:30: "Father of the Bride" (1950; Vincente Minnelli), with Spencer Tracy, Elizabeth Taylor, and Joan Bennett. . . . ¶ March 3 at 6 and March 4 at 2: "The Bad and the Beautiful" (1952; Vincente Minnelli), with Kirk Douglas, Lana Turner, Dick Powell, Walter Pidgeon, and Gloria Grahame. . . . ¶ March 4 at 6: "Meet Me in St. Louis" (1944; Vincente Minnelli), with Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien, Mary Astor, and Leon Ames. . . . ¶ March 5 at noon: "Tol'able David" (1921; Henry King; a silent film), with Richard Barthelmess, Gladys Hulette, and Ernest Torrence. . . . ¶ March 5 at 2:30: "Ménilmontant" (1925; Dimitri Kirsanoff; a French silent film, with French inter-titles), with Nadia Sibirskaia; and "Rien que les Heures" (1926; Alberto Cavalcanti; a French silent film, with French inter-titles), with Philippe Heiart. . . . ¶ March 5 at 5: "Father of the Bride." (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—"He Saw Her Burning" (1982; Joan Jonas), a video installation. Continuous showings noon to 6. Miss Jonas will perform, as part of the installation, on Friday, Feb. 25, at 6:30; Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 26-27, at 3; Tuesday, March 1, at 6:30; and Saturday, March 5, at 3; for tickets, call 570-3617. Miss Jones will give a gallery talk on Thursday, Feb. 24, at 2. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Alice in Wonderland (1933)—Charmless, wooden version, with Paramount's most famous stars barely recognizable—and then only by their voices, since they appear in huge false heads. And though it's fun to recognize them that way, those voices don't do much for the Lewis Carroll lines. The film was lavishly produced, with great care given to the settings and the costumes and the makeup, but the spirit is missing. Charlotte Henry plays Alice (with plucked eyebrows), Cary Grant is the Mock Turtle, Gary Cooper is the White Knight, Louise Fazenda is the White Queen, Richard Arlen is the Cheshire Cat, Ned Sparks is the Caterpillar, Jack Oakie is Tweedledum, and Alison Skipworth is the Duchess. Perhaps the most memorable, however, are W. C. Fields as Humpty Dumpty, Edna May Oliver as the Red Queen, Sterling Holloway as the Frog, and Baby Le Roy as the Joker. Norman McLeod directed; the text, by Joseph L. Mankiewicz and William Cameron Menzies, includes material from "Through the Looking Glass." (Thalia; March 1.)

Babo 73 (1964)—A crude, practically homemade political satire by Robert Downey, unexpectedly full of laughs. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; March 1-2.)

Baby Doll (1956)—Tennessee Williams' droll and engrossing carnal comedy, set low down in Mississippi. The infantile, flirtatious heroine (Carroll Baker) sucks her thumb and sleeps in a crib. Her balding, middle-aged husband (Karl Malden) has agreed not to consummate the marriage until she is twenty; meanwhile, her husband's enemy, a sharp Sicilian (Eli Wallach), lays expert hands on her. (His performance is also expert.) Carroll Baker as the lazy girl who couldn't get through long division and Malden as a grotesque simp (lust makes him helpless) are all-out funny—it's unlikely that either of them ever gave another performance this good or had such wonderful material again, either. And when the mustachioed Wallach—his beady eyes shining with lechery—makes his move on Baby Doll, pushing her in a swing until she's sweetly dizzy, he seems a master of barnyard seduction. (This must be the only movie ever made in which the heroine invites a man into her crib.) With Mildred Dunnock as Baby Doll's half-crazed old aunt, the young Rip Torn as the dentist, and Madeleine Sherwood, Lonny Chapman, and a number of residents of Benoit, Mississippi, whom the director, Elia Kazan, employed as extras. There are some wobbly moments toward the end, and although the film doesn't have a musical score (the music of Williams' dialogue is all you need), there's a scene inside the house that plays too slow and a little music is brought in to cover the dead spot, and music is brought in again when Malden is running around with a gun. Williams doesn't seem sure how to resolve the movie, but it's wonderfully entertaining. When it came out, it was condemned by the Catholic Legion of Decency, and *Time* said that it was "just possibly the dirtiest American-made motion picture that has ever been legally exhibited," with "Priapean detail that might well have embarrassed Boccaccio." It's not quite all that, but it is a delight. The look of the film is amazing—the black-and-white cinematography by Boris Kaufman is unusually sunny and bright; the images seem free and natural yet stylized, like a cartoon. Kazan does some of his finest work here—not just with the principal actors but also with the hired hands, and the townspeople who laugh at Malden, and the happy gawkers at a fire. At one point—almost out of nowhere—we hear a black woman singing "I shall not be moved" in a harsh, plain, strong voice. Kazan's choices seem miraculously right. Art direction by Richard Sylbert, working with Paul Sylbert. Williams' script is based on two of his one-act plays—"27 Wagons Full of Cotton" and "The Unsatisfactory Supper." (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; March 2-3.)

Le Beau Mariage—Béatrice Romand plays Eric Rohmer's heroine Sabine, a bright working girl who is studying for her master's in art history. At twenty-five, Sabine is weary of freedom and insecurity and married men; she wants to be taken care of and to make a home for a man and have children. When she meets a lawyer who she decides is her type, she goes after him so briskly and transparently that she might seem a madwoman, except that she has such a dumb little obsession. Seriocomic triviality has become Rohmer's specialty. His sensibility would be easier to take if he'd stop directing to a metronome. In

French. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/4/82.) (Waverly.)

Bird of Paradise (1932)—The director, King Vidor, and his associates performed near-miracles on this outdated story (an adaptation of a stage melodrama) about a Polynesian princess (Dolores Del Rio) whose love for a white man (Joel McCrea) results in her being punished by the Polynesian priests (she's thrown into a volcano). The talk is fearfully silly, but Clyde De Vinna's rich, tactile cinematography, the foliage of the locations, and Max Steiner's overblown score contribute to some high romantic effects. (Remade by Delmer Daves in 1951, with Louis Jourdan and Debra Paget.) (Thalia; March 3.)

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (1919)—The audience, confined in the madman's universe, sees what the madman sees: distorted perspectives, eerie painted lights and shadows, an angular, warped world of fears and menace. The sets are used expressionistically to convey the madman's thoughts, to intensify the characters' emotions, and to emphasize the meanings of the action. This film is so entrenched in the "masterpiece" classification that a few cautionary remarks should be added, lest your initial reaction be disappointment: you may be delighted that the flats express something, because most of the actors don't; you may find that the décor, which is highly experimental in terms of space and distance but is derived from the stage use of Expressionism, is a monotonous zigzag (too many hooks and no fish). "Caligari," the most nearly complete essay in the décor of delirium, is one of the most famous films of all time, and it was considered a radical advance in film technique, yet it is rarely imitated—and you'll know why. Werner Krauss is the hypnotist Caligari, the nightmare image of a psychoanalyst; the somnambulist Cesare is played by the extraordinary young Conrad Veidt. The cast also includes Lil Dagover, and Friedrich Feher as the student-inmate. Produced by Erich Pommer; directed by Robert Wiene. The scenario, by Carl Mayer and Hans Janowitz, was originally intended as an attack on irrational authority, but the meanings got turned around; the art direction is the work of three painters—Hermann Warm, Walter Reiman, and Walter Röhrig. The Nazis labelled the film "degenerate art." Eisenstein, who, in his own way, agreed, called it "this barbaric carnival of the destruction of the healthy human infancy of our art." (A 1962 American film used the same title but has no other connection with the original.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 28.)

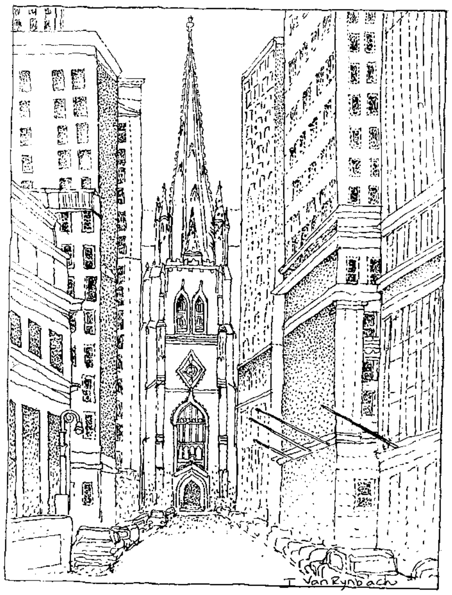
Come Back, Africa (1960)—Semidocumentary on what it's like to be black in South Africa. Lionel Rogosin's film centers on a man who has left his farm and is trying to make a living in Johannesburg. Clumsy, but some rarely seen material. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; March 3-4.)

Compulsion (1959)—Based on the famous case of two Chicago Raskolnikovs, Loeb and Leopold, brilliant students but miserably sloppy murderers. The movie has a stylish, jazz-age format, but the script can't make up its little bit of mind—is it an exploitation of thrills and decadence, or a piece of crime research, or an attack on capital punishment? The three principals—Dean Stockwell, Bradford Dillman, and Orson Welles as their lawyer—were jointly given the Best Actor Award at Cannes, but there's only one remarkable performance—Stockwell as Judd Steiner (i.e., Nathan Leopold). It's always great to see Welles, but as a spokesman for humanity and humility, he's a terrible humbug, and the oration he's called upon to deliver is just blather. (Clarence Darrow's two-day summation is reduced to twelve minutes of spongy sentiment.) There are all kinds of possibilities in the material, but the movie settles for all-purpose generalities. With Diane Varsi, Richard Anderson, E. G. Marshall, and Martin Milner as a student-reporter (if the murderers had really been the aesthetes they were said to be, he would have been the victim). Richard Fleischer directed, from Richard Murphy's script, based on Meyer Levin's play; cinematography by William C. Mellor. (Metro Cinema; Feb. 28.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	1	2	3	4	5

Confidential Agent (1945)—A tired, aging Spanish Loyalist (tired, aging Charles Boyer, giving an extraordinarily realistic and intense performance) starts out by trying to prevent a Fascist business deal in England, and is variously chased, beaten, and framed by some of the most unsavory characters who ever conspired. The cast includes Peter Lorre, Katina Paxinou, Victor Francen, George Coulouris, Wanda Hendrix, John Warburton, Miles Mander, and George Zucco. It also includes Lauren Bacall; she was elegantly feline in "To Have and Have Not," which preceded this film, and in "The Big Sleep," which followed it, but she is clumsy and self-conscious here. Despite the unusual cast and the possibilities in the material (from a Graham Greene novel, adapted by Robert Buckner), the movie is pedestrian, and it marked the end of the screen career of the director Herman Shumlin, the well-known stage producer. Those unfamiliar with the melodramas of the forties may be shocked at the brutalities that sneaked by under cover of the anti-Fascist theme. Cinematography by James Wong Howe. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 1.)

Conquest (1937)—Greta Garbo as Napoleon's mistress Countess Marie Walewska, who bore him a son, and Charles Boyer as Napoleon, who, it appears, loved Marie intensely, but briefly. The M-G-M picture cost three million and was the fourth-most-expensive movie made up to that date; it's ornate, unexpectedly tasteful, carefully detailed—and lifeless. There is some literate writing in it, but the various scenarists—Samuel Hoffenstein, Salka Viertel, and S. N. Behrman, working from Helen Jerome's version of a Polish play—don't seem too sure of what the movie is about, or where its center should be. They don't allow Marie Walewska enough shadings or enough strength; her tenderness—which is about all she *is* allowed—becomes tedious. Garbo is stunningly costumed (by Adrian), but her interpretation is muffled. This is one of the rare occasions when her melancholy beauty doesn't dominate a film; there's skill but no poetry in her performance. Boyer takes over, by the force of his talent, and because Napoleon (treated less sympathetically by the writers) has more sides to him. Padded to look pudgy, and with his romantic handsomeness deëmphasized (he's even slightly bald), Boyer gives the picture traces of irony, and tension. Directed by Clarence Brown who, failing inspiration, could perhaps have used a little vulgarity, or some speed; the pacing is measured. With Maria Ouspenskaya, Dame May Whitty, Reginald Owen, Alan Marshal, Henry Stephenson, Leif Erickson, C. Henry Gordon, Vladimir Sokoloff, George Zucco, and Scotty Beckett. Cinematography by Karl Freund; art direction by Cedric Gibbons. (The retreat from Moscow in the snow was staged in the studio, with painted backdrops.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 3.)



Coup de Torchon (Clean Slate)—Bertrand Tavernier's film is set in some sort of French colonial Dogpatch in Africa, in 1938, and it stars Philippe Noiret as a cuckolded weakling who is jeered at by the brutal white men who exploit the natives. He is also the only officer of the law in the area, and he secretly kills off the exploiters, using his reputation for being cowardly and ineffectual as a cover. The movie is torpid even in the early sequences that aim at sly farce, and its thesis is that even such drastic and half-mad cleanup jobs are hopeless. Tavernier may think he's bringing out the rage behind despair, but all he brings out is his sense of futility. The film chokes on its own unresolvable ambiguities. With Isabelle Huppert, who frisks about nakedly and amusingly, and Jean-Pierre Marielle, Stéphane Audran, Guy Marchand, Eddy Mitchell, Samba Mane, Abdoulaye Diop, and Irene Skobline. The script, by Jean Aurenche and Tavernier, is based on the American pulp novel "Pop. 1280," by Jim Thompson, which was set in the American South. In French. (1/24/83) (Paris; through Feb. 26.)

David Holzman's Diary (1969)—About a young filmmaker (played by L. M. Kit Carson) who chronicles his own life. The compulsion to turn life into a movie was the subject of many of the seventies films by young filmmakers ("Georg," by Stanton Kaye, is one of the most notable), but this *cinéma-vérité* account, directed by Jim McBride, is perhaps the most professional-looking of the bunch. Michael Wadleigh, who later made "Woodstock," did the cinematography, and Carson's performance is so compelling that one tends to forget that he is only acting the role of the obsessed filmmaker. The movie is often rather barren in its self-consciousness, like an autobiographical first novel by a writer who hasn't lived much, but there's one lively sequence (caught by chance) in which a transvestite prostitute tries to pick up a customer. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting March 5.)

Days of Heaven (1978)—Terrence Malick wrote and directed this story of adultery, set principally in the wheat fields of the Texas Panhandle just before America entered the First World War. It's both a nostalgic and an antinostalgic vision of the American past. The landscapes are vast and lonely, with the space in the images strained and the figures tilted; the characters are monosyllabic—near mute. What is unspoken in this picture weighs heavily on us, but we're not quite sure what it is. The film is an empty Christmas tree: you can hang all your dumb metaphors on it. Richard Gere plays Bill, who works in a blast furnace in Chicago; he gets into a brawl with the foreman and heads south, taking his girl, Abby (Brooke Adams), and his twelve-year-old sister, Linda (Linda Manz), with him. They find work in the fields of a wealthy young farmer (Sam Shepard), who falls in love with Abby. When Bill learns that the farmer may be dying, he encourages Abby to marry him—so that she can soon be a rich widow. The movie is oblique, except for the narration, which is by Linda; she's a little-girl wise guy, and all the humor in the film comes from her laconic remarks, but she's also precociously full of the wisdom of the ages, and at times her illiterate poetry is drenched in wistfulness and heartbreak. Shot by Nestor Almendros, with additional photography by Haskell Wexler, the film is a series of pictorial effects—some of them, such as a train passing over a lacework bridge, extraordinary—but the overpowering images seem unrelated, pieced together. The movie suffers from too many touches, too many ideas that don't grow out of anything organic. It's an epic pastiche. Though the irregularly handsome, slightly snaggletoothed Shepard has almost no lines, he makes a strong impression; he seems authentically an American of an earlier era. But Gere, with his post-fifties acting style and the associations it carries of Brando and Dean and Clift and all the others who shrugged and scowled and acted with

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

their shoulders, is anachronistic. Shot in Alberta, Canada. (Thalia; Feb. 27.)

Diner—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore in 1959. Five or six young men in their early twenties who've known each other since high school still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. They can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke, Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (Embassy.)

Diva—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Plaza.)

E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial—Steven Spielberg's movie is bathed in warmth and it seems to clear all the bad thoughts out of your head. It's the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. The script is by Melissa Mathison. (6/14/82) (Bay Cinema, Loews New York Twin, and Movieland.)

Fame (1980)—A perfectly good idea for a movie musical—to follow a fictional class of talented young dancers, actors, and musicians through their four years at New York's unfictional School of Performing Arts—is just about ruined by the lugubrious, inch-deep platitudes of the plot of what turns out to be still another implacably confessional backstage drama: a "Chorus Line" of adolescents.

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The picture, which was written by Christopher Gore and directed by Alan Parker, is great fun when its attractive, semi-anonymous youngsters are allowed to get on with their hoofing and warbling, but the weight of so much snuffy, pubescent hokum sinks the vehicle about midway through its interminable voyage. With Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, Paul McCrane, Anne Meara, and Jim Moody—the last of whom gives a subdued, exemplary performance as a dedicated drama teacher. The music is by Michael Gore, lyrics by Dean Pitchford. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Feb. 27-28.)

48 Hrs.—Walter Hill's fast and brutal action comedy is a roller coaster that hurtles along. Nick Nolte is a San Francisco police detective and Eddie Murphy (making his movie début) is a young hipster thief who outsmarts him by his hustler's verbal finesse and his black man's sense of irony. The two set out as brawling and cursing enemies and, of course, become guffawing pals; the racial infighting is what gives the film its charge. It's like "The French Connection," "Dirty Harry," "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," and a half-dozen other films all put in a compactor, smashed, and pressed into cartoon form. With Annette O'Toole, Frank McRae, James Remar, Sonny Landham, Brion James, Olivia Brown, David Patrick Kelly, and the Busboys. (1/10/83) (34th St. East, Baronet, Embassy 1, and Embassy.)

Gandhi—A biographical epic, directed by Richard Attenborough, whose sensibility is conventional. Spanning fifty-five years, the picture covers some of the principal events in Gandhi's public life and tidies up his rather kinky domestic relations. Gandhi goes by in a cloud of serenity, and everyone who sees him knuckles under (with the exception of a few misguided fellows, of course). Ben Kingsley, who plays the Mahatma, looks the part, has a fine, quiet presence, and conveys Gandhi's shrewdness. Kingsley is impressive; the picture isn't. The first half builds up considerable interest in Gandhi; the second half is scattered—as if it had been added to or subtracted from at random. From a script by John Briley. (3 hours, 8 minutes.) (12/27/82) (Ziegfeld.)

Hallelujah the Hills (1963)—Adolfas Mekas and a troupe of friends made this prankish improvisational movie in Vermont; they parody other movies and frisk about in the snow, or in the autumn woods, or in an old cabin, and the hero, Peter H. Beard, slides off roofs and out of trees. Except for a mock battle in a cemetery, the picture fades from memory very fast. Cinematography by Ed Emshwiller. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; March 1-2.)

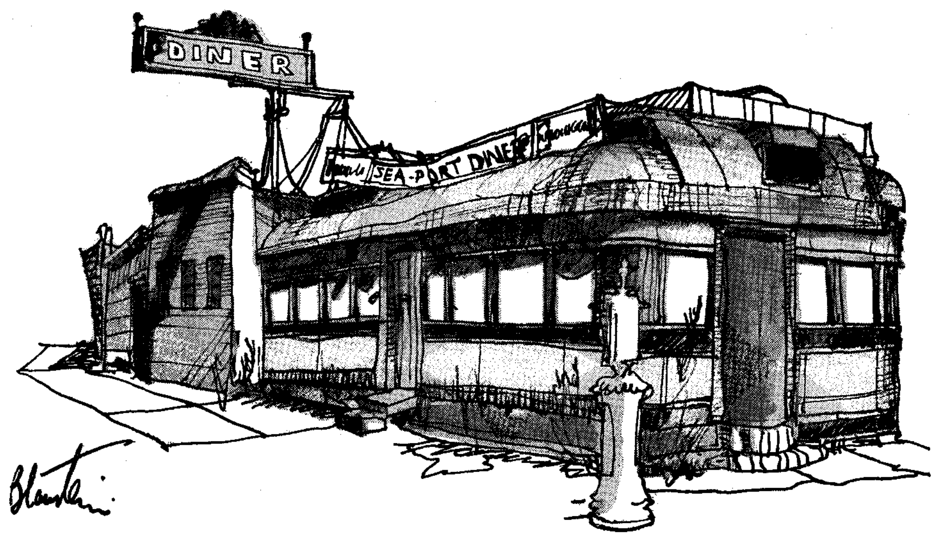
Harold and Maude (1971)—Bud Cort is Harold, a rich, suicidal introvert with a soft, unformed face—he's 19 but looks younger. Ruth Gordon is poor but spunky Maude, the wizened seventy-nine-year-old woman who's like a cheerleader for Life. She lives in a railway car, would like to change into a sunflower, frets over how to save an ailing tree, prankishly steals vehicles and drives crazily; she advises Harold to "reach out." In this satirical-whimsical romantic comedy, directed by Hal Ashby from a script by Colin Higgins, Harold reaches out by falling in love with Maude, and their love is consummated on the eve of her eightieth birthday. Many young moviegoers have returned to this eccentric film repeatedly (in 1974, one twenty-two-year-old claimed to have seen it a hundred and thirty-eight times); maybe this is partly because of its mixture of the maudlin and the highly sophisticated. The message is not very different from that of "Hello, Dolly!" and "Mame," but Harold's flaccid asexuality (he's like a sickly infant, a limp, earthbound Peter Pan) and Maude's advanced stage of pixiness give that message a special freaky quality. And the film has been made with considerable wit and skill. The early scenes, in which Harold tries out various gruesome methods of suicide without scaring his unflappable mother (Vivian Pickles), have a stylized humor. But Ashby has *directed* eccentrically. The actors are often seen at a great distance and the dialogue reaches us from a distance, too; the sound level varies so much that we keep losing the voices, and Harold's lines often fade away. With Cyril Cusack, Ellen Geer, and Charles Tyner. Music by Cat Stevens, with mush-minded lyrics. (Cinema Village; March 4-5.)

I Live in Fear—In 1955, Kurosawa made this noble picture about fear of the H-bomb. Mifune plays a factory owner trying to sell out and leave with his family for the safety of Brazil. A tribunal that includes his dentist finds that he is upsetting the psychic order of society, and he ends up mad and hospitalized. The picture praises dread with a script of high literary quality (by Kurosawa himself, as usual, with two collaborators). In Japanese. (Metro Cinema; March 3.)

Jour de Fête (1950)—As a director, Jacques Tati has a spare, quick, improvisatory touch. As a comedian, buoyancy and impersonal eccentricity in the face of disaster are his special style. In this film, shot in the village of Sainte-Sévère-sur-Indre, with villagers playing many of the parts, the tall, ungainly Tati is the postman who attends the village fair and sees a documentary on the advanced, mechanized American postal system. He is overcome with enthusiasm for speed, and though he has no helicopter, he has his bicycle. He takes off, and what happens is unpredictable, even if you've already seen the movie—it's all so odd you forget it. Still, the film's melancholy humor is probably a little too mild or quaint for most American tastes. Written by Tati and Henri Marquet. It's not silent (it has sound effects and music), but it's not in French, either. Tati has devised a kind of unintelligible yet expressive gibberish. It's like the talk of robots who've got fouled up. (57th St. Playhouse; Feb. 25-March 3.)

Mon Oncle (1958)—One often appreciates what Jacques Tati is trying to do more than what he actually brings off. His target is the depersonalization of modern life—not so much the mechanization that René Clair satirized in "A Nous la Liberté" and Chaplin in "Modern Times" but the sterile, tasteless tedium that modern hygienic design has produced. There are genuinely inventive moments: the little boys gambling on whether passersby will fall into their lamp-post trap; the old man directing a chauffeur trying to park an inordinately long car; the willful garage doors; the wonderful use of the modern functional house as a cartooned face, so that heads at the circular windows become eyes looking out. But these moments are intermittent, and a fundamental miscasting confuses the issues: shouldn't the unemotional, gawky, butterfingered Tati be playing the plastics manufacturer rather than the warm, friendly uncle? With Jean-Pierre Zola, Lucien Frégis, and Alain Bécourt. In French. (57th St. Playhouse; through Feb. 24.)

Night and Day (1946)—William Bowers, one of the three scenarists, said later that he was so ashamed of this picture that about a year



after it came out he called Cole Porter, whose biography it purported to be, and told him how sorry he was, and Porter said, "Loved it. Just loved it. Oh, I thought it was marvellous." Bowers says that he told Oscar Hammerstein how puzzled he was by this, and Hammerstein said, "How many of his songs did you have in it?" Bowers answered, "Twenty-seven," and Hammerstein said, "Well of course he loved it. They only turned out to be twenty-seven of the greatest songs of all time. You don't think he heard that stuff that went on between his songs, do you?" This utterly wretched movie is possibly endurable to others who can blank out on that stuff in between, which involves Cary Grant as the composer, starting as an excruciatingly unconvincing bouncy Yale undergraduate. Later on, Grant embraces Alexis Smith from time to time, but nervously, unwillingly—as if she were a carrier of Rocky Mountain spotted fever. No doubt the movie was trying to tell us something. Grant looks constrained and distracted—as if he would give anything to get out of this mess; he relaxes briefly when he sings "You're the Top" with Ginny Simms. With Monty Woolley and many other unfortunates—Mary Martin, Jane Wyman, Victor Francen, Dorothy Malone, Selena Royle, Eve Arden, Donald Woods, Alan Hale, Paul Cavanagh, Henry Stephenson, Clarence Muse, Sig Rumann, and Herman Bing. Michael Curtiz directed. (Regency; March 3-5.)

The Night of the Shooting Stars—In its feeling and completeness, this film by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani may rank close to Jean Renoir's bafflingly beautiful "Grand Illusion." The story is a woman's memories of her adventures as a six-year-old in a Tuscan village and its environs during the summer of 1944, when the American troops were rumored only days away, and the Germans who had held the area under occupation were preparing to clear out—preparations that included mining the houses so they could blow them up. Yet this setting is magical, like a Shakespearean forest, and the woman's account has the quality of folklore and legend, and even its most tragic moments can be dizzyingly comic. With Omero Antonutti as the leader of the group of two or three dozen villagers who sneak away in the night to find the Americans. The script is by the Tavianis and the producer, Giuliani G. De Negri, with the collaboration of Tonino Guerra; the score is by Nicola Piovani; cinematography is by Franco di Giacomo. In Italian. (2/7/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Norma Rae (1979)—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. A first-rate film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (Thalia; March 4-5.)

An Officer and a Gentleman—This formula romantic melodrama seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School. Gere has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and punished him. But after he has broken down he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the mill-worker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Gossett plays the sergeant bone hard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith and Robert Loggia. With Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. The script is by Douglas Day Stewart. (8/23/82) (Olympia Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through March 3, tentative.)

Papillon (1973)—A methodical, pointlessly gruelling movie in which Steve McQueen keeps trying to escape from Devil's Island and fellow-convict Dustin Hoffman keeps financing his attempts. There isn't a laugh in its two and a half hours. The moviemakers have approached the subject of Papillon (a French safecracker who was sentenced to prison for life for killing a pimp and who, thirty-odd years after he broke out, trumped up his adventures into a best-seller) as if they were making an important historical biography—about a pope, at the very least. The material has been treated not as if it were an escape story but as if it were *the* escape story. This is a movie Mount Rushmore, though it features only two heads. If ever there was a wrong actor for a man of great spirit, it's McQueen; as Robert Mitchum once remarked, "Steve doesn't bring too much to the party." He seems to inspire Hoffman to underplay, too. Theirs is the only emotional bond in the movie, and there's hardly any emotion in it. Directed by the immaculately literal-minded Franklin Schaffner; the script, by Dalton Trumbo and Lorenzo Semple, Jr., is based on the book by Henri Charrière. With Anthony Zerbe and George Coulouris. Cinematography by Fred Koenekamp; music by Jerry Goldsmith. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Feb. 27.)

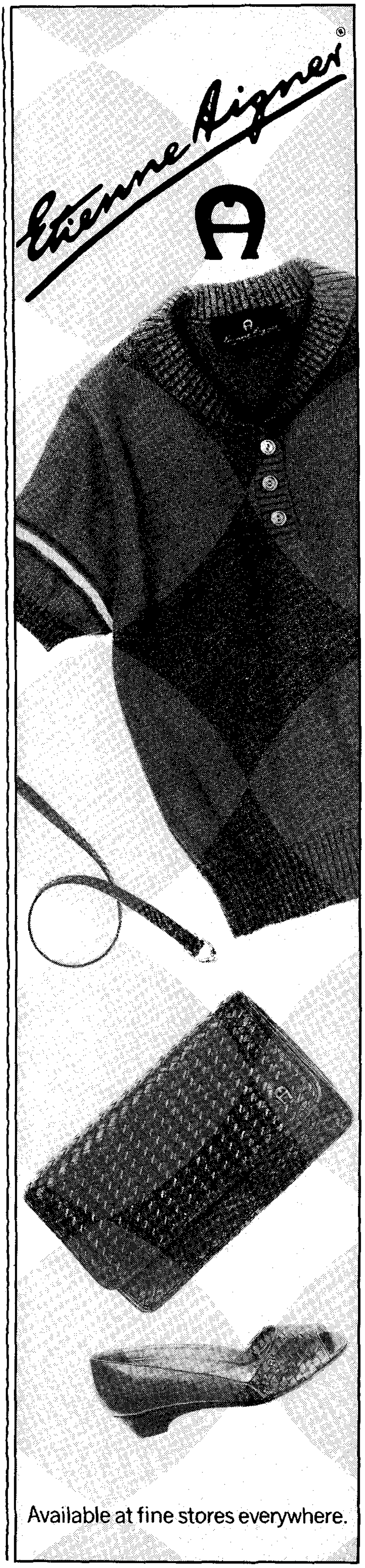
Parsifal—Hans-Jürgen Syberberg's film is a rich and beautiful production—thoughtful, inventive, and very ambitious. The musical performance is of high distinction. The visual imagery is arresting, resonant, and colorful; it embraces and presents those abundant, varied elements from which Wagner's most profound opera was distilled—his life, his reading, his thinking, his passions, his response to art and nature, his earlier compositions. With two young Swiss, Michael Kutter and Karin Krick, in the dual role of Parsifal (the singing is by the Dresden tenor Reiner Goldberg); Edith Clever as Kundry (sung by Yvonne Minton); Robert Lloyd singing and enacting Gurnemanz; and Aage Hauglund as Klingsor. The Swiss conductor Armin Jordan, an outstanding Wagnerian, also plays Amfortas (the role is sung by Wolfgang Schone). The Monte Carlo Philharmonic plays with great breadth and beauty of tone and subtlety of solo inflection, and the Prague Philharmonic Choir's singing is firm and full. In German. (2/21/83; under Musical Events.) (Guild.)

Playtime (1968)—Jacques Tati's most innovative work. M. Hulot is still here—high-belted trousers, short raincoat, loping walk, as if he were braced to smash a tennis volley—but his importance has receded, because Tati's view is that the hero of modern urban life is everybody. He sees something comic in every character in the picture, without ridicule. (57th St. Playhouse; starting March 4.)

Portrait of Jason (1967)—A monologue film, in which a black homosexual hustler and sometime entertainer (Jason Holliday) talks directly to Shirley Clarke's camera crew. The idea is that, faced with the camera, his defenses will be stripped away and the "inner" man revealed—an idea both sadistic and naive. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting March 5.)

The Road Warrior—Set in a post-apocalyptic Wasteland, this Australian film is a mutant, sprung from virtually all action genres. It's one continuous spurt of energy, and the jangly, fast editing suggests wit; so does the broad blacktop highway that cuts across the desert nothingness. And the rampaging vandals—punkish post-nuclear-war bikers, led by a masked bodybuilder called the Humungus—are s-m comic-strip terrors. But the picture is abstract in an adolescent way. Director George Miller's attempt to tap into the universal concept of the hero (as enunciated by Jung and explicated by Joseph Campbell in "The Hero with a Thousand Faces") makes the film joyless. He consciously uses his hero, Max (Mel Gibson), as an icon; that's enough to squeeze the juice out of any actor, and Max seems bland and apathetic. For all its huffing and puffing, this is a sappy, sentimental movie. With Bruce Spence and Vernon Wells; the script is by Terry Hayes and Miller, with Brian Hannant. (9/6/82) (Eastside Cinema, and Rivoli.)

Sophie's Choice—This unusually faithful adaptation of William Styron's Holocaust Gothic comes to us stuffed with literary references and encrusted with the weighty culture of big themes: evil, tortured souls, guilt. The director, Alan J. Pakula, did the screenplay himself. He didn't write it, he penned it. Meryl Streep is Sophie the Catholic; Kevin Kline is Nathan the mad-genius Jew, who is her lover and tormentor; and Peter MacNicol is Stingo the Protestant, the young heir to Southern chivalry (and stand-in for Styron)—he moves into the Brooklyn house they live in and becomes involved in their sadomasochistic trials. The movie is a novel being talked to



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us, and it has the kind of plotting that points relentlessly at a character's secret and then has to have the character lying constantly, so that the lies can be stripped away. Meryl Streep is colorful in the first, late-forties scenes, when she does amusing nervous bits of business, like fidgeting with a furry boa—her fingers twiddling with our heartstrings. But when the flashbacks to Sophie's past start up and the delayed revelations are sprung on us, it's apparent that the whole plot is based on a connection that isn't there—the connection between Sophie and Nathan's relationship and what the Nazis did to the Jews. (12/27/82) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Manhattan, 86th St. East, Greenwich Playhouse, and Cinema 3. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting Feb. 25.)

Splendor in the Grass (1961)—William Inge wrote the baroque primer-Freud screenplay, about the frustrations of adolescent sexuality, and Elia Kazan whipped it up. The picture, set in a small Kansas town in the twenties, is hysterically on the side of young love, and this hysteria seems integral to the film's moments of emotional power, its humor, and its beauty. Natalie Wood and Warren Beatty are high-school sweethearts whose parents think they are too young to marry. And so, deprived of love together, the boy turns to a floozy and the girl, maddened by loss of him, goes to a mental institution. The parents are the mean, hypocritical monsters you expect in this sort of youth-slanted picture, which pretends to deal with real adolescent problems but actually begs the issue by having the two kids tenderly in love. The movie doesn't suggest that adolescents have a right to sexual experimentation—it just attacks the corrupted grownups for their failure to value love above all else. It's the old corn, fermented in a new way. The extraordinary cast includes Sandy Dennis, Barbara Loden, Zohra Lampert, Pat Hingle, Martine Bartlett, Audrey Christie, Fred Stewart, Gary Lockwood, Phyllis Diller as Texas Guinan, and Inge himself as the Reverend. Cinematography by Boris Kaufman; production design by Richard Sylbert; music by David Amram. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; March 4-5.)

Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise (1931)—This was Garbo's only film with Clark Gable. They were both at M-G-M, but Gable's rough, right-out-there physical appeal didn't quite fit Garbo's pictures—it didn't allow for the spirituality that was a key element in the passion she awakened in her other screen lovers. With Gable she wasn't a goddess; she was sex-hungry, just like Crawford in the early Gable-Crawford movies. Garbo plays a young Swedish-American farm girl who runs away from the brute (Alan Hale) she is being forced to marry and takes refuge in the cabin of a construction engineer (Gable); they fall in love, sleep together, and plan to marry. But when unlucky circumstances separate them, and she has an affair with a carnival owner (John Miljan), her engineer won't forgive her. Over the years, she does very well as the mistress of rich men, but she keeps locating her true love and begging forgiveness until, at last . . . Still, one can sit through all this without too much pain, because of Garbo's beauty and the raw heat that she and Gable generate. Their love scenes in the cabin redeem a lot of bad writing and bad acting. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The novel by David Graham Phillips was adapted by Wanda Tuchock, with dialogue provided by Zelda Sears and Edith Fitzgerald. (Yes, those are their names.) With Ian Keith, Jean Hersholt, Hale Hamilton, Cecil Cunningham, Theodore von Eltz, and Russell Simpson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 3.)

Tootsie—Marvellous fun. Dustin Hoffman plays Michael Dorsey, a brilliant, "uncompromising" New York actor whom no one wants to hire because he makes things hell for everybody. When Michael's girlfriend (Teri Garr) goes up for an audition for a role in a soap and is rejected, he makes himself up as a woman, presents himself as Dorothy Michaels, and lands the job. And Michael finds himself when he's Dorothy—he's such a dedicated, fanatical actor that he comes fully alive only when he's playing a role. Michael is still in the guise of Dorothy when he meets his dream girl—Jessica Lange, who's like a shock absorber to him. With Bill Murray, Charles Durning, George Gaynes, Doris Belack, Dabney Coleman, and, as Michael's agent, Sydney Pollack, who also directed. Pollack does some of his best work yet in the opening sequences—a crackling, rapid-fire presentation of the hopes versus the realities of out-of-work actors' lives. The script is credited to Larry Gelbart and Murray Schisgal, but Don McGuire wrote the first draft, and Elaine May and many others worked on it. (12/27/82) (R.K.O. Century Art, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Feb. 24.)

The Verdict—When Sidney Lumet gets serious, his energetic, fast-moving style falls apart. The camera sits like Death on the dark, angled images of this anguished movie about a Boston Irish lawyer, played by Paul Newman, who was hurt by those closest to him and became a booze-soaked failure. When the lawyer goes into court to fight the powerful Archdiocese of Boston, his faith in the judgment of the ordinary people who sit on the jury enables him to redeem himself. It's a Frank Capra setup given art-film treatment. Newman plays his role for all it has got, but it's a tired old show-business view of "a good man." In its own sombre, inflated terms, the picture is effective, but it's dragged out so self-importantly that you have time to recognize what a hopelessly naïve, incompetent, and untrustworthy lawyer the hero is. With Charlotte Rampling, James Mason, Jack Warden, Lindsay Crouse, Milo O'Shea, Edward Binns, Julie Bovasso, Lewis Stadlen, and Wesley Addy. The script, by David Mamet, is based on a novel by Barry Reed. (1/10/83) (Gotham Cinema, New Yorker, and Criterion Theatres.)

Viva Zapata! (1952)—Before the rifles of that infamous concealed regiment get poor Zapata (Marlon Brando), John Steinbeck's script has thoroughly done him in. Land and liberty, the simple slogans of the Mexican civil wars of 1911-19, are transformed into the American liberal clichés of 1952 and phrased in that slurpy imitation of simplicity and grandeur which some high-school English teachers and TV producers call "poetry." The virtues of the production are in Elia Kazan's headlong direction: some of the scenes have startling immediacy; the fighting is first-rate; even the phony folklore holds one's interest. And the actors are fun to watch: there's the magnetic young Brando (age twenty-seven) impersonating a great revolutionary leader—an illiterate young titan, a peasant and a thinker (and, in the time-worn actor-peasant tradition, he screws up his face when he has to think). And there are Anthony Quinn (his performance took the Academy Award for Best Supporting Actor) as Zapata's older brother; Jean Peters as Josefa; Joseph Wiseman, acting like some sinister mixture of Judas Iscariot and a junkie, as Fernando the journalist; Alan Reed as Pancho Villa; Lou Gilbert as Pablo; Margo as Soldadera; Harold Gordon as Madero; Frank Silvera as Huerta; and Mildred Dunnock, Abner Biberman, Philip Van Zandt, Henry Silva, and Arnold Moss. The film includes Steinbeck's folly: the famous, supposedly terribly touching wedding-night scene in which Zapata asks Josefa to teach him to read. Cinematography by Joe MacDonald. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; March 1-2.)

W. C. Fields and Me (1976)—Arthur Hiller's poor and humorless film, based on Carlotta Monti's biography of the same name, written with Cy Rice. She lived with the dyspeptic, mumbling, brine-pickled Fields for fourteen years, but the film is such a genteel libel of the man we know from his films that it is best approached with a pair of tongs. Rod Steiger can be a good actor, but not in the part of this Senecan and grandiloquent comic—and not saddled with this immobilizing makeup, which gives him a thin ration of yellowed fake straw for hair, a mouth twisted as if Fields had spent his working life recovering from a stroke, and a nose that looks like a horse's badly darned feed bag. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Feb. 28-March 1.)

The Whole Town's Talking (1935)—John Ford directed this likable comedy about a gentle clerk, his gangster double (Edward G. Robinson in a dual role), and the hardboiled girl, Bill, whom the clerk adores. Bill is Jean Arthur, the comedienne with the wistful-husky voice; her distinctive voice was one of the best sounds in the romantic comedies of the thirties and forties. (Talkies made her a star, but in the silent period she was already a popular leading lady; Ford had directed her in 1923 in a John Gilbert vehicle, "Cameo Kirby.") Adapted by Jo Swerling and Robert Riskin from a W. R. Burnett story. With Wallace Ford, Etienne Girardot, Donald Meek, Arthur Byron, and Edward Brophy. (Metro Cinema; March 1.)

Winter Kills (1979)—A rampageous thriller written and directed by William Richert, from a novel by Richard Condon. John Huston is superb as a villainous old self-made millionaire, and Jeff Bridges is his all too dutiful son. Also on hand are Eli Wallach, Tony Perkins, Toshiro Mifune, Ralph Meeker, and Belinda Bauer. (Cinema Studio.)

The Year of Living Dangerously—Peter Weir's romantic adventure film is set in Indonesia in 1965, during the political upheavals that shook President Sukarno's unstable government, and centers on the Caucasian community of journalists and diplomats in Djakarta. Linda Hunt has the pivotal male role of the goblinlike Billy Kwan, a half-Chinese, half-Australian cameraman who plays matchmaker and brings together Mel Gibson, as a newly arrived Australian foreign correspondent, and Sigourney Weaver, as the assistant military attaché at the British Embassy. To a degree, Weir is the victim of his own skill at creating the illusion of authentic Third World misery, rioting, and chaos; the emaciation of the natives overwhelms the made-up problems of the Caucasians. But movie squalor has its own glamour, and scene by scene this film is fascinating; despite a certain amount of mystical-East blather, it's alive on the screen. A new-style old-time "dangerous" steaminess builds up as Gibson and Weaver eye each other. And though Billy Kwan is the movie's walking conscience and higher moral purpose, Linda Hunt's lyric intensity and concentration help to purify the lines she speaks. Filmed in the Philippines and Australia. With Bill Kerr, Michael Murphy, Bembol Roco, and Noel Ferrier. Based on C. J. Koch's highly readable 1978 novel. (2/21/83) (Manhattan, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Quad Cinema, and R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Feb. 24.)

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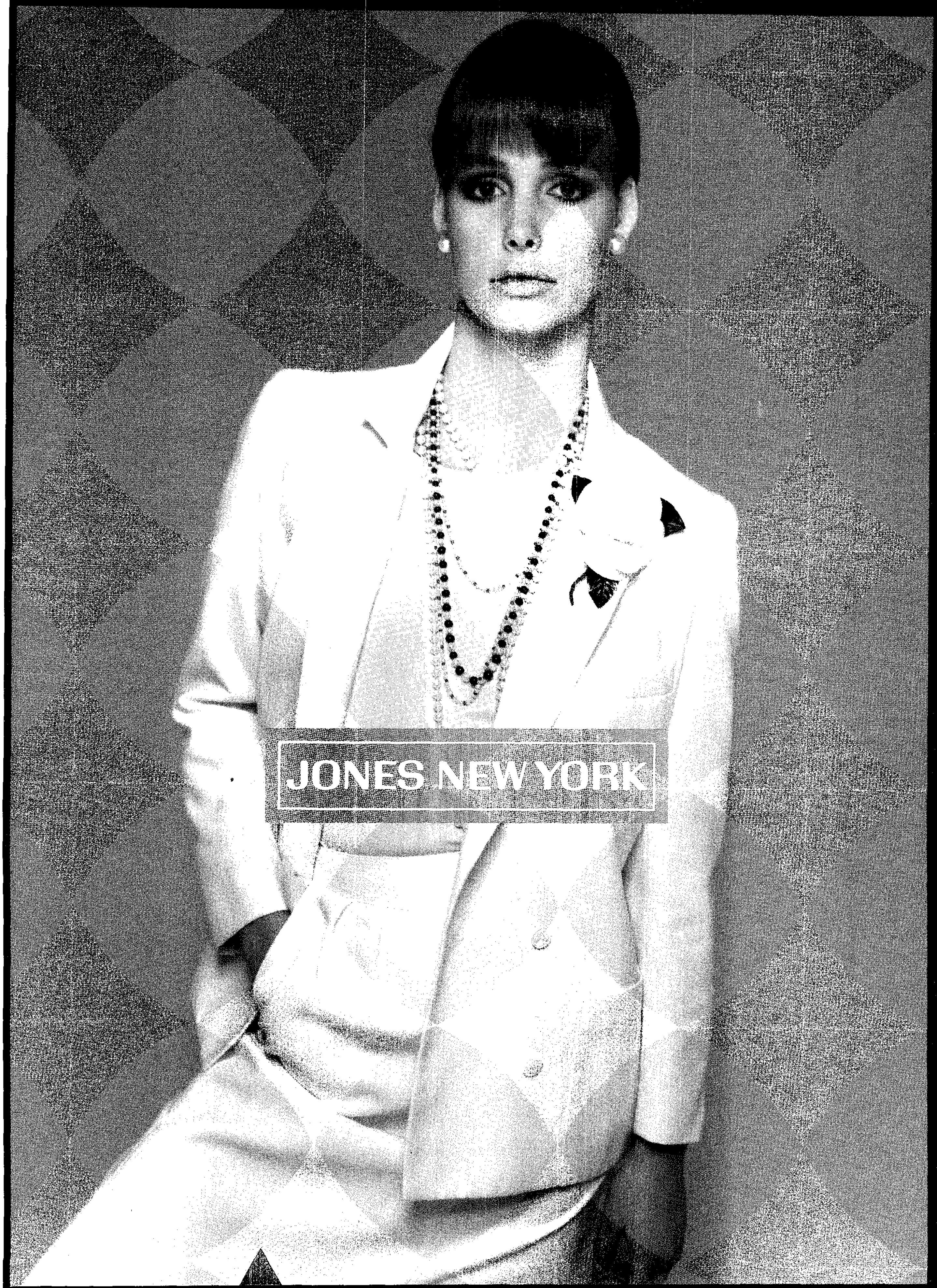
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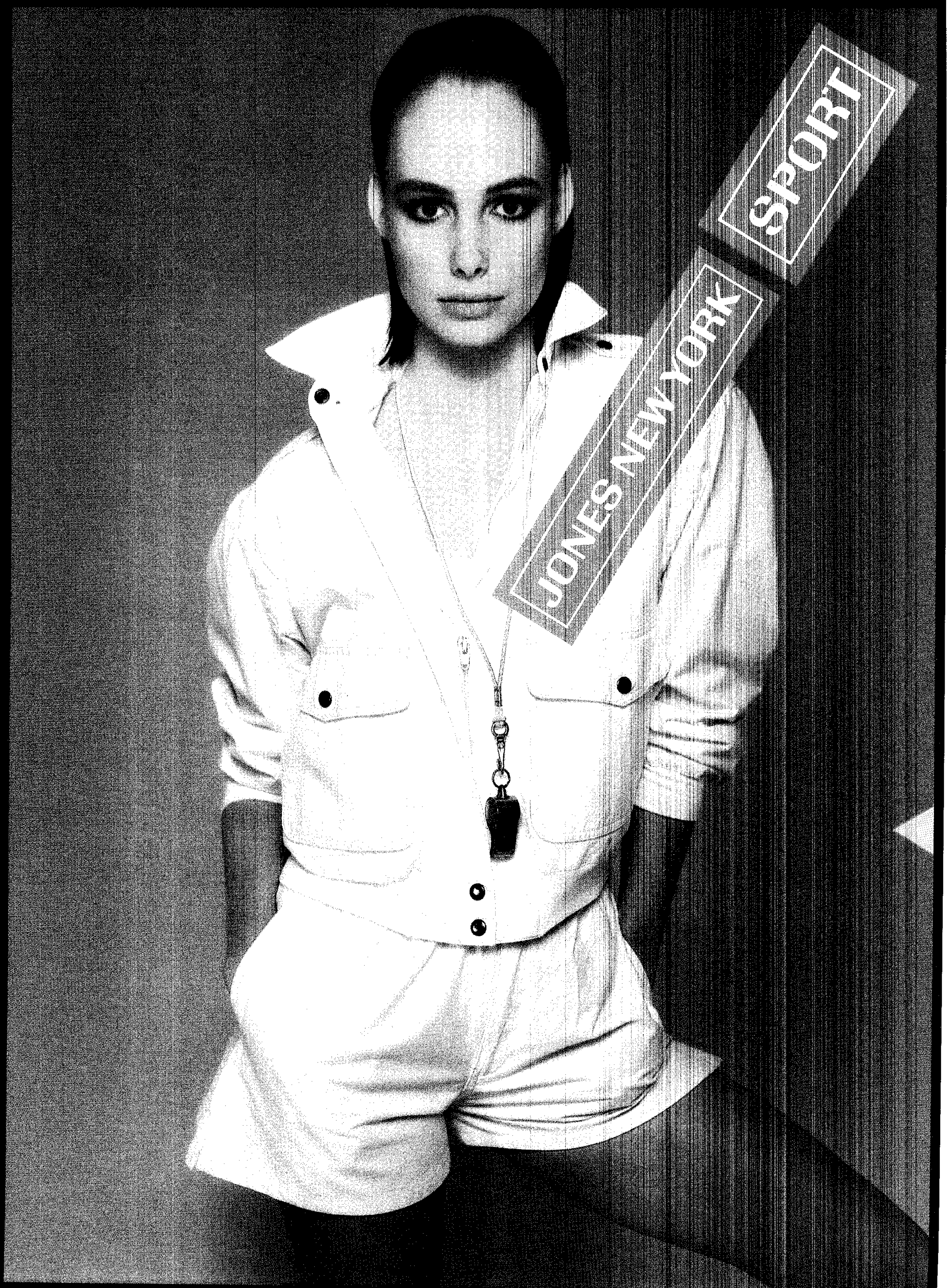
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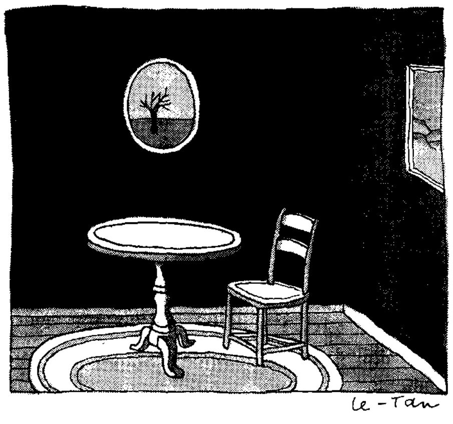
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

COUNSEL for the defense rises. "My client may sometimes lose control of himself," he tells the jury. "I admit that there is some probability that he will kill many innocent people if he returns to the streets. But look at the big picture. The victims he attacks at random are already exposed to risks, such as auto accidents and fires, that abound in daily life. Computer calculations show that my client's occasional rampages will add very little, on the average, to the dangers we all face. Statistically speaking, you cannot label him a major 'enemy of society.' He's just a run-of-the-mill public-safety hazard. Take off his shackles and set him free!"

So goes the line of argument that, while it is unlikely to persuade most juries, has steadily swayed the United States Nuclear Regulatory Commission. The agency has ruled that the nation's seventy-six commercial nuclear power plants, although susceptible to potentially catastrophic meltdown accidents, are still safe enough to operate. To rationalize its decision, it has spent years performing computer studies on the probability of serious accidents. Last month, the N.R.C. reached a milestone in this process of self-justification: it finally specified its notion of what "safe enough" really means.

That wasn't a problem for the N.R.C.'s predecessor, the Atomic Energy Commission, which simply dismissed the possibility of catastrophic accidents. According to the A.E.C., the nuclear plants being built around the country were essentially risk-free. When it came to safety, "every possible precaution" was taken—so Glenn Seaborg, the A.E.C. chairman from 1961 to 1971, asserted. The agency decreed that meltdown accidents were not "credible" events. In 1972, to bolster the official optimism about safety, the A.E.C. launched its first accident-probability study. Headed by Professor Norman Rasmussen, of M.I.T., and completed in 1975 under N.R.C. sponsorship, the study concluded that people faced more risk from falling meteorites than from nuclear-plant accidents. The scientific community immediately challenged these estimates, on the ground of the complexity of the technology and the lack of data about many of the potential hazards. An independent review group appointed by the N.R.C. to settle the controversy concluded that the "arbitrariness" of some of the methods used in the Rasmussen report "boggles the mind." Finally, in January of 1979, the N.R.C. admitted that Rasmussen's numerical estimates were not "reliable." The Three Mile Island accident, a few months later, in which the reactor came within something between thirty and sixty minutes of a meltdown, reinforced that impression. The N.R.C. nevertheless persists in relying on what some of its leading safety advisers term "sham" estimates of accident probability; that is, instead of ordering the hundreds of safety improvements recommended by its own experts after the Three Mile Island debacle the agency keeps doing calculations trying to prove that the risk of another major accident is low enough to ignore.



Early last month, the N.R.C. carried its commitment to probability analysis one step further. It promulgated an official statement on "safety goals"—a specification of how big a gamble with public safety the agency will permit the nuclear industry to take. Nuclear plants, the regulators suggested, will be judged acceptably safe and allowed to operate as long as the odds of meltdown accidents are kept within a certain limit: less than one meltdown per ten thousand reactor-years of operation. (One reactor running for one year equals one reactor-year.) What does this "safety goal" mean? Assume, for example, that it is applied to the more than four hundred commercial reactors operating or under construction around the world today. It would take only about twenty-five years for them to accumulate ten thousand reactor-years of operation. The plants are designed to operate for a period of between thirty and forty years, so before the current nuclear units complete their useful service life at least one of them, under the N.R.C.'s criterion, would be allowed to have a meltdown. With a thousand reactors in operation, the N.R.C. standard would permit one meltdown a decade. The public, however, may be somewhat more squeamish. Depending on the circumstances, such an accident could cause thousands of fatalities and expose large numbers of people to long-term nuclear-radiation effects—mostly various forms of cancer.

Even more disturbing than the N.R.C.'s definition of "safety goals" is the fact that many of the nuclear plants currently operating in the United States do not appear to meet them. The available statistics on the frequency of equipment breakdowns, operator errors, and other safety problems indicate that United States nuclear plants may be from five to ten times as likely to experience a meltdown as the ten-thousand-reactor-year statistics suggest. According to one estimate—by N.R.C. scientists—there may be at least a fifty-per-cent chance of a meltdown in the United States during the coming decade, when a hundred reactors are expected to be in operation. In publishing its statement, the N.R.C. announced that it will be doing more calculations and refining its numerical "safety goals" during the next two years. Instead of working on this numerology, the N.R.C. might consider doing something useful about meltdown-accident risks, such as ordering nuclear-plant operators to get rid of the flaws that create the danger in the first place.

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Police Exam

"WARNING . . . There is to be NO SMOKING anywhere in the building," stated "Test Instructions for Candidates," a brochure handed to each of the thousand or so young men and women who assembled one recent Saturday afternoon at Brooklyn's Canarsie High School to take the exam that might someday allow them to join the New York City Police Department. "You will please not smoke in the building. No smoking," intoned the matronly woman—a home-ec teacher, we decided—who was collecting admission tickets. "NO SMOKING," several hallway signs emphasized. Still, each time the door to the second-floor boys' room opened, a dense cloud of smoke, like the ones in paintings of Civil War battles, issued forth. Inside, a large number of lit-up young men—from high-school age through the mid-twenties—discussed police salaries, uniform allowances, civil-service hiring procedures, and the Islanders.

Eventually, a proctor wandering the halls stuck his head in the bathroom and ordered its occupants to extinguish and to report to their assigned classrooms. The test, being administered that day to thirty-seven thousand young people at thirty-five high schools around the city, was about to start. There was considerable filling out of forms, and then the home-ec teacher handed out copies of a booklet with two line drawings of neighborhoods on the wrong side of town. The candidates stared at each drawing for five minutes and tried to complete from memory a series of statements like "The license plate number of the car is ---" and "The person just inside the door of the diner is best described as having a ---."

The memory questions, fourteen in all, were stumpers; we'll never hesitate to ask a cop for directions. The test proper—a hundred and twenty-six written questions—followed, and it was a good deal simpler. Some of the questions tested the ability to follow orders, but many seemed to be searching for the ability to write reports in chronological sequence. Some were of this variety:

> Police Officer David is completing a report regarding illegal activity near the entrance to Madison Square Garden during a recent rock concert. The report will contain the following five sentences:
>
> 1. As I came closer to the man, he placed what appeared to be tickets in his pocket and began to walk away.
> 2. After the man stopped, I questioned him about "scalping" tickets.
> 3. While on assignment near the Madison Square Garden entrance, I observed a man apparently selling tickets.
> 4. I stopped the man by stating that I was a Police Officer.
> 5. The man was then given a summons and he left the area.
>
> The most logical order for the above sentences to appear in the report is:

The exam also included a map to see if the candidates, put behind the wheel of a prowl car, would be able to find their way from, say, Desert Boulevard to Eagle Street without turning east on London Street and causing an extensive pileup. (London Street runs west, and west only.) A few of the questions tested judgment. Somewhere around Question No. 44 ("According to the definition given, which one of the following is the best example of a murder?"), a proctor moved through the room collecting fingerprints on index cards. Two hours, and eighty-odd questions (including a section that required identification of suspects who had altered their appearance, and one of whom looked suspiciously like Mother Teresa), later, most of the test-takers were done. The strapping young men—and some young women—who had been hunched over their computerized answer sheets most of the afternoon filtered slowly out of the high school, joking and boasting and admitting when they were asked that they would dearly like to be cops. "That's twenty thousand dollars a year to start. That's good money. And if you're a cop people got to look up to you," said one. If he scores among the top thirty per cent on the written test, passes a background test and a medical and psychological exam, and can get through the fitness test (dashing up three flights of stairs and down one flight and wrestling with a hundred-and-twenty-pound weight, hurdling a wall, that sort of thing) in an over-all time of less than ninety seconds, then perhaps someday. And perhaps not. The luncheonette down the street from Canarsie High School carried the *News* on a rack out front, and the headline that led the paper that Saturday was "KOCH THREATENS 6,000 LAYOFFS."

Crisis

WE ran into a woman on her way home from a midlife crisis the other day. It was Janet.

"You should've been there," she told us from the far side of a puddle of slush. "They called it a Midlife Fair, and it was put on by the Midlife Institute of Marymount Manhattan College, for women in their middle years. To find out if it's for you, you start counting from one. It's the years somewhere between one and a hundred."

Janet poked at the slush with a spiked metal cane. From the curb, we reached out a hand in her direction.

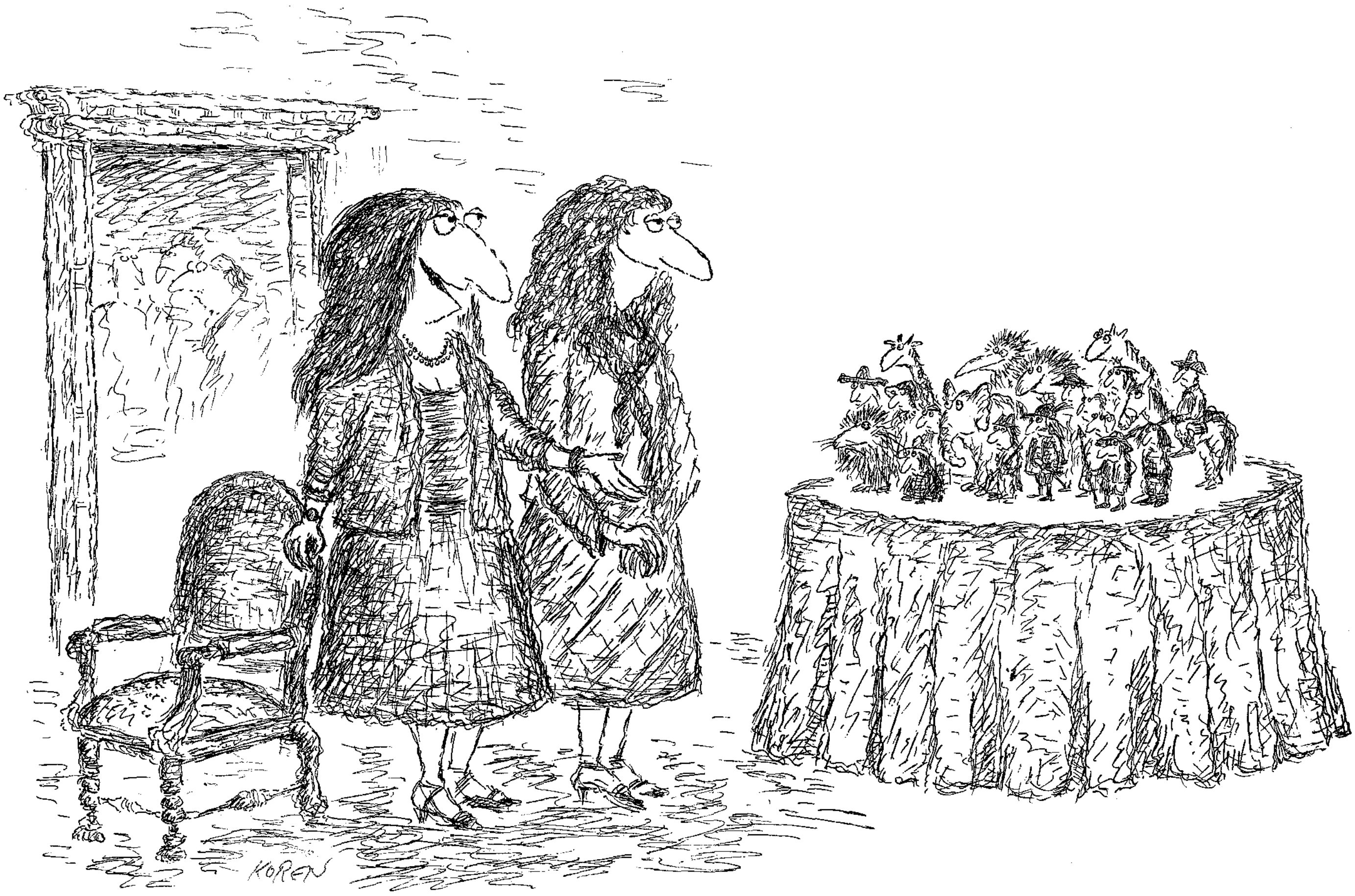
"They had two sessions of workshops in the morning," she continued while poking. "One workshop was Financial Planning. I didn't go to that one; I spend it before I can plan how to use it. I should've worn my rubber boots."

Janet reached into her coat pocket for a flyer. We watched helplessly as she was narrowly missed by a cab on radio call. She examined the flyer.

"Then, there was Coping with Elderly Parents," she said. "I think that means if they're alive. One workshop was called What Will I Do with the Rest of *My* Life, which I told them ought to be What Will I Do with the *Rest* of My Life."

Plunging the cane into the slush again, she made her way onto the curb.

"In the elevator going up, I announced that I was the oldest mid-



"This is our collection of miniatures."

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dle-aged person there. Going down, there were two women older than me. It was very enlightening. It's a shame you missed it. Would you mind holding this for a minute?"

We took the cane.

"I made a lot of notes," Janet said, pulling a wad of papers from her bag. "At the first workshop, the lady said you have to have self-confidence. 'You don't go to pieces if the right person gives you the wrong look.' What does that mean, I wonder. Oh, values! Values was the most important thing."

Janet put on a pair of reading glasses and studied her notes.

"The same lady said that she's particularly interested in women 'because I am one.' Nobody objected."

We propped the cane up in a snowbank.

"You have to look inside yourself and you find out a lot of stuff about who you are," Janet continued. "What your values are, what's important to you in life. I missed the next few sentences. Then she explained that we all have a lot of conflict—'mutually exclusive needs.' We all want to be independent and self-sufficient. 'A lot of women want power, success, and status, and also desire a marriage and family.' Then we were given some tests—two tests. One was called Work Satisfactions. You were supposed to mark yourself either *one*, which was 'very important,' or *two*, which was 'reasonably important,' or *three*, 'not very important,' or *four*, 'not important.' "

Janet looked up. "I gave myself a one for altruism," she said, "and a four for precision work. I put down a three for stability. The lady next to me, by the way, who was completely opposite to me in every respect, filled out her test almost the same. She was taller, younger, and had a wonderful marriage, and we both scored ourselves high on altruism and low on making money. For the other test, you're allowed four thousand dollars to bid on things like 'being of service,' 'making a lot of money,' 'controlling others,' 'contributing to world betterment.' I bid two thousand two hundred on that, but somebody won who bid two thousand five hundred. I also bid two thousand on being of service. Somebody else bid her entire four thousand on making a lot of money. I won something for three hundred dollars—'working under time pressures'—because nobody else bid and I got stuck with it. The test was called Values Auction."

We felt the ice melting under our feet and seeping into our boots.

"Then we went to a class called Relationships with Grown Daughters," Janet said. "A psychoanalyst ran that, and she asked questions like 'What discipline are you from?' I couldn't think of any. She said, 'We've all been daughters,' which was pretty profound, and I asked what happens if you have a rotten role model. She said something about 'doesn't matter—depends on your maturity.' I don't agree with that. One woman said that her eighty-seven-year-old mother, whom she takes care of now, still criticizes the way she fixes her hair and what she wears. When she leaves, she feels like a ten-year-old, and she has to remind herself that she's a grandmother. I got up and told a story about when my kid was a senior at college. She called me up long-distance and reversed the charges, and she said to me, 'You never gave me any sense of direction.' And I said, 'How could I? I never had any myself.' I told the class that I said, 'Everything rotten and lousy that's happened to you up to this point is your mother's fault. From now on, you're on your own,' and I hung up. I had to add, however, that I didn't stick to it. Then we all went and had lunch with Betty Furness. What did she say?"

Janet consulted her notes. " 'You should not lie about anything except one thing,' which I forgot to write down," Janet reported. "She called on me to speak— 'You in the red blouse with your hand up'—and I told her that I didn't agree with her, that women had to lie about their age in America. I once asked a man who knows my right age for a job, and he said, 'We retire people at your age.' Everyone laughed at this tragedy. Betty Furness also said, 'Don't take no for an answer.' Years ago, I was trying to get a job with Orson Welles in Paris, and he said, 'She'll probably get it, because I'm gonna keep saying no till I get laryngitis, and nobody'll hear me, and she'll end up working for me.' So I *did* get the job. Actually, for days I didn't know what the job was. I just sat at rehearsals, until one of the actresses got sick, and he said, 'O.K., get onstage.' He had forgotten to mention to me that I was the understudy. I got on and didn't know any of the lines; I just stood there. 'The Unthinking Lobster' I think was the name of that show. I was very good. It was referred to as 'the Janet version.' "

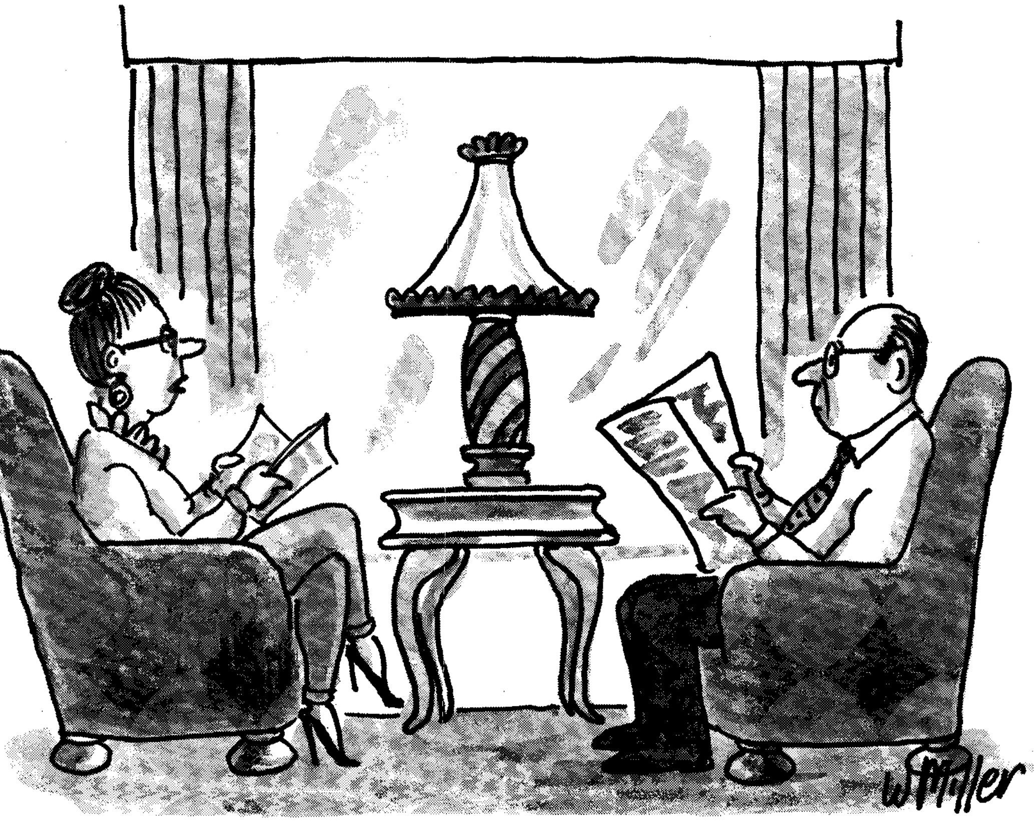
Janet pulled her cane out of the snowbank and began to inch along the sidewalk. We followed.

"I'm afraid of slipping," she said. "This ice cane was given to me after I had an accident last year. Yesterday, Mr. Marascino, from the I.R.S., called and asked me to get my papers together. I told him that I threw everything, especially unopened bills and envelopes from the I.R.S., also unopened, into these brown bags and cartons. He was aghast. The bottom drawer of my bureau is full of those unpleasant things—dispossess notices, disconnect notices, messages from the I.R.S., *and* bank statements. He was supposed to find out why I hadn't filed for 1979, '80, and '81. But I had filed for one of those years. Then he asked me whether I'd started to file for '82, and I said I didn't think I'd have to go through that again. I kept telling him that the I.R.S. has five hundred dollars of mine, and that I want it back immediately. He said that that was the fee the accountant had charged me. So I began looking through a huge bunch of checks, and I found a five-hundred-dollar check made out to 'Internal Revenue.' At the bottom, where it says 'for,' I had written 'gift.' When I told him, he said, 'What does that mean—*gift?*' I said, 'Well, what would you call it?' I told him I was willing to go to jail, but he said that wouldn't be necessary. I said, 'What about sending my money to Switzerland?' He said I wasn't rich enough. He told me to save everything that comes in, which means I have to start another brown bag."

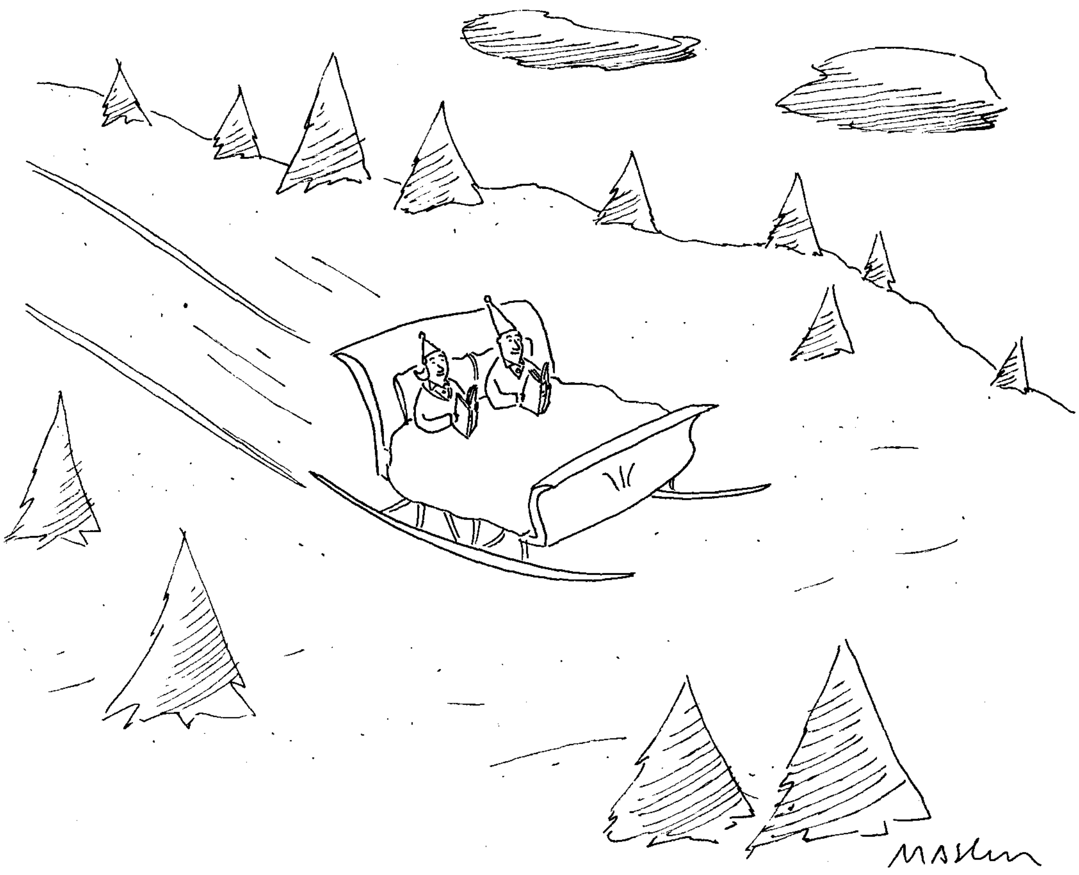
Big Dead Fish

IN conventional, it-bent-the-pole-a-hundred-and-eighty-degrees terms, Robert Rocchetta is a lucky fisherman. On July 17, 1981, at about three-thirty in the morning, at the tail end of a lunar eclipse, he landed a seventy-six-pound *Morone saxatilis*, which at that time was the largest striped bass ever taken. The catch got his name in the papers and in the record book, and it gave him a story to tell whenever he's waiting for a nibble. But it didn't get him any two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and that is why, in money-in-the-bank terms, Bob Rocchetta was not lucky at all, and why, when we approached him during a noonday reception at the Explorers Club last week, the first thing he said was "The guy you want is in the other room." See, not long after Rocchetta's record catch, the ABU-Garcia fishing-supplies company announced a quarter-million-dollar prize for the *next* record striper, and that's what the Explorers Club ceremony was all about. Albert McReynolds, on September 21st of last year, while standing on a moss-slick Atlantic City jetty, fought with and triumphed over a bass that weighed seventy-eight and a half pounds. A quarter-million-dollar bass. Despite it all, Mr. Rocchetta told us that feeling sorry for him was a waste of time. "I just love to fish," he said. "When I was a little boy, I was wading and I cut my foot, and my father always said that instead of losing blood I took in salt water. That's why I am what I am."

Mr. Rocchetta, his sturdy frame wrapped in a red fishing jacket, blended in with the Explorers Club décor, which is dominated by a stuffed polar bear,



"Why can't you be real, like Paul Newman?"



SLEDDING IN BED WITH FRANNY AND FRED

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an authentic dogsled, and many paintings of men killing fauna. There is also an Explorers Club flag, still in its plastic pouch, that would have been flown on the moon except that Apollo 13, which was carrying it, lost an oxygen tank and had to come home without stopping. The only incongruous touch is a large sign in one room reading "Occupancy by More Than 130 Persons Is Dangerous and Unlawful." Surely a little matter of illegality, to say nothing of peril, wouldn't faze an Explorer! Anyway, we met a number of people, all connected with the bass in one way or another, who were standing among the various artifacts sipping drinks and chewing on raw vegetables. They included:

Stephen Topping, the sports editor of the American edition of the "Guinness Book of World Records," who told us that McReynolds and his bass would be listed not only for the largest of the species ever caught but also—most likely—for the most valuable single fish in history. "The two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar prize would seem to push it past a Japanese carp that we currently list, whose owner turned down an offer of a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for him," Mr. Topping said. "It's a living carp. Also, beluga have been caught with as much as three hundred and twenty-three pounds of the finest caviar. Even liberally estimated, at five hundred dollars a pound, that's still only about a hundred and sixty thousand dollars."

Tom Conlon, the president of the D. L. Blair Corporation, which ABU-Garcia hired to establish that McReynolds and the bass came by each other honestly. "We also handle a lot of the magazine sweepstakes. And Zingo, in the *Daily News*—that's ours, too," Mr. Conlon said. Mr. McReynolds had been "required to keep the fish frozen until his claim was proved," Mr. Conlon explained, adding, "I'd rather not go into all the criteria we used; some are very subtle—almost trade secrets. But our obligation to our clients—and to the world—is to make sure no fraud is perpetrated. And in this case we have no doubts." Mr. Conlon also confided that his company ran across relatively few cheats. "It really pleases me to say that most people are embarrassingly honest."

John Brett, an official of ABU-Garcia, who told us his firm was "very, very pleased" to give Mr. McReynolds two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, even though he caught his bass using equipment made by another manufacturer.

And Jim Brosnan, the correspondent covering the affair for Westchester Cable Television, who is almost fifteen, is in the ninth grade, and weighs only about half again as much as Mr. McReynolds' bass. Mr. Brosnan, who used notes from his mother and a Mr. Champagne, a Westchester Cable official, to persuade the authorities at his school to release him, is an important part of "Mark Sabia Sports Log," which has been running for a while in much of Westchester but has only recently been piped into White Plains, and which may someday be called "Jim Brosnan Sports Log." Mr. Brosnan and his colleagues also produce "Ham and Beyond," a cable show about amateur radio and other electronic equipment.

After the cocktails, there was lunch (striped bass), and speeches. Mr. McReynolds was given an oversized check, and he described how he hooked the fish ("I was holding the rod, and the Lord put the fish on my hook"), how he battled the fish, how he wrapped the fish up in a beach blanket, and how he then proceeded to fish for six more hours ("The fish were still hitting").

Mr. Corky Campbell was given a check for twenty-five thousand dollars, because Mr. McReynolds had registered for the contest at his bait shop. Mr. Campbell told about the scene that followed the weigh-in of the bass at his store. "Holy mackerel!" he said, unsurprisingly. "We had it hanging out front, and it was almost like it was a holy occurrence. People were coming up and touching the fish. They were bringing their children."

Mr. Rocchetta was also given a chance to speak, and he told the crowd, "You're probably asking yourself, 'What's so special about striped bass?' Well, when you go out and start to striped-bass fish, and you finally catch one, it's sort of like meeting that certain someone."

MY CAR: A GLOBAL VIEW

NOT long ago, I was driving on an interstate highway, a long way from anything that resembled home, when my car committed suicide. I had bought it three years ago from a guy named Bob, who was operating a used-car lot on a pier along the Hudson River and keeping it a secret from the City Collector. Bob couldn't arrange to let me road-test the car, although I did get to pier-test it. Subsequently, some friends explained to me that this was not the ideal way to buy a car, and I will admit that this particular vehicle never did strike me as perfect—it had removable window cranks, for instance—but I took it because I wanted a car, so that I could go places, and because I was in a big hurry and because I knew that in this car I would always know that I was riding in a car and because I wanted to give a boost to Bob, who had told me that after he got rid of this cream puff and a couple of others he was going to get out of the used-car business so that he could "concentrate on my music." He could make a noise with his voice that sounded a lot like a muted trumpet. He did it for me, and he was pretty good. The only other car that I had looked at that day was being offered by Madame Gladys, a gypsy fortune-teller who did her consulting in a salon near Times Square. Actually, Madame Gladys wasn't selling the car; her brother Bob (a different Bob) was, and he refused to let me road-test it without some sort of cash commitment, because he didn't want to give up his parking spot.

The car that the first Bob sold to me I grew to admire. I admired it right up to that bleak final scene on the interstate. I had been driving seven straight hours, dusk was coming quickly, and I was still in Pennsylvania. Pennsylvania is so large. My car was so small. I was in the part of Pennsylvania where experienced individuals own young cars from Detroit. My car was old, and it was manufactured in one of the countries that we fought against during the Second World War.

These last few weeks, I have been trying to make sense of my car's life and death—what it means to me and my family, how it affects my short-term relationships with certain of my creditors, how it impacts upon United States transportation goals and options during the next decade. I have had a chance to see my experience with the car as a few daubs of color on the broad canvas of history, and I believe I have been able to place what has happened to me within the proper context of global events. Things look like this:

"She drew me tenderly to her breast. I whimpered like a little child. Then the telephone rang."

1974

Tiny metallic-gray four-cylinder hatchback automobile manufactured in Asian nation and exported to America.

Gerald Ford becomes President.

1975

Car sold to American citizen, registered in New Jersey.

My Aunt Irene, longtime resident of Bergen County, New Jersey, moves to North Miami Beach, Florida.

Khmer Rouge overrun Phnom Penh, Cambodia.

Car undergoes 3,000-mile and 5,000-mile maintenance checkups.

Cincinnati Reds win World Series in seven-game thriller over Bosox.

Vogue for no-frills air travel begins.

1976

Viking 1 lands on Mars.

Johnny Rutherford wins rain-shortened Indy 500.

America celebrates Bicentennial.

Mao dies.

Jimmy Carter defeats Ford.

Car does pretty well, presumably.

1977

Farrah Fawcett swimsuit pinup poster proliferates.

Square tomato perfected by California botanist.

U.S. fishermen catch 85,000 metric tons flounder, halibut.

Car resold to lady in Harlem.

Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific Railroad declares bankruptcy.

1978

Domestic inflation rate hits double digits.

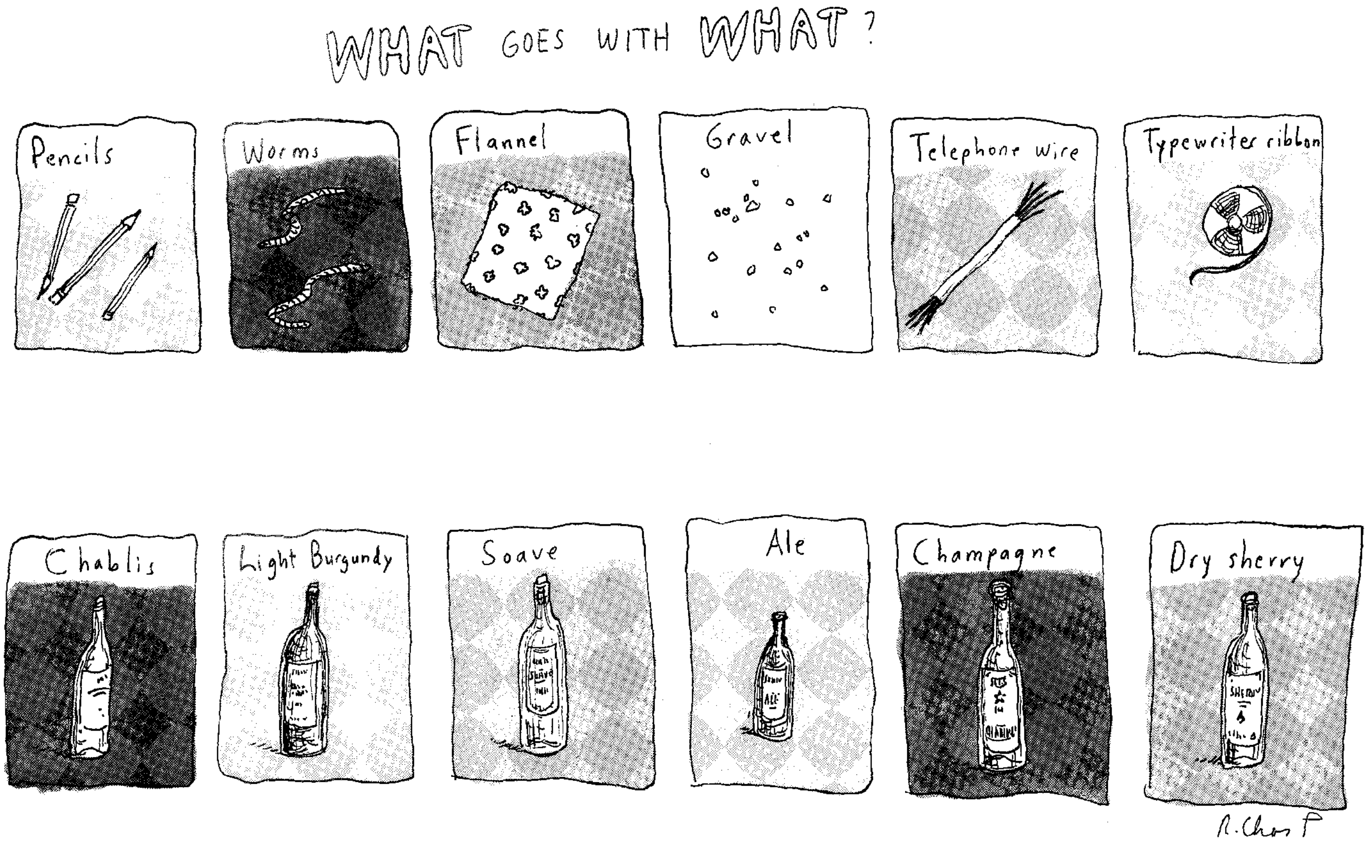
Car, being tiny, perhaps gets squeezed into many implausible Manhattan parking spots.

Middle toe, my right foot, becomes infected, heals.

Anti-Shah rioting in Iran.

1979

Car resold again; title transferred to "girlfriend" of Bob, proprietor of



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Hudson Pier Motors Co., an unincorporated, barely visible enterprise.

Michelle Triola and Lee Marvin tell world they are no longer in love.

Big shakeup in Iran; Shah splits.

Idi Amin leaves office.

Willie Mays inducted into Hall of Fame.

1980

U.S. flounder, halibut catch: 107,000 metric tons.

I buy car from Bob.

By entropy, car loses section of tail pipe; I pay for new exhaust system, new torque bushings on engine mount, three oil changes, lubes, new snap rings on front axle.

Jean-Paul Sartre dies.

Jean-Claude Duvalier marries; 5,000 guests attend festivities in Haiti.

Ronald Reagan elected.

1981

Joe Granville, stock-market analyst, says, "Sell everything."

Pakistan accepts six-year, $3.2 billion U.S. aid package.

First flight of space shuttle.

Wife pregnant, insists upon new shock absorbers; new shocks installed. Also: new ignition coil, new distributor, new battery, new muffler, new windshield-wiper blades, new plugs and points and condenser and air filter. Total cost: $848.34.

Soviet Communist Party Congress convenes; many Communists attend.

Price of gasoline in Moscow hits equivalent of $2.40 per gallon.

Wife gives birth; I load cargo space of car with supplies for big party for newborn son. I give wife, newborn son lift home from hospital.

1982

Yet another heir to British throne born.

Interest rates move around.

Car gets brake job, oil change, lube, tuneup, four brand-new expensive steel-belted radial tires in preparation for trip West.

Car gets steered through Lincoln Tunnel, across Jersey, into Pennsylvania.

Not near much of anything in western Pa., car develops rhythmic pinging.

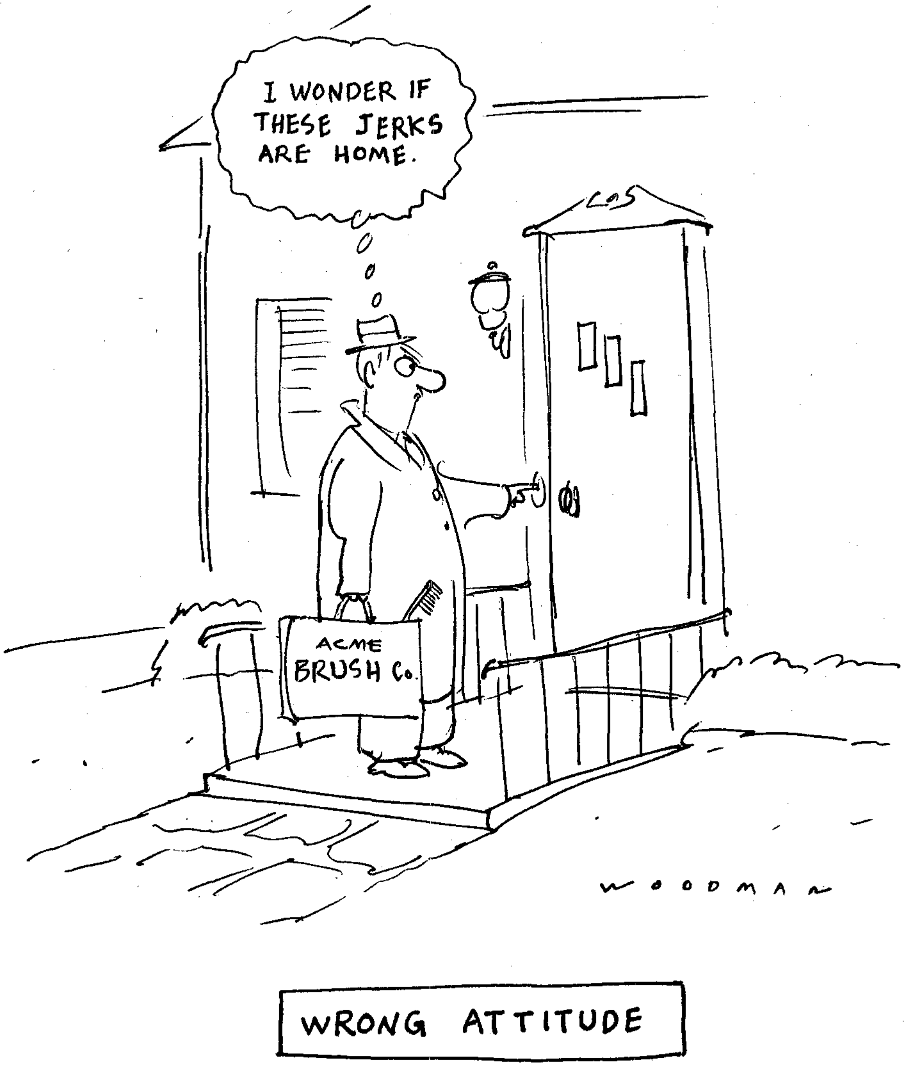
Car suffers apparent seizure, stops on highway shoulder.

I hitch ride with trucker to truck stop eight miles back the other way. Guy behind service counter in truck stop tries/fails to muster look of concern/pity. Muzak version of "Mean to Me" plays on radio. Guy behind service counter turns down radio, picks up telephone receiver, calls Earl.

Darkness falls.

TWENTY minutes later, Earl showed up in a red pickup truck, rolled down the window, told me to get in, drove down the highway to my car, sucked on his pipe, scratched his beard, mentioned that he had no flashlight, borrowed mine, poked around under the hood, checked the oil, found none in the crankcase, and said that the car's piston bearings were shot and that the car had "th'owed a piston rod" clean through the engine block. Earl said, "I can't fix this. Art will tow you off the highway. You owe me twenty dollars." Back at Art's service station, before driving away with my flashlight, Earl said, as an afterthought, "You might try calling Cindy's husband. They fix foreign cars."

When I called Cindy's husband, Cindy answered the phone. She was extremely friendly. I told Cindy my story, and that inspired her to tell me a


I WONDER IF THESE JERKS ARE HOME.
ACME BRUSH Co.
WOODMAN
WRONG ATTITUDE

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story about the time her foreign car th'owed a piston rod in Miami (probably not far from Aunt Irene) and had to be towed back to Pennsylvania. Cindy said, "Hold on. The cat just jumped in the spaghetti sauce. I'll call you right back." Meanwhile, Art had turned up and had figured out that I was using his telephone to talk to Cindy. He said that Cindy and her husband owed him money and probably always would and if I wanted him, Art, to tow my car then let's get moving.

As we drove off, Art said, "When you buy one of these foreign cars, they should be required by law to tell you that this is gonna happen and you're gonna be out of luck. They shouldn't even allow cars like yours on this part of the interstate." He also mentioned that he was coming down with the flu and probably pneumonia and might not live through the night. I thought about what happens to you in Pennsylvania when you put a citizen like Art out of his misery. I thought about Art's tactical advantage in strategic tire tools. Art hitched my car to his truck and told me that in his opinion the cost of towing it to the nearest qualified mechanic plus the cost of the repairs would come to a few multiples of the car's worth, provided that there was some way of locating the necessary parts—which he *doubted*—and I gave him no backchat.

When we got to Art's service station again, he told me what I owed him. As I was handing him the money, I realized that I wanted to spend a few private moments with the car. But it was cold and Art had agreed to give me a ride to the Holiday Inn in town and I figured he wouldn't be sensitive to my need to be alone with a dead automobile for a little while when he, Art, was eager to get home and eat supper and work on his pneumonia. Art drove me to the Holiday Inn. I checked in, took a shower, started to feel hungry, and headed for the dining room. On the way there, across from the video-game room I saw a display case full of products whose bottle caps were manufactured right there in town. I saw bottles of Gordon's Gin, Gilbey's Gin, Jim Beam, Swan Spirits of Gum Turpentine, Fasteeth Denture Adhesive Powder, STP Gas Treatment, Ascriptin (aspirin with Maalox), Flintstones Multiple Vitamins Plus Iron, McCormick Parsley Flakes, McCormick Cheese Flavor Salad Toppins, and Cocktails for Two Strawberry Margaritas.

In the dining room, I ordered a cheeseburger, and the waitress, whose name tag said that she was a Kim, asked whether I would also care for something from the bar. I said, "Bring me a bottle of Flintstones and a six-pack of Cocktails for Two Strawberry Margaritas to wash them down. Could you handle that, Kim?" Kim went to find the manager.

At that moment, I started to feel extremely in control of things—in control in a way that would probably have made me cry if I hadn't been in the dining room of a Holiday Inn, where usually, when you see people crying, you don't know who they are *and therefore can't do much to help* them feel better. I told myself, The situation I'm in isn't Bob's fault—surely Bob's out of the business by now—it isn't Kim's fault, it's not the manager's fault, Cindy had nothing to do with it, Earl's just Art's gofer, I wish it were Art's fault but it really isn't. I was the only one left. I did this one to myself. World affairs—Europe, Africa, the Middle East, etc.—were still there in the picture. Yuri Andropov had been elected head of Russia, winning by a landslide. A weird subatomic particle had turned up in a lab over in Switzerland. Every day more and more flounder and halibut and other types of fish were being caught.

I had wanted a little car so that I could go places, and now, at last, here I was, in a place. —MARK SINGER

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CORRECTIONS

A woman in a Picture magazine photograph last Sunday was misidentified as Queen Margrethe of Denmark. She is Margaret Ankeny of Wayzata.—*Minneapolis Star & Tribune.*

Who still has her dreams.

JESSE HONEY, MOUNTAIN GUIDE

Hardesty Marratta set out from San Francisco early one June, with no money and little else, on his way across America. He was prepared to hop freight trains, sleep on the ground, and cover fifty miles a day on foot. When he got to Oakland, it didn't take long to find a good position behind some reeds on the bank of a railroad line running east. He lay there in the sun, his head on his pack, chewing a sprig of grass, until he heard the sound of travelling thunder. Squinting through the vegetation, he saw a lone engine coming down the track. Where the diesel exhaust rose above the engine's black-and-yellow striped cabin (it looked like a huge motorized bee), the air wiggled like a bunch of springs, and six men in denim hung out from either side in the fashion of circus acrobats on a horse. Everything went by with a roar, and Hardesty put his head back on the knapsack, content to wait. After falling in and out of sleep, he heard the unmistakable rumble of a multi-engined freight. Without even looking, he got himself ready; he didn't need to look, for when the eight engines came along the rails, pulling two hundred cars, the earth shook and the reeds sang.

Oil-covered water in a nearby ditch began to ripple and quiver. The first engine was as black as a gun, and had a yellow light glaring from the top as if it were the truth itself. Having just started out of the Oakland yards, it was beginning to pick up speed, straining to get going, and Hardesty could hear the sharp concussions of the couplers as they snapped into place to pull the hundreds of cars all the way down the line. Quite possibly, there's nothing as fine as a big freight train starting across country in early summer, Hardesty thought. That's when you learn that the tragedy of plants is that they have roots. The reeds and grasses on the hot mounds and in the ditches turned green with envy and begged to go along (which is why they waved when the train passed). The train itself promised a hundred thousand hot and lovely places filled with the noise of wind in the trees; easy summer in deep valleys; brown rivers; black bays; and so much prairie that alongside it infinity would look like a tick.

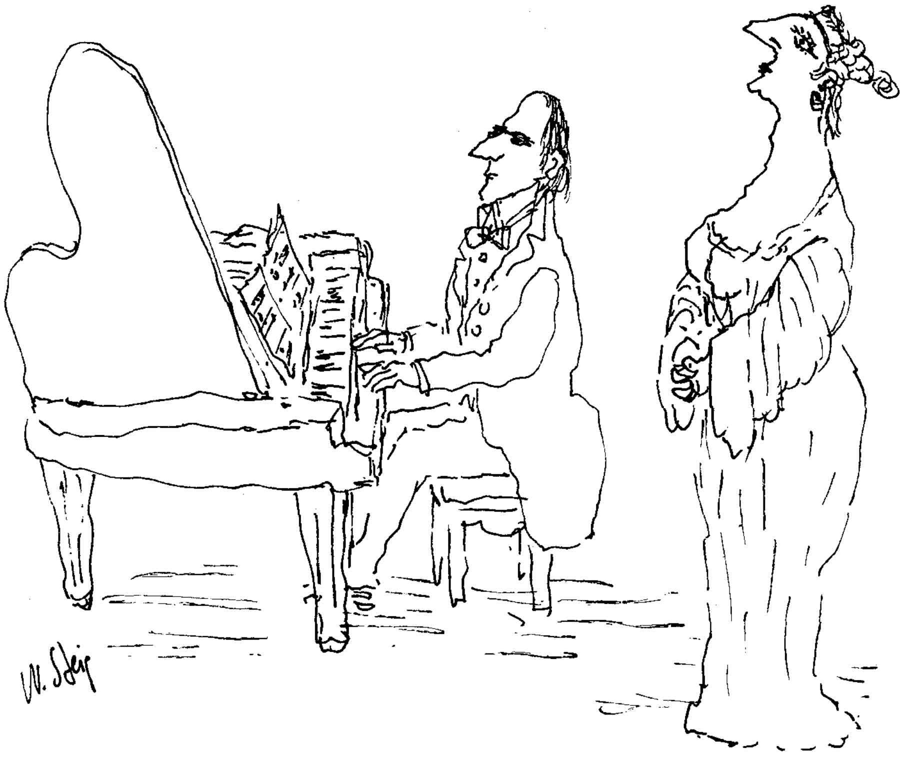
When Hardesty saw that a clean new gondola car was coming, he slung his pack and began to run alongside the train. The occasional stones that had rolled from the railbed onto the black loam path paralleling it dug into his feet through his shoes. Every now and then he would glance to his right to see if the gondola car was approaching, and when a ladder moved into place he put his right hand on it and felt it pull him along. By the time he had taken hold with his left hand, his legs were windmilling at a prodigious rate. Then he moved his right hand up a rung, jumped, and he was riding ahead, free. All in all, it was many times better a sensation than finding a hundred-dollar bill.

Vaulting the low side of the gondola car, he fell onto planks of brand-new pine that smelled like a sunny forest in the Sierras. The sides were high enough to keep out most of the wind (but not all of it) and hide him from view. He might not be able to see railroad detectives standing by the side of the track, but then again they would not be able to see him. And he would be able to see the fields, the valleys, and the mountain ranges. He could stand up without fear of being decapitated by bridges and tunnels, pace back and forth, run around in circles, whoop, dance, and leave his pack in a corner knowing that, no matter how much the train lurched, the pack would not roll off into a field, never to be seen again. He wasn't hungry, it was lovely weather, and he had the whole country before him. Not surprisingly, he began to sing, and because no one in the world could hear him and he sang without inhibition, he sang well.

The next morning, somewhere in the mountains near Truckee, while the train was moving slowly between hills of rock studded with straight pines, Hardesty paced the length of the gondola car, still happy, though, after a night on the boards, no longer elated. He had often jumped freights to go into the Sierras in rainless summer, but he had always had a home to which he could return. Now he didn't, and, as the train labored up the grade, he realized how difficult his future was going to be.

At that very moment, he was thrown with irresistible force to the floor of the gondola car. In the fraction of a second before he lost consciousness, he regretted that the boards seemed to be rising toward his face; he could not imagine what was on his back; and he feared that the car ahead had tumbled over and was in the midst of crushing him. Then he blacked out.

When he awakened, he was lying



Waiting for Silence

with his face to the sky. Blood had clotted over his cheeks, he felt sore, and he discovered on the side of his head a gash as long as a caterpillar and at least as distinct. Then he noticed a creature squatting against the wall. Only by blinking, and clearing the blood from his eyes, could he see that it was a man—who could not have been more than five feet tall but looked about two feet high because of the powerful, muscle-bound way in which he was sitting. He was wearing a costume that, at first, Hardesty could not fathom. Piece by piece, it was decipherable, but as a whole it was breathtaking and unbelievable. His shoes were big dollops of greasy black leather that looked like pomaded cannonballs. These Hardesty recognized as the most expensive mountaineering boots with many years of wear and a bear or two worth of grease. To fall into a river with shoes like that meant certain death. And if they were to catch fire they would burn for a month, even underwater. He wore zigzagged, edelweiss-design purple-and-blue knee socks, cobalt-blue knickers, rainbow suspenders, a violet shirt, and a pirate-style bandanna that was the same purple and blue as the knee socks but had a hypnotic pattern of red washed through it. His face was almost fully covered by a beard and perfectly round, rose-colored sunglasses. Two fingers were missing from his right hand, three from the left; he carried a bright-blue day pack, and he wore a sling of mountain-climbing equipment that was dripping with silver carabiners, baubled with sparkling climbing nuts, clanging with pitons, and festooned with two dozen webbing runners of half a hundred fluorescent interwoven colors. Slung over his shoulder was an orange-and-black climbing rope, and he was chewing a piece of beef jerky as big as a notebook.

"Sorry about that," he said between chaws on the beef. "I jumped the train from a bridge and I didn't see you. Thanks."

"Thanks for what?" asked Hardesty.

"Cushioning my fall."

"What are you?"

"What am I? What do you mean by that?"

"What the hell are you? Am I dreaming you? You look like Rumpelstiltskin."

"Never heard of him. Does he climb in the Sierras?"

"No, he doesn't climb in the Sierras."

"I'm a climber. A professional. I'm on my way to the Wind Rivers, where I'm going to do the first solo of East Temple Spire. If I'm beartrap enough, I'll do it at night. Boy, that was some landing. I'm glad my rack and nuts are safe. That's a bad gash you've got. You oughta put some Nandiboon on that."

"What's Nandiboon?"

"Great stuff—Oil of Nandiboon. It heals anything real fast. A friend of mine brought it back from Nepal. Here. . . ." He reached into the blue pack and brought out a small flask, which he uncorked with his teeth. "I sort of feel responsible for you now."

"Wait a minute," said Hardesty as the oil was smeared over his wound.

"Don't worry, it's organic."

"What's your name?"

"Jesse Honey."

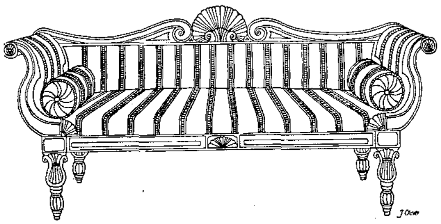
"What?"

"Jesse . . . Honey. Honey is my last name. It's not my fault. It might have been worse. I might have been a girl, and they could have named me Bunny, or Bea, or who the hell knows what. What's your name?"

"My name is Hardesty Marratta. What's in this stuff? It's beginning to sting."

"It does sting. But it heals real fast."

The pain from the Nandiboon Oil was on the rise, and Hardesty suspected that it would rise quite high. It did. Two or three minutes after it had been applied, the Nandiboon Oil was seething into his skin in thousands of boiling potholes. Whatever Nandiboon Oil was, it was a good imitation of sulfuric acid and hydrogen peroxide. Hardesty rolled in agony.



"I'll get some water," screamed Jesse Honey. "There's a stream crossing the switchback. I'll catch you when you come this way up ahead." Hardesty didn't even hear him. But ten minutes later he saw Jesse Honey's hand begging for assistance over the edge of the gondola car, and he went to help. Jesse Honey threw a plastic jug of water into the train and grabbed Hardesty's extended arm so hard that he dislocated it. Hardesty collapsed again. Jesse Honey seized his arm (the wrong one) and proceeded to relocate it according to the principles of first aid. But, since it was already located, he in fact dislocated it.

"Are you trying to kill me?" Hardesty shouted. "Because if you are, I wish you would just get it over with."

Jesse Honey seemed not to hear, and went about relocating both of Hardesty's arms. "I learned that on Mt. McKinley," he said, with evident satisfaction. Then he washed the Nandiboon Oil off Hardesty's face, and jumped from the train once again. When he returned, he was carrying a huge pile of brushwood.

"What's that for?"

"Gotta make a fire to boil water to cook the food and have tea," Jesse Honey said, lighting up the kindling.

"How can you make a fire on a wooden floor?" Hardesty asked, too late. The resinous floorboards had already caught fire, and flames were leaping in the wind. Jesse Honey tried

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A MOMENT IN MAINE

The pine with but one thought regards the water against
Which it rises, the wide bay with so much on its mind—
Clumps of nearby island and smudges of distant rock,
Other firs at the end of the long meadow, which cut
Into the water's extent of consciousness, and, at
The faraway edge of the day, an elaborate
Serial narrative of sundown. Now a long yawl
Crawls wearily into sight; the pine of one idea
Points to it as if it should remind the water of
Something; but the bay, as if in some old joke about
Absorption, is reminded of the sky—everything
Reminding water of the sky—despite its bazaar
Of reflections. This puzzles the single-minded pine.

—John Hollander

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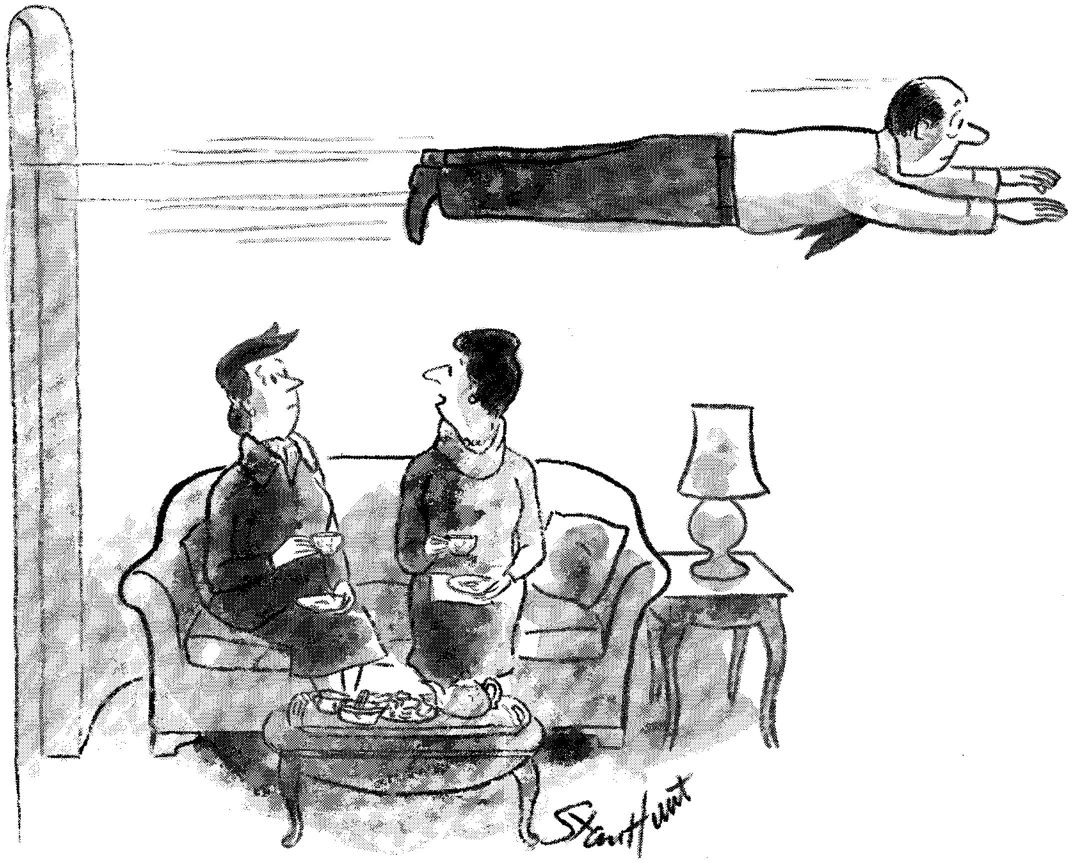
to stamp them out, but when his greasy boots began to ignite, he withdrew.

For half an hour, the wind carried the fire to front and rear. Lubricating oil, paint, the wooden floors and interiors of boxcars, dunnage, and a thousand miscellaneous cargoes all took flame, until finally half the train was blazing in sheets of fire. The train crew discovered it too late to stop it, and tried to make for the saddle of the mountains, where there was no wind. By the time they got there, it was too hot for Jesse and Hardesty to stay on, so they detrained and began walking east. As the sun set, they could see two red glows (the brighter being the conflagration on the train), and they could hear periodic explosions marking the demise of tank cars laden with combustibles. According to Jesse Honey, it was all part of nature's way. "Trains," he said, "were never meant to be in the mountains."



"Psychic unrest."

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FOR most of the night, they walked along the length of cool valleys on the crest of the Sierras, where they found only starlight and the deep tranquillity of mountains in early summer. The silence of the trees and the quiescence of the wind were nature's hope and disbelief that winter had passed. It was the time in the mountains when the wild terrain holds its breath before rejoicing, for fear of calling back the bright blue northerns and the snow.

At first, Hardesty and Jesse did not speak as they traversed the blackened shafts of alpine defiles, on chalk-white paths, their eyes tracking the stars as they watched the rim of the mountains swallow them up. The air was springlike. It conveyed the same buoyant pleasure as walking into a gathering of little children who are arrayed like wild flowers in colorful hats and scarves. As always on the first day at altitude, it was easy to walk all night, and, besides, the air was so fresh and the streams so roiling and white that no living thing which knew joy or conscience could possibly have slept.

While they walked north-northeast, the moon came up behind them as creamy as pearl—perfectly round, benevolent, a flawless bright lantern. Jesse claimed that there was an excellent freight line in the direction that he insisted they follow, just a mile or two ahead. They had covered fifteen miles by the time the moon disappeared and the east brightened, and still there was no railroad. "There's a beautiful bridge right over the track," said Jesse, "made of logs and cables. I don't know who built it, and I don't know what for, but you can drop right onto the train with the greatest of ease."

"I don't understand," said Hardesty. "Why do you have to fall from above every time you get on a freight? Why not just run alongside and catch a rung?"

Jesse looked at him with hurt and annoyance. "I can't," he stated bitterly. "I can't reach high enough."

Hardesty glanced at his companion—who was extremely short. "How tall are you, anyway?"

"What's the difference?"

"No difference. I'm just curious."

"Four-four and three-quarters. I was supposed to be six-three. That's what the doctor said after he looked at my X-rays. My grandfather was six-six, my father six-eight, and my brothers are taller than that."

"What happened to you?"

Jesse bristled. "I don't know," he said, shaking his head. "For a man who stands four feet five inches tall—"

"I thought you said four-four and three-quarters," interrupted Hardesty.

"Drop dead," Jesse snapped. "For a man who stands four feet five inches tall, this is a difficult world. When the newspapers describe someone who is five-eight as being of below-average height, how do you think I feel? Girls won't even look at me. Most of them don't get the chance: they see right over my head. I wasn't allowed to join the Army, though the Navy was eager to have me—as a chimney sweep. I went to college, I'm an engineer, and the Navy wanted me to sweep their goddam chimneys. When big tall jerks strut around because they're proud of how tall they are, I just want to take a machine gun . . . It doesn't matter. I don't care anymore. What I need is a beautiful short woman in a little cabin near a low mountain range."

"I think there are places like that in the Black Forest," Hardesty said, "where, according to legend at least, you might find what you're looking for."

"No trolls," said Jesse. "I was born American, and that cuts out trolls."

"No, no, no. I'm talking about pretty little blond blue-eyed women like you see on carved bottle stoppers."

"Not for me. I like California girls, slim and tall, the kind whose knees come up to my throat."

THE next day, they covered forty miles in the full sun, talking about women, mountain climbing, freight trains, and politics. They were self-consciously silent whenever they crossed the tree line, because there they would wind through vast stands of dwarf pine. Hardesty said he thought that he might have broken a bone when he cushioned Jesse's landing.

"Don't you know?" asked Jesse.

"No, I don't. I never broke anything before."

"You never broke anything before! That's crazy! I've broken nearly every bone in my body. Once, I forgot to anchor my rappel, and I broke sixteen bones at the same time. I was absent-minded on the Grand and belayed myself with a *reepschnur*. (That's like using a shoelace.) Well, I took a forty-foot leader fall on that *reepschnur*, and I think I broke everything except my word, because, after the *reepschnur* snapped at forty feet, I kept falling for another three hundred and fifty."

"I'm surprised you didn't die."

"I hit a lot of ledges."

THEY came to a crystal-blue lake almost as long and narrow as a river. From atop a group of boulders on the south side, they could see the railroad line, about a mile across the water. Jesse said that they would have to swim, but that because the lake was geothermal it was as warm as bath water. Hardesty put his finger in, and disagreed. "Not on the edges!" Jesse exclaimed, as if any fool would know that. "Geothermally warmed lakes are hot only in the deeper portions. That's where all the heat exchange takes place. Several tons of refrigerated thermal currents activate an ion-intensive, B.T.U.-rich wave transfer beginning at the upwelling parameters of the tollopsoid region of the deepest central subset. Thus, the agitated interference pattern of air-influenced temperature variations forces a haploid grid upon the dimensional flows of surface water trapped in an oscillating toroidal belt that varies only with alkaloid surfactant inversions of normal stability caused by drought-induced desiccant concentrations due to insufficient intra-aqueous leaching."

"Still," said Hardesty, "we might do better to walk around."

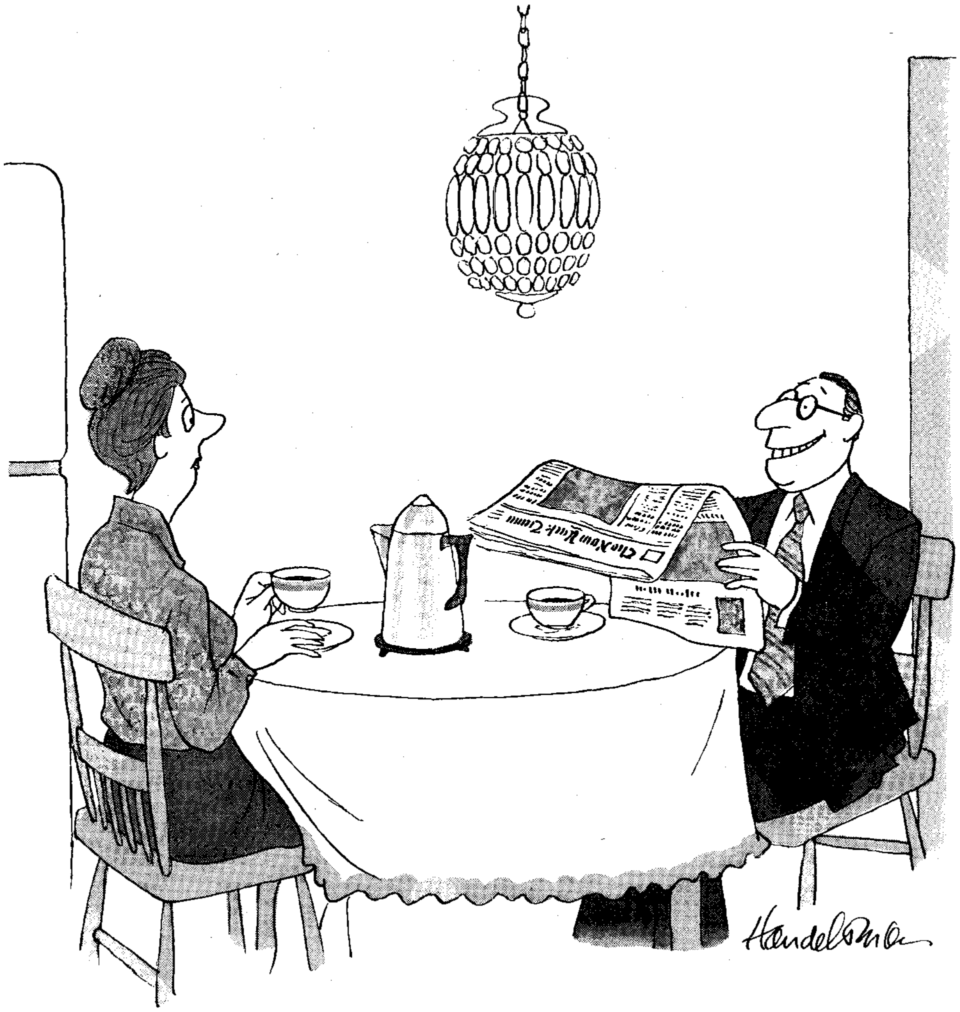
"Not a chance. The railroad is not even tangential to the lake. It veers down from the northwest and veers up again to the northeast, because they built it that way in the days when they needed to top off the boilers of steam engines. The lake is fifty miles long, and this is the central part of it. Besides, even if we walked to one end, we'd still have to cross a river, and crossing a river is a hell of a lot more complicated—believe me—than crossing a lake. At least the lake stands still."

Apart from his explanation of why the lake was warmer in the middle than at its edges, what Jesse said sounded reasonable. So they set to building a raft on which to float their clothes and belongings as they swam.

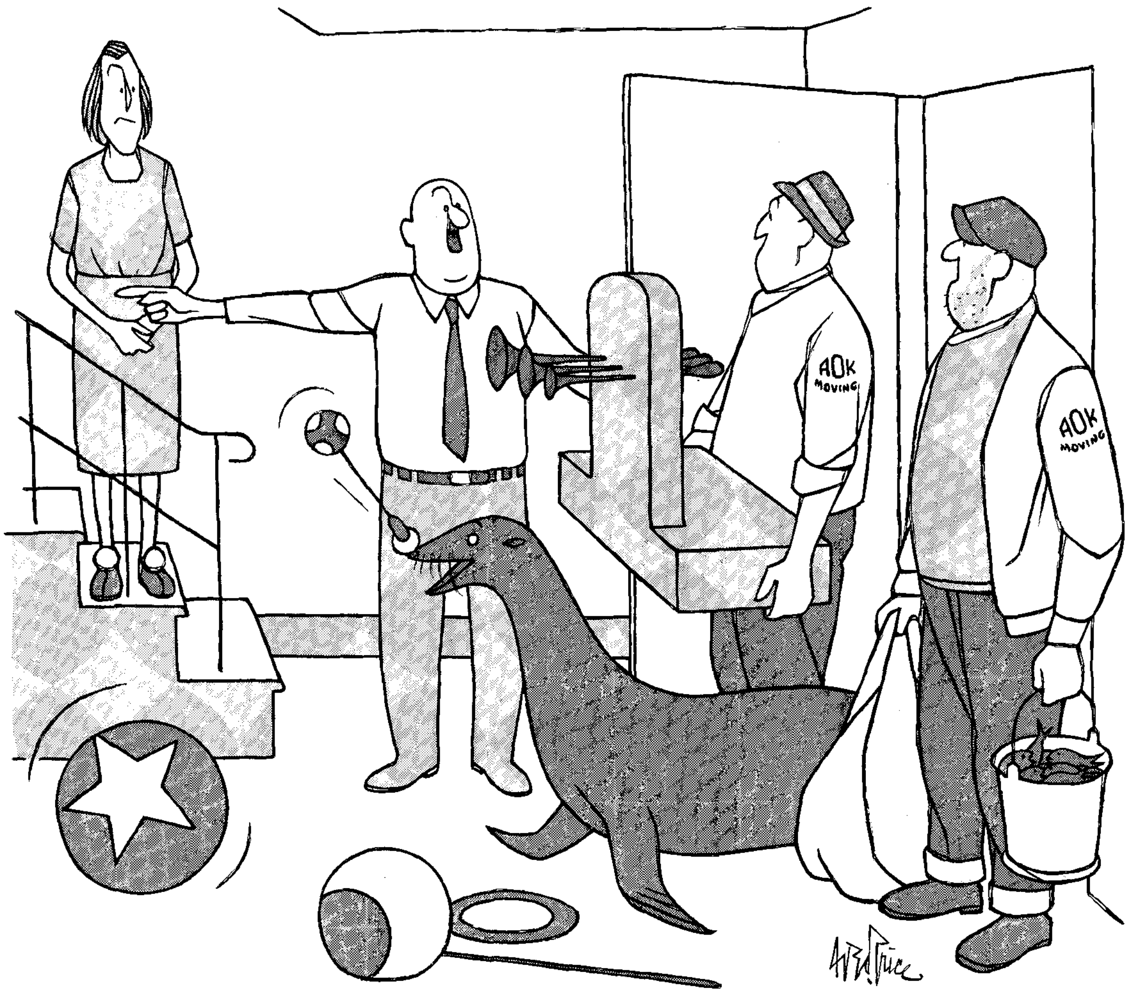
"That's hardwood," pronounced Hardesty over a bunch of logs that Jesse was dragging toward the assembly point on the beach. (Jesse himself could barely be seen through the thicket of gray: he looked like a porcupine with a purple skin disease.) "It won't float."

"Hardwood? Ha! This is Montana Balsam. It's what they use in the interior of dirigibles and such. Of course it will float."

They lashed the raft together with spare *reepschnur* cord, and pushed it from the rocks into the water, never to see it again, for it sank like a heavy chain. The sun was going down, but they had decided to get wet anyway, and build a big fire on the other side of the lake, since there was plenty of Montana Balsam all around. Jesse said it wouldn't burn, which assured Har-



"I really don't know. I guess I saw this picture of Reagan smiling for no reason, and before I knew it I was smiling for no reason."



"It all goes in the home-entertainment center."

desty of a comfortable blaze by which to warm himself.

Wrapping their clothes in bundles to put on top of their knapsacks, they prepared to set out across the water, knapsacks balanced on their shoulders. In theory, only the bottoms of the knapsacks would get wet. But that theory lasted only for the ten minutes that they could swim fast. At the center of the lake, they sank deeper into the water, and everything got drenched. The water there was as cold as a mountain stream at midnight on the last day of January. The colder they got, the faster Jesse talked, in what sounded like a high-speed collision between a physics textbook and a politician.

"I know this may sound like an excuse," he said. "But tensor functions in higher differential topology, as exemplified by application of the Gauss-Bonnet Theorem to Todd Polynomials, indicate that cohometric axial rotation in non-adiabatic thermal upwelling can, by random inference derived from translational equilibrium aggregates, array in obverse transitional order the thermodynamic characteristics of a transactional plasma undergoing negative entropy conversions."

"Why don't you just shut up," said Hardesty.

JESSE didn't open his mouth until the frame he made to hold his clothes near their fire collapsed and his cobalt-blue knickers burned up. From that time forward, he went bare below the waist except for a New Guinea-style penis shield that he fashioned from a discarded Dr Pepper can and hung from his waist on a piece of *reepschnur*. He soon took to extolling this form of dress as if he were a Seventh Avenue designer introducing a new line. "It's very comfortable," he said. "You should try it."

Two hours after the fire burned out, a thundering mass of steel wheels and coughing diesels swung by the lakeshore, and Jesse and Hardesty found a comfortable flatcar to carry them toward Yellowstone. Hardesty got up first, and Jesse ran by the side of the tracks, flagging dangerously, until Hardesty hoisted him aboard. Hardesty was easily able to see him, because his buttocks shone in the light of the moon. Twenty-four hours later, they jumped off the train rather than ride north into Montana and Canada, walked for a while, and then were stopped by what they thought was the Yellowstone River.

Hardesty looked up at the sky, which seemed to be threatening rain. "Why don't we build a shelter, and see what we can do about crossing this river tomorrow?" he said. "I think it's going to rain."

"Rain! You think that looks like rain?" Jesse asked. "Obviously, you never were in the mountains for very long. Do you know what infallibility is? I'll tell you. It's me predicting the weather." He glanced at the huge cumulonimbus clouds rolling toward them from the north in a mountainlike wall that shredded up the moonlight. "That's going to pass in five minutes. Tonight will be pure velvet. Stretch out on the pine needles and sleep."

"I don't know," Hardesty said, wary of the clouds.

"Trust me."

HALF an hour after they had fallen asleep, a crack of thunder popped them up from the ground where they had been lying and turned them over like flapjacks. Lightning struck in machine-gun reports, felling trees. The river, which had already been a whipping, dashing flume, was now so fast and white that it looked like a streak of lightning itself. And the rain that came down was not ordinary rain that falls in inoffensive drops. Hardesty and Jesse tried as best they could not to drown. "Follow me," Jesse said through a mouthful of water.

"What for?"

"I know where there's shelter. I saw it on the way in."

They swam uphill for a few hundred yards, until they got to the entrance of a cave.

"I don't want to go in there," Hardesty proclaimed, although he knew he would go in.

"Why not? It's perfectly safe."

"I've always hated caves. I guess it's because I'm Italian."

"Come on. I've been in this cave before, I think. If I remember correctly, a hermit used to live here, and he left a couple of nice feather beds, supplies, furniture, and lamps."

"Sure," Hardesty said, as darkness swallowed them up. He was apprehensive. "Why do we have to go in so far?"

"To get to the hermit's place."

"What about bats?"

"There aren't any bats west of the Platte."

"That's not true. I've seen bats in San Francisco."

"Or east of Fresno."

After twenty minutes of groping along dark paths in a hissing subworld of hidden streams and mocking echoes, they came to what they sensed was a great chamber, for the sounds of their footsteps fled away from them into the dark as if into the open air. They felt vast space above and to the sides, and no matter which way they walked they found no walls but only level floor of rock and earth. They crossed small well-behaved streams, and saw in them glowing chains of phosphorescent creatures.

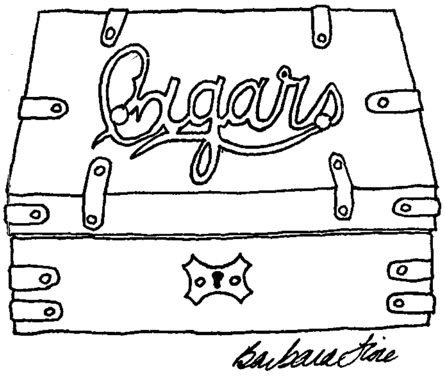
How strange it was to see these things that made their own light, blinking by the hundreds of thousands in busy silent codes. They seemed like an army of dedicated workers absorbed in preparations for an unspecified journey. Batteries of little lights that racked up billions upon billions of permutations and combinations appeared to be driving unhindered toward some mysterious goal. How long had they been flashing deep in the cave, how long would they continue, and what was the meaning of their language of random patterns in rich unworldly colors?

For hours, or perhaps days, Hardesty and his guide wandered on the plain of lighted streams. Jesse completely forgot about the hermit's place. All they cared for was the color, the endless map of calculating rivulets, and the routes of tranquillity and silence that they followed into pitch-black emptiness. Like musical tones, the streams mixed and separated. At one point, the two men stood in the middle of a glowing plain so vast that they wondered if in fact they were still alive.

But eventually they had to think about returning to the surface. Hardesty suggested that they walk against the flow of the largest stream. That way, they would at least be going up. Soon the other streams in the luminescent net began to drop away, the one they followed grew larger, the phosphorescence gradually disappeared, and they found themselves in a huge chamber at the distant end of which flashes of lightning were visible through an opening.

"This is perfect," Jesse said. "A nice soft floor, dry, and the exit is right over there. Let's go to sleep."

"Don't you think," Hardesty asked, "that we should light a match, to see what's in here?"



"What could be in here? There's nothing in here."

"I don't want to go to sleep without knowing what's around me."

"That's stupid," Jesse yelled. "Hey! Whatever's in here, to hell with you! Go to hell! Kill us if you like! Arrragghh!" For a small man, he had a miraculous voice. The challenges made Hardesty's ears ring.

"Even so," Hardesty said, searching in his pack for a box of matches, "I want to take a look."

He struck a match. At first, the white-and-blue spark blinded them, but then the golden flame strengthened, and they looked up.

"I see," Hardesty said quietly. In lines as neat and well ordered as rows of cardinals seated at an ecumenical council were a hundred or more surprised, temporarily blinded, twelve-foot-high grizzly bears. Not knowing what to think of the two strangers who had come into their midst, they turned to each other for advice, pawed the air, and rotated their heads in confusion.

Hoping to keep away the bears, Hardesty lit as many matches as he could hold in his trembling fingers.

WINTER NIGHT

Burning torches line the floor of the sea.
Women in white hurry along the beach,
into the mist, with a pack of dogs.
It is past midnight.
Airplanes, every few minutes, fly out from the land,
over the bluffs where the stripped trees
line up like crosses in a military graveyard.
A lighthouse beams its small yellow moon onto the breakers,
and the big moon hangs behind the scudding clouds.
The women pause at the jetty and loosen their hair.
The dogs leap through the surf with muffled cries
and run in circles around the dim figures
that have appeared in the shallows:
men with smoky faces and limbs,
robed in sheets of blue light.
The women stare past them, mesmerized by the torches.
The airplanes are growing louder and more frequent.
It is cold and the gray sand has slicked itself into glass.
The women skate back up the beach against the whistling wind,
and the dogs dive through the black curtain where the water deepens,
and the men disappear in a burst of spray.
The torches float up to the surface, like the reflections of stars.
On the bluffs the trees still resemble crosses in a graveyard.
It is a graveyard.
Across the sea the war has ended.
Those were the airplanes gone to fetch the wounded.
Those were the dead, watching the waves come in.

—NICHOLAS CHRISTOPHER

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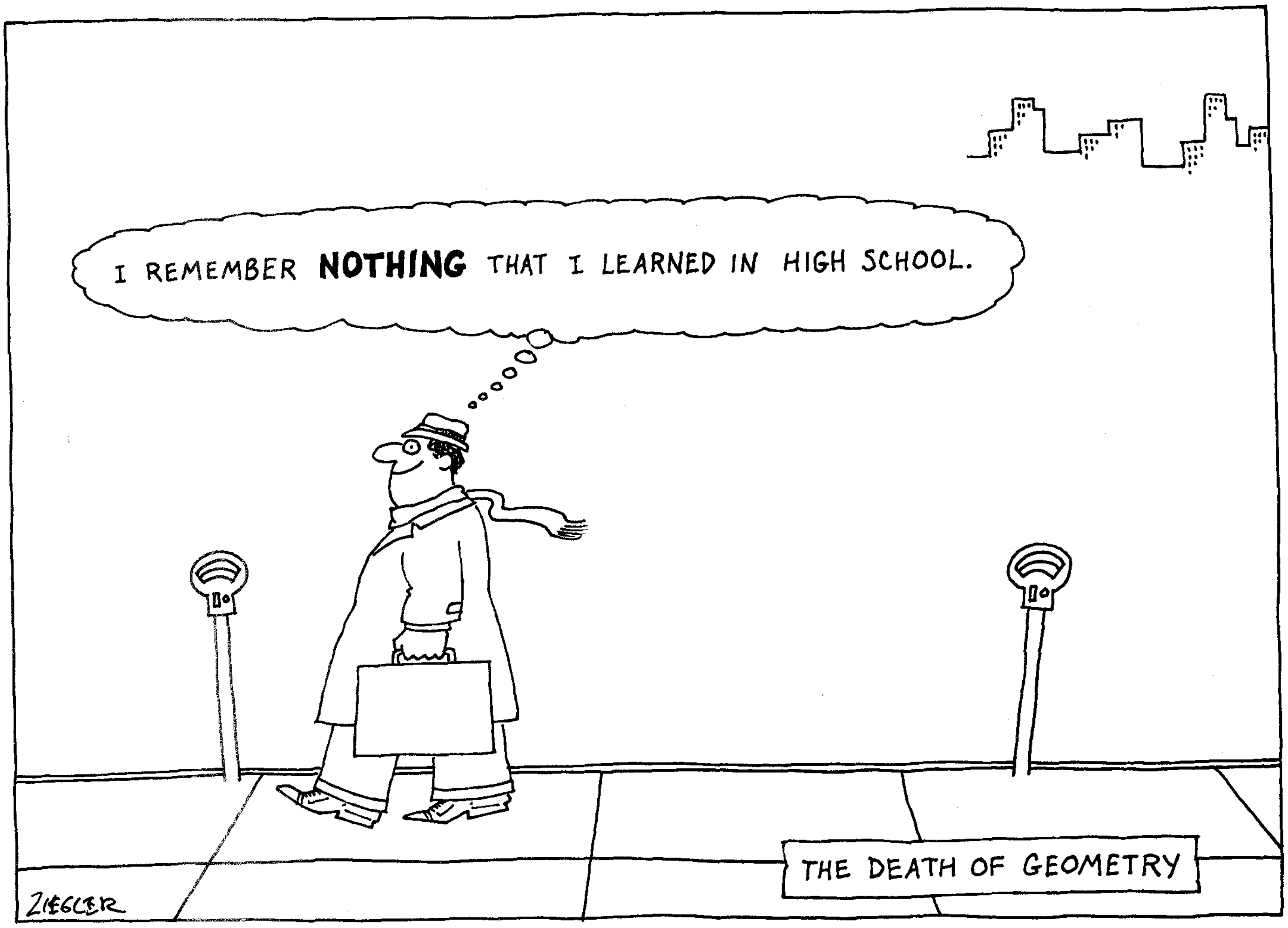

I REMEMBER NOTHING THAT I LEARNED IN HIGH SCHOOL.
THE DEATH OF GEOMETRY
ZIEGLER

• •

The augmented light enabled him to see the bats. The bats, not surprisingly, numbered in the hundreds of thousands, or in the millions. They clung to the roof of the cave in a solid mass several bats deep; they were the size of the broken umbrellas that one sees stuffed into trash cans on a windy day; and their ears and joints were hideously purple and pink. The bats began to move in a growing chain reaction, which prompted the bears to roar, showing white teeth as sharp as a splintered hayrack. Looking at the bears' teeth, Hardesty realized that Jim Bowie had stolen the design for his famous knife.

When the matches were exhausted, the bears converged and the bats began to fly. Smothered in brown fur and silky wings, Hardesty and Jesse realized that they were not being attacked but, rather, that they had started a panic. A torrent of bats and bears burst from the cave, like boiling mud spit from a volcano. Hardesty and Jesse were thrown out the door onto a pile of rocks illuminated by bolts and sheets of stroboscopic lightning.

After the animals were out, Jesse suggested that they go back into the cave to sleep.

"I suppose you don't think they'll come back, do you?"

"I would say the chances of that are only about fifty-fifty."

"You do what you want. I'm going to sleep right here on this sharp rock."

THE next morning, Hardesty awakened to see Jesse trying to make a fire by rubbing two pinecones together. When that failed, he tried to get a spark by hitting a rock with a stick. Finally, Hardesty found some more matches, and Jesse was then able to make a fire that didn't burn down the forest only because everything was so wet. They still had to cross the river.

"We should walk downriver to try to find a bridge," Hardesty suggested. "Although the chances of the river getting narrower upstream are obviously greater, the altitude's going to increase, which probably means less settlement, whereas downriver there will likely be highways, easier terrain on the banks, and maybe a stretch that's calm enough for us to swim or shallow enough to wade."

"That shows what you know," Jesse answered with considerable indignation, since he was the professional guide and they were in his mountains. "There isn't a bridge that we can use for two hundred miles up or down this river. If you walk against the flow you'll find yourself in a hell of rotten rock and mossy cliffs. To the south, it gets wider and stronger as tributaries join in. You'd have to go to Utah before you'd find a place still enough to wade."

"Then what do you propose?"

"Doing what I always do, what I've done a hundred times in situations like this, what anyone who really knows the mountains would do almost automatically."

"What?"

"Build a catapult."

"To throw us across?" Hardesty asked.

"That's right."

"It's a quarter of a mile wide!"

"So?"

"Let's say we could make a catapult that would do the job. All right. It throws us across. What do you think's going to happen then? I don't know what trajectory you plan, but we could be falling from very high. We'd be killed instantly."

"No we wouldn't," said Jesse.

"Why not?"

"You see how closely the trees are spaced on the opposite bank? All we have to do is ride on shock pancakes, with extended reticular netting to catch in the trees."

"Shock pancakes."

"I'll show you." Jesse then set immediately to building the catapult, the shock pancakes, reticular netting, lean-tos, and access paths. Although Hardesty didn't believe for a minute that anything would work, he was carried away by Jesse's confidence, his surety in constructing the various travesties, and the splendid, classical, fascinating idea of a machine that would enable them to fly.

FOR two weeks, they labored without sleep, eating little except the notebook-sized pieces of jerked beef, tea, and the trout that they pulled from the river. At first, Jesse insisted on cooking the trout with body heat during the night (according to him, an old Indian method). "There are better ways," said Hardesty, who then showed his guide how to plank fish.

At the center of a new clearing, their machine rested on a foundation of earth, rock, and piles. They had felled many trees and stripped miles of vines with which to build a two-story frame supporting a hundred-foot tree that pivoted on a huge beam. A basket containing several tons of rock held the shorter end down until the long tree was winched close to the ground and fixed there as taut as a crossbow. The shock pancakes and reticulated nets were attached to the catapult head. The pancakes looked like wickerweave lily pads ten feet thick and forty feet in diameter. Hardesty and Jesse were to be strapped onto them with guy wires of orange-and-black mountain-climbing rope. For further protection, they made big balloonlike suits of soft underbark that they wrapped around themselves over alternating layers of moss and puffballs. These "cushions," as Jesse called them, were so big and unwieldy that they had to be kept on top of the shock pancakes, or Jesse and Hardesty would never have been able to climb on.

All in all, Hardesty was skeptical, and refused to commit himself to launch. But in the end he was so tired and hungry that, rather than walk to Utah, he decided to take his chances in a moss-and-puffball suit on a shock pancake thrown into the air by a giant catapult. Besides, the thing was insanely alluring.

At the appointed hour, they climbed the launching pad, put on their suits, and tied themselves in. Jesse had in hand a lanyard that would yank a wooden cotter pin from the trigger mechanism and send them flying. "You see that clump of green over there?" he asked, indicating a soft-looking bed of young pine. "That's where we'll land. Our descent through the air will be slowed by the aerodynamically stable design of the nets and pancakes. The nets will grapple the trees, and the pancakes will take the force out of any direct impact. Needless to say, these suits are the ultimate protection.

"If you're frightened, don't be. I'm an engineer, and I've got this figured to the last decimal point. Are you ready?"

"Hold it just a second," said Hardesty. "I've got to adjust this group of puffballs here. O.K. I'm ready now. Mind you, I think you're a lunatic, and I don't know why I'm trus . . . t . . ."

Jesse yanked the lanyard, and they were thrown with tremendous violence, not upward into the air but directly into the river, about fifty feet from shore.

THEY hit the water like an artillery shell, throwing a geyser of white foam a hundred feet high, and they, the pancakes, and the nets were quickly submerged deep in the rapids. Luckily for them, the whole package was righted in the neutral buoyancy, and when they surfaced they found themselves floating head up. Racing downstream, tied into their suits and onto the pancakes, and unable to move, they were conscious only because the freezing water had revived them after the first shock.

Hardesty started to struggle out of his suit.

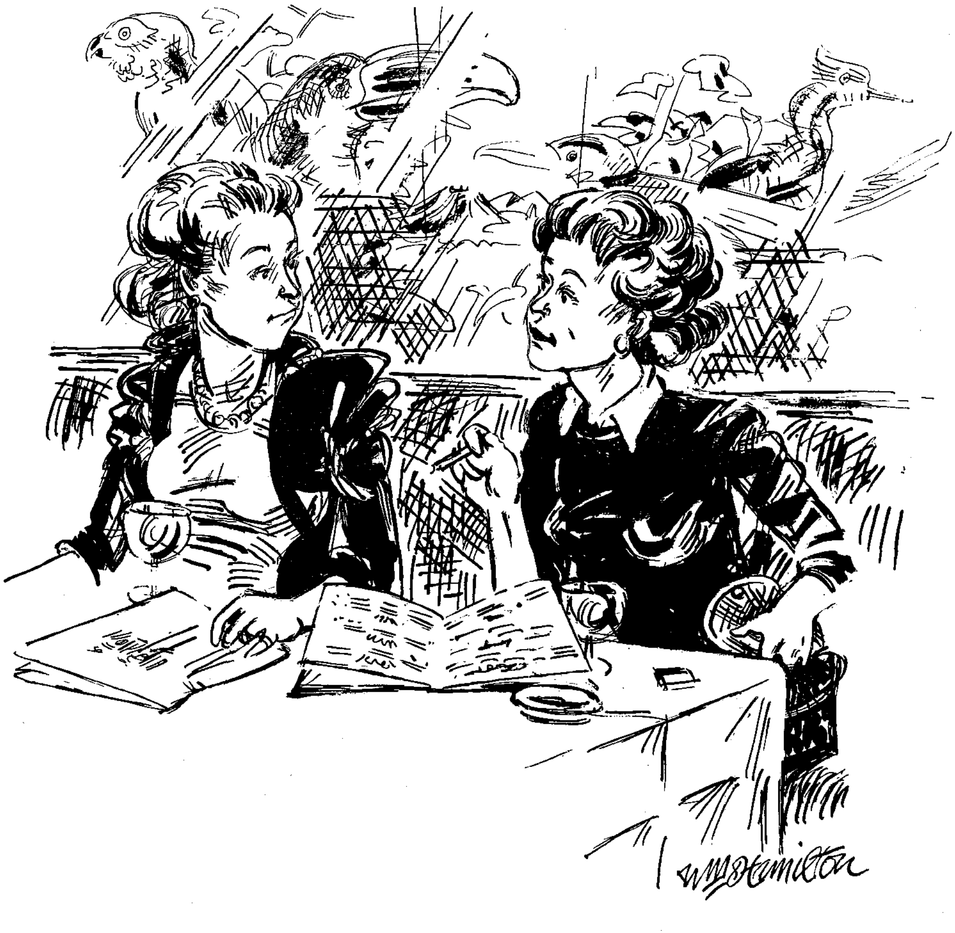
"Don't!" Jesse screamed. "You'll drown. At least this is sort of a boat."

"Go to hell!"

"Seriously!"

"Seriously?" Hardesty was frozen with accumulated anger, annoyance, disbelief, and disgust. "Seriously?"

"Take my advice or you'll be in for trouble."



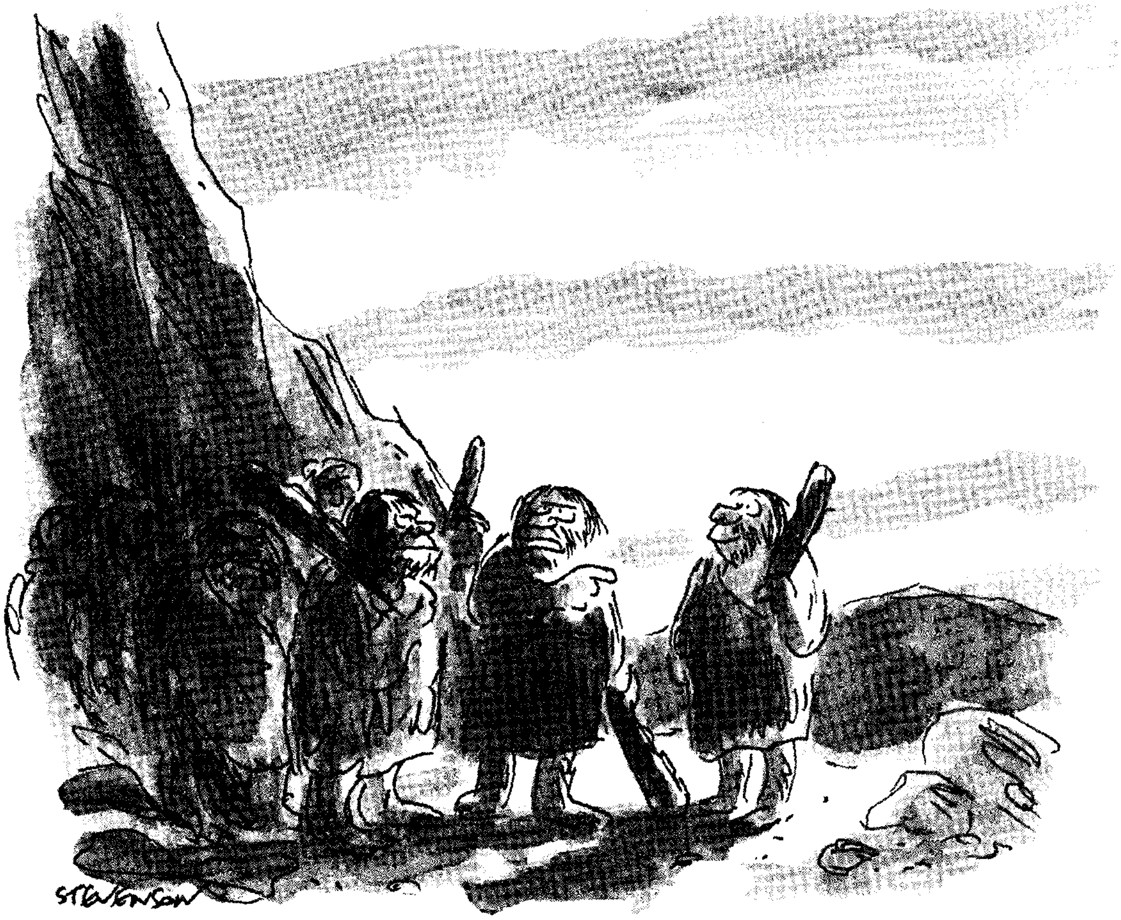
"Heavens, he's not worrying about his money, he's worrying about money itself."

"You don't think that riding at forty miles an hour down ice-cold rapids, on shock pancakes, in puffball suits, is trouble? You know what you are? I'll tell you. You're an incompetent. You don't do anything right."

"I can't help it if I was born short," Jesse screamed back over the roar of the waters. "Tall people aren't so great, just because they're a few feet higher."

Hardesty exploded. "It has nothing to do with short or tall!" Then he realized that they were about to float under a bridge that could not have been more than a mile or two from the catapult. Little girls in rhubarb-colored glasses peered over the railings, fascinated by the strange boat that was passing below. "What do you call that?" Hardesty asked.

"That's a toll bridge. I don't know about you, but I don't throw good money after bad."



"Oogalug here is a moderate."

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Too exhausted to continue shouting over the sounds of the rapids, Hardesty slumped in his puffball suit, staring with tired eyes at scenery that rushed by as if seen from a train. Just as he was thinking that the situation wasn't so bad, because in a day or two they might hit calm water and be able to swim to the east bank, he saw that the river up ahead disappeared completely. The water just stopped, and a shocking picture of blue sky and faraway clouds continued in its place.

"Ryerson Falls," said Jesse. "Three-quarters of a mile high. I never went over them in a puffball suit."

Hardesty was torn between wanting to strangle Jesse and trying to gather his thoughts before death, so that upon quitting the earth he could cry out something beautiful and true, and not die, as his father had, with an amused smile.

He was able to find the intensity and beauty that he wanted, in the plunge itself. Physical forces in a complicated coalition of gravity, acceleration, and temperature were powerful and intense enough to satisfy him. It made sense. Nothing was as comforting as the enduring purity of elemental forces, and returning to them could not mean defeat. But he never thought that he would die in a bark suit, strapped to a shock pancake, next to an incompetent midget.

They went over a dizzying edge, and found themselves in the empty air. As they fell, they sometimes hit the water that was falling next to them and were tipped one way or another. The farther down Hardesty went, the greater his hope that, having come as far as he had, he would survive. In the last few feet, although he was going very fast, his hopes skyrocketed, because the water was so close.

The bottom of the falls was a blizzard of foam and bubbles in water so frothed and agitated that it was possible to breathe air a hundred feet below the surface. Their buoyant contraption was eventually hurled upward, and they popped up in the middle of the stream half a mile from the falls, greatly startling two fishermen—who weren't sure what they had seen but knew that it was as big as a car, and seemed to be driven by two backward-facing humanoid figures in strange uniforms.

They landed in a place that was full of geysers, mudholes, and pits of boiling sulfur. Without even looking at Jesse, Hardesty got out of his puffball suit, slung his pack over his shoulder, and set out toward the east.

"It's not a good idea to go in that direction," he heard Jesse calling out from behind. "You'd do best to follow me toward this outcrop. You have to have years of experience to walk on these crusts. Otherwise, you can go right through. It's more dangerous than walking on a minefield, and you've got no training. Look at all these sinkho—"

That was the last of Jesse Honey.

—MARK HELPRIN

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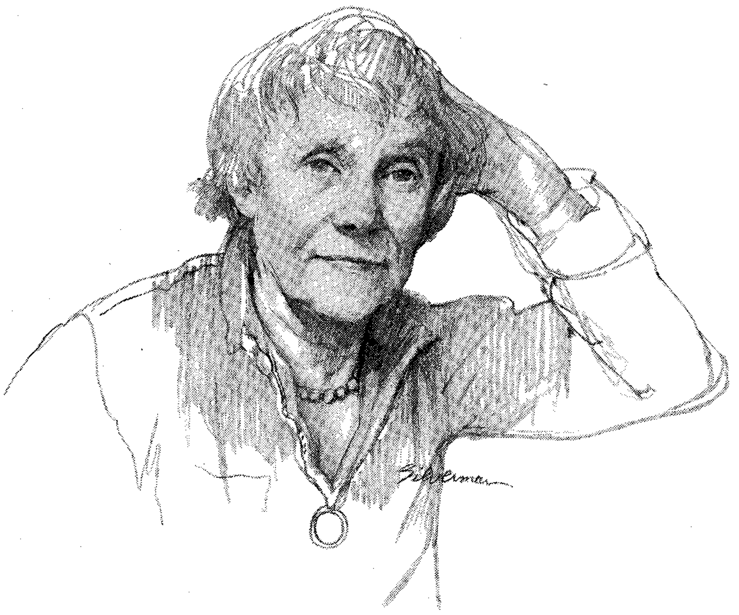
WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Robert Commanday in the San Francisco Chronicle*]

Her pianist was the distinguished, English-trained Martin Isepp. He is Baker's ideal keyboard partner, playing beautifully in a subdued, subtle style. His musicality and own person served in support and complement. I can't imagine her selecting a less sensitive pianist or finding one more so.

PROFILES

THE ASTONISHMENT OF BEING



IN "The Children of Noisy Village," Astrid Lindgren narrates the adventures of six nine-to-eleven-year-olds (three boys, three girls) living in a Swedish farming community much like the area of Småland, where she herself grew up. The children play in the trees, celebrate holidays, visit grandparents, make huts by the lake, mingle with the animals (horses, cows, pigs, sheep, chickens, rabbits), and meet up with villagers, including the shoemaker, Mr. Kind, who thinks that "youngsters are a wild lot who should get spanked every day." It is a book that recalls and celebrates a sort of childhood that has become increasingly rare. "Does Noisy Village really exist?" a young girl wrote to Astrid Lindgren. "For if it does," she added, "I don't want to live in Vienna anymore."

At one point in "The Children of Noisy Village," Lisa—the girl through whose eyes the reader sees this world—says:

> Britta and Anna gave me a storybook, and Olaf gave me a chocolate bar. He sat down next to me, and my brothers started teasing us.
>
> "Boyfriend and girlfriend, boyfriend and girlfriend!"
>
> They say that just because Olaf is not one of those silly boys who won't play with girls. He doesn't care if Karl and Bill do tease him; he plays with both boys and girls anyway. Karl and Bill want to play with girls, too, although they pretend they don't.

This episode suggests one of the unfortunate facts about the way one reads children's literature as a child: girls will read "boys' books," but boys will refuse to read about girls. It was this ingrained categorization and segregation of children's books by sex that made me, when I was young, forgo the experience of reading classics like "Little Women," "What Katy Did," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Anne of Green Gables," "Caddie Woodlawn," and "Strawberry Girl." And it was only as an adult that I chanced to discover the "Pippi Longstocking" books, by Astrid Lindgren. I became curious about them after four of my closest women friends told me of the strong impression that the character of Pippi Longstocking had made on them when they were young. Since the child is mother of the woman, I decided to find out about Pippi (and so about my friends) by reading the books, and I thereby came upon one of the greatest characters in children's literature.

Like the name of Peter Rabbit, Pippi Longstocking's name is legion—Pippi Långstrump (Swedish), Pīpī Gūrāb-baland (Persian), Peppi Dlinnyjčulok (Russian), Ochame-na Pippi (Japanese)—for Astrid Lindgren's books about her have been translated into more than twenty-five languages. She is certainly one of the most curious (and subversive) immortals of world literature. A freckled nine-year-old with carrot-colored hair worn in two tight braids, Pippi gets her last name from wearing one black and one brown stocking with black shoes that are twice as long as her feet. When we meet her, she is living alone; her mother died when Pippi was very young and is now "an angel . . . up in Heaven," and her father, a sea captain, has been blown overboard in a storm—but Pippi is sure that he floated to an island shore and is now king of the cannibals. Her little home, a ramshackle house called Villa Villekulla, is surrounded by "an overgrown garden with old trees covered with moss, and unmowed lawns, and lots of flowers which were allowed to grow exactly as they pleased." And this is the way Pippi lives her life—exactly as she pleases. She provides for herself out of a suitcase filled with gold pieces and out of a chest of drawers that contains an endless supply of gifts. She tells herself when to go to bed, sleeps with her feet on the pillow and her head way under the covers, and, because she doesn't receive letters, writes them to herself. Her motto is "Don't you worry about me. I'll always come out on top."

Pippi's only companions are a horse, which lives on her porch, and a monkey named Mr. Nilsson. She also befriends her next-door neighbors' children, Tommy and Annika—"good, well brought up, and obedient." When they first see Pippi, she is walking backward, because she doesn't want to turn around to get home. "Why did I walk backward?" Pippi asks. "Isn't this a free country? Can't a person walk any way she wants to?" And Tommy and Annika realize that "this was not going to be one of those dull days."

There isn't a dull day in any of the three "Pippi Longstocking" books ("Pippi Longstocking," "Pippi Goes on Board," "Pippi in the South Seas"), as Pippi turns into a Thing-Finder ("When you're a Thing-Finder you don't have a minute to spare") who uncovers articles like a rusty tin can and an empty spool ("The whole world is full of things, and someone has to look for them"). She and her new friends Tommy and Annika become inseparable as they hide in a hollow oak tree, where they mysteriously find soda pop to drink, and go on picnics. Pippi is always leading the way to new adventures, and she has great physical strength. She calls herself "the strongest girl in the world," and she can lift her horse with her hands, overpower two policemen who come to take her to a children's home, wrestle with and defeat the strongest man in the world at the circus, exhaust and ward off two burglars, and tame a tiger at a fair.

Pippi lives completely outside bourgeois conventions. At a coffee party given by Tommy and Annika's mother, she eats all the cakes and shocks the ladies present with dramatically told stories of her grandmother's maid, who never swept under the beds. She washes her hair in a pool and has thereby "saved a visit to the hairdresser." She steps into a gutter—"I love gutters," she says—and wonders what's wrong with being soaked. To a teacher who asks "You want to be a really fine lady when you grow up, don't you?" Pippi answers "You mean the kind with a veil on her nose and three double chins under it?" When a supercilious, rich old lady named Miss Rosenblom gives out gifts only to the good and hardworking schoolchildren, humiliating all the others, Pippi does her own corrective examining, judging, and awarding of gold pieces. She is, moreover, contemptuous of money. After winning a hundred dollars in a wrestling contest, she says, "What would I want with that old piece of paper? Take it and use it to fry herring on if you want to."

When Pippi's sea-captain father shows up unexpectedly, he and Pippi immediately arm-wrestle, then dance and wrestle some more. And after climbing a tree in order to save two children from a burning building she raises her arms to the night sky while a shower of sparks falls on her, and dances wildly while singing a song:

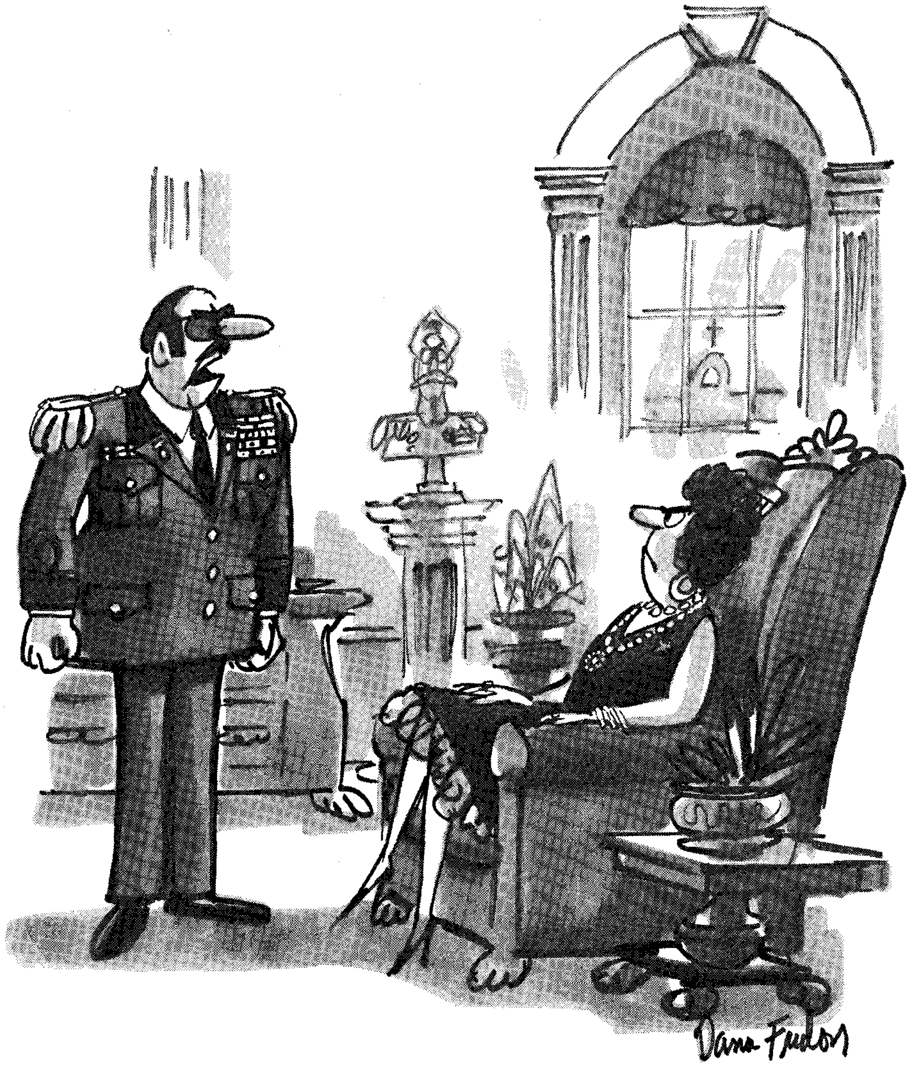
> The fire is burning,
> It's burning so bright,
> The flames are leaping and prancing.
> It's burning for you,
> It's burning for me,
> It's burning for all who are dancing!

But Pippi always uses her powers wisely. When she, Tommy, and Annika visit her father on Kurrekurredutt, a South Sea island—spending "wonderful days in a warm, wonderful world full of sunshine, with the blue sea glittering and fragrant flowers everywhere"—she is chosen to be a princess by the natives but renounces her position immediately, saying, "I'm through with this throne business." She consistently refuses to join the compromised adult world, commenting, "Grown-ups never have any fun. They only have a lot of boring work and wear silly-looking clothes and have corns and"—as she says it—"municipal taxes."

At the conclusion of the third volume, Pippi gives Tommy and Annika some pills (they are actually ordinary peas) and says that if they take them in the dark after repeating a rhyme ("Pretty little chililug,/I don't want to get bug") the pills will make it impossible for them to grow up. And after this little ritual Tommy and Annika return home, where they can see through the window of Pippi's kitchen. There, in a beautiful farewell—similar in feeling to Mary Poppins' final ascent into the heavens—we find Pippi sitting at the table with her head leaning on her arms:

> She was staring at the little flickering flame of a candle that was standing in front of her. She seemed to be dreaming.
>
> "She—she looks so alone," said Annika, and her voice trembled a little. "Oh, Tommy, if it were only morning so that we could go to her right away!"
>
> They stood there in silence and looked out into the winter night. The stars were shining over Villa Villekulla's roof. Pippi was inside. She would always be there. That was a comforting thought. The years would go by, but Pippi and Tommy and Annika would not grow up. That is, of course, if the strength hadn't gone out of the chililug pills. There would be new springs and summers, new autumns and winters, but their games would go on. Tomorrow they would build a snow hut and make a ski slope from the roof of Villa Villekulla, and when spring came they would climb the hollow oak where soda pop spouted up. They would hunt for treasure and they would ride Pippi's horse. They would sit in the woodbin and tell stories. Perhaps they would also take a trip to Kurrekurredutt Island now and then, to see Momo and Moana and the others. But they would always come back to Villa Villekulla.
>
> And the most wonderful, comforting thought was that Pippi would always be in Villa Villekulla.
>
> "If she would only look in this direction we could wave to her," said Tommy.
>
> But Pippi continued to stare straight ahead with a dreamy look. Then she blew out the light.

In "The Poetics of Reverie," the philosopher Gaston Bachelard wrote (as if to describe this scene), "There



"How come you always take Amnesty International's side?"

are moments in childhood when every child is the astonishing being, the being who realizes the *astonishment of being*. We thus discover within ourselves an *immobile childhood*, a *childhood without becoming*, liberated from the gearwheels of the calendar." Bachelard continues, "In every dreamer there lives a child, a child whom reverie magnifies and stabilizes. Reverie tears it away from history, sets it outside time, makes it foreign to time. One more reverie and this permanent, magnified child is a god."

Certainly Pippi Longstocking shares the physical strength of mythological and legendary child heroes like Hercules and Cuchulain. The latter contested with a hundred and fifty other youths and beat them all, calling himself "a boy with a difference!" And Pippi is indeed "a girl with a difference." But, with her gold coins, her unending supply of presents from her chest of drawers, and her peas of immortality, she also resembles the Norse goddess of spring, the ever-young Iduna, possessor of the golden apples of immortality, which she kept in a golden treasure chest that always remained full—apples that granted youth to the deities of Asgard.

On a less exalted but more important level, however, it is interesting to notice how the "Pippi Longstocking" books broke with the centuries-old way of depicting girls in children's literature. Generally speaking, girls in eighteenth-century and nineteenth-century books for children were advised to be docile, submissive, self-sacrificing, pious, grateful, obedient, clean, virtuous, dutiful, modest, and retiring creatures. Rousseau set the familiar tone in "Émile," with his sententious comments on how Sophie should behave:

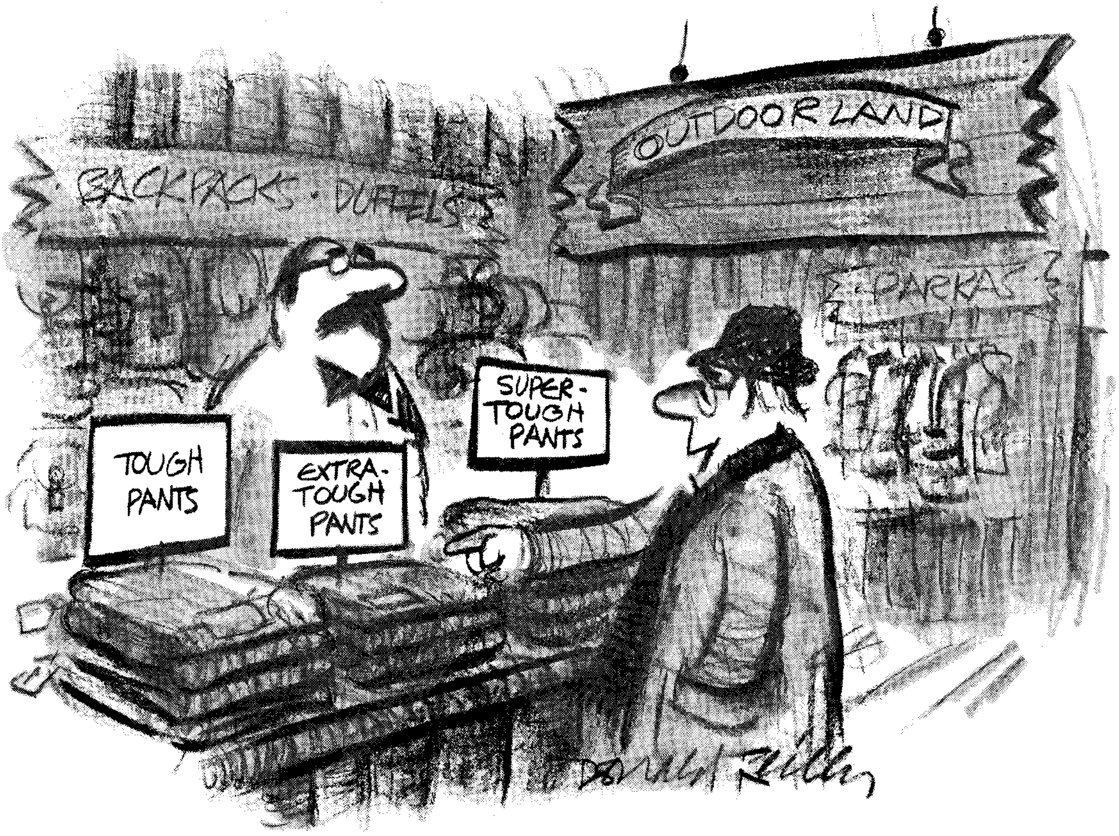
> A man has no one but himself to consider, and so long as he does right he may defy public opinion; but when a woman does right her task is only half finished, and what people think of her matters as much as what she really is.
>
> Women should be strong enough to do anything gracefully; men should be skillful enough to do anything easily.
>
> Women should not be strong like men but for them, so that their sons may be strong.
>
> A man seeks to serve, a woman seeks to please.
>
> It is amusing to see her occasionally return to her old ways and indulge in childish mirth and then suddenly check herself, with silent lips, downcast eyes, and rosy blushes; neither child nor woman, she may well partake of both.
>
> A virtuous woman is little lower than the angels.

Benighted as Rousseau was with regard to Sophie's educational possibilities—simply prescribing, and subscribing to, what was in fact the prevailing obtuse point of view of his time—he was an inspired utopian prophet when he wrote of his educational ideas for Émile:

> Teach him to live rather than to avoid death: life is not breath, but action, the use of our senses, our mind, our faculties, every part of ourselves which makes us conscious of our being. Life consists less in length of days than in the keen sense of living.
>
> There is only one man who gets his own way—he who can get it single-handed; therefore freedom, not power, is the greatest good. That man is truly free who desires what he is able to perform, and does what he desires. This is my fundamental maxim. Apply it to childhood, and all the rules of education spring from it.
>
> The education of the earliest years should be merely negative. It consists, not in teaching virtue or truth, but in preserving the heart from vice and from the spirit of error.
>
> You are afraid to see him spending his early years doing nothing? What! is it nothing to be happy, nothing to run and jump all day? He will never be so busy again all his life long.
>
> He does not know the meaning of habit, routine, and custom; what he did yesterday has no control over what he is doing today; he follows no rule, submits to no authority, copies no pattern, and only acts or speaks as he pleases. So do not expect set speeches or studied manners from him, but just the faithful expression of his thoughts and the conduct that springs from his inclinations.
>
> He has reached the perfection of childhood; he has lived the life of a child; his progress has not been bought at the price of his happiness, he has gained both.

And it is clear that Pippi Longstocking *is* Émile—his perfect fictional embodiment.

Needless to say, there were books earlier than "Pippi Longstocking" (first published in Swedish in 1945) that presented fearless and freethinking heroines: Susan Coolidge's Katy (who "hated sewing and didn't care a button about being called 'good' "), Louisa May Alcott's Jo (who had "blunt manners" and a "too independent spirit"), and Carol R. Brink's Caddie Woodlawn (who liked to run through the woods with



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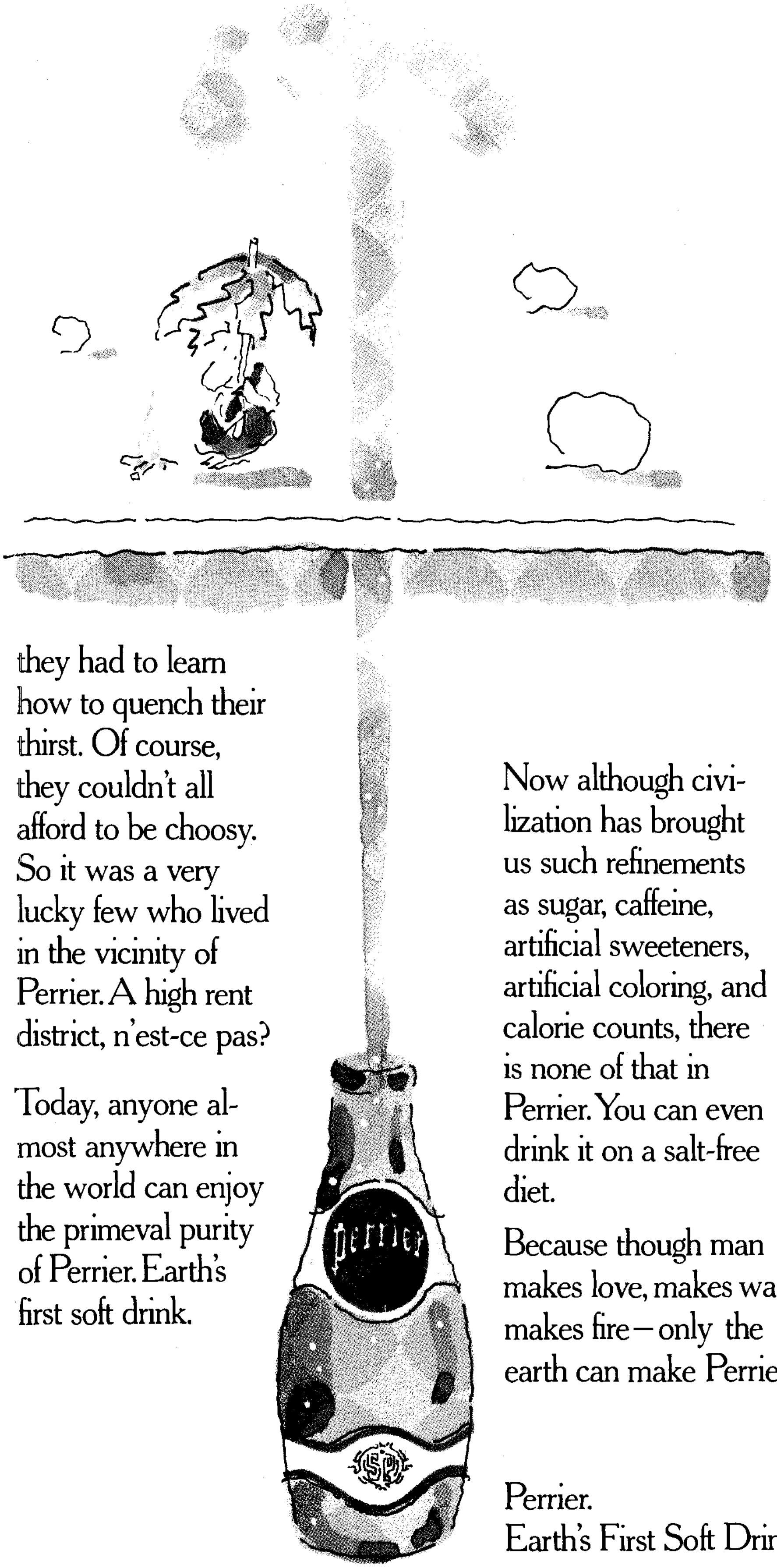

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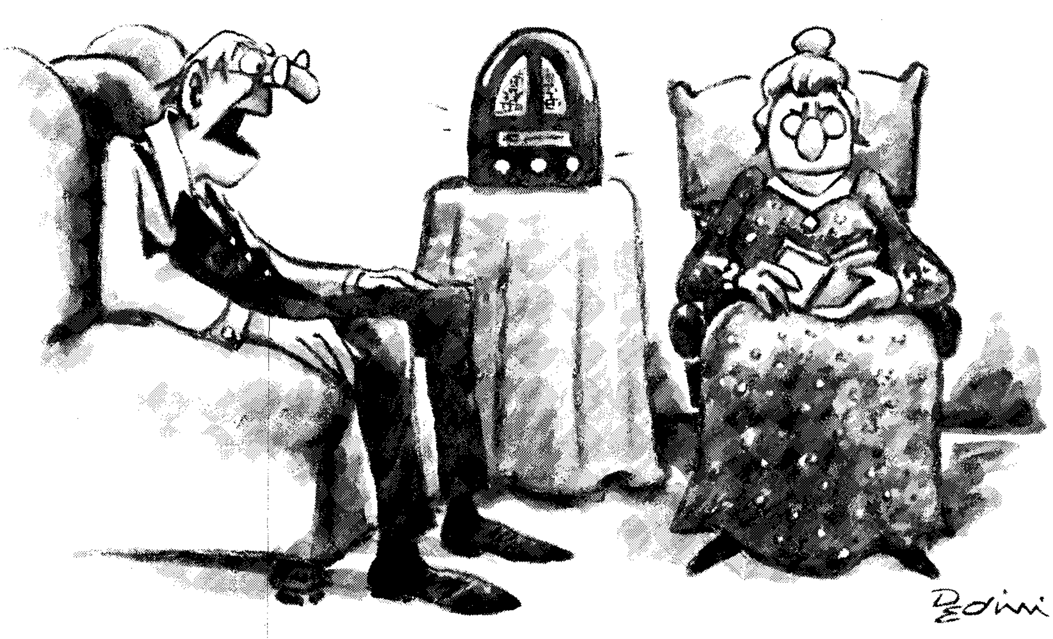


"Well, if that's not our song it's goddam close!"

her brothers). But each one of these girls ends up having or deciding to renounce her tomboy ways. Jo's father says on his return home, "I don't see the 'son Jo' whom I left a year ago. . . . I see a young lady who pins her collar straight, laces her boots neatly, and neither whistles, talks slang, nor lies on the rug as she used to do. . . . I rather miss my wild girl; but if I get a strong, helpful, tender-hearted woman in her place, I shall feel quite satisfied." Pippi Longstocking shares many of the qualities of Katy, Jo, and Caddie, and, surprisingly, she might also be seen to derive certain of her characteristics and some of her spirit from the nineteenth-century ministering evangelical child waifs who were written about in such Religious Tract Society stories as "Little Meg's Children," "Jessica's First Prayer," and "Christie's Old Organ"—God-fearing, motherless little girls who were morally superior to the adults around them. In "Childhood's Pattern," a study of children's fiction, the English novelist and critic Gillian Avery stated, "Mothers have a constricting effect on the plot and on the children's activities; their love is so embarrassingly obvious that it can't be overlooked, it stands in the way of that independence that children like to imagine."

But Pippi never compromises and always remains unreconstructedly herself, for she is free of what the anarchist educator Max Stirner called "wheels in the head"—knowledge that uses and owns the individual rather than is used *by* the individual. Pippi exemplifies what Stirner thought of as self-ownership—the state in which the person is free from those dogmas and moral imperatives which make him or her a "subservient, cringing" being—and also what Wilhelm Reich called the "self-governing character." Reich saw the patriarchal family structure as the "factory" for the ideology of the ruling order. (Think of Mr. Fairchild in Mrs. Sherwood's influential children's novel "The Fairchild Family"—first published in 1818—who after whipping his son says, "I stand in place of God to you, whilst you are a child.") Among the Trobriand Islanders, however, Reich happily discovered a nonauthoritarian family structure that allowed young children either to remain with their parents during the day or to join with their friends in their own community—a miniature republic that functioned according to its own needs and desires. (Think of Pippi and Tommy and Annika on their various outings and their voyage to the South Seas.) And, like the dog hero of William Steig's "Dominic," Pippi Longstocking also partakes of what Reich saw as Jesus' true nature. In "The Murder of Christ," Reich wrote, "Children who gleam with happiness are also born leaders of other children. The latter flock around them, love them, admire them, seek their praise and counsel. . . . Jesus knew that children have 'IT.' He loved children and he was childlike himself; knowing and yet naïve . . . streaming with love and kindness, and yet able to hit hard; gentle and yet strong, just as the child of the future is." And this, too, is Pippi Longstocking.

I PAID a visit to Astrid Lindgren not long ago. Now a widow, she has two grown children and seven grandchildren. She greeted me at the door of her apartment, in Stockholm, wearing a blue pants suit, a blue scarf, and a necklace of colored baubles. "They make me look like a Christmas tree, don't they?" she said, laughing, as she took me through the foyer into the living room, which was lined with books and had naïve paintings and landscapes by Swedish artists hanging on the walls. We sat down and chatted—she gave the immediate impression of a person who is open, energetic, unpretentious, and unafraid (as the author of "Pippi Longstocking" would have to be)—and I soon posed the predictable question: "How did Pippi come into the world?"

"I'm asked that all the time," she said, without impatience, in clear but hesitant English. "My Swedish publishers requested that I recount the story once and for all—they printed it up—so I'll tell you what I told them. In 1941, my seven-year-old daughter, Karin, was sick in bed with pneumonia. Every evening when I sat by her bedside, she would nag in that way children do: 'Tell me a story!' And one evening, completely exhausted, I asked her, 'What should I tell?' And she answered, 'Tell about Pippi Longstocking!' She had come up with the name right there on the spot. I didn't ask her who Pippi Longstocking was; I just began the story, and since it was a strange name it turned out to be a strange girl as well. Karin, and later her playmates, showed a strong love for Pippi from the very beginning, and I had to tell the story again and again. It went on like that for several years. Then, one day in March of 1944, it snowed in Stockholm, and in the evening, while I was out for a walk, there was fresh snow covering a layer of ice. Well, I slipped and fell, spraining an ankle. I was forced to stay in bed. To make time pass, I started to put down the Pippi stories in shorthand—since my office days I've been a capable stenographer, and I still write all my books first in shorthand. In May of 1944, Karin was to celebrate her tenth birthday, and I decided I would write out the Pippi story and give her the manuscript for a birthday present. And then I decided to send a copy to a publisher. Not that I believed for one minute that they would publish it, but even so . . . The fact was, I was rather upset about Pippi myself, and I remember concluding my letter to the publisher with 'In the hope that you won't notify the Child Welfare Committee'—really because I had two children of my own, and what kind of mother had they who wrote such books! Just as I had thought, I got the manuscript back, but while I was waiting for it I wrote another book and sent it to the publishing house of Rabén & Sjögren, which in 1944 had announced a prize contest for girls' books. And it actually happened—I won second prize in the competition. I don't think I've ever been happier than on that autumn evening in 1944 when the word came. The next year, 1945, the same publishing house had a contest for children's books. I sent in the Pippi manuscript, and I received first prize. So maybe every children's-book author should be sick in bed for a while." She smiled. "When I write, I lie in bed and put the book down in shorthand, and I have the feeling that nothing outside exists—I'm just on my bed in my little room, and I can go and meet the people I want to."

"Pippi Longstocking seems as if she had always been around," I said.

"Maybe she was just waiting for someone to pick her and to write about her," Mrs. Lindgren replied, with a smile.

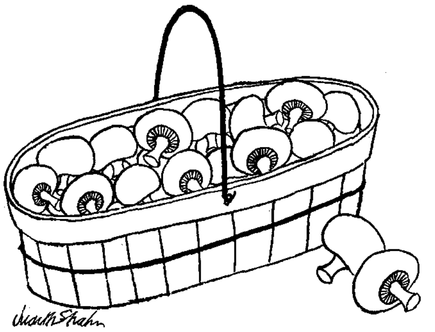
I read her Reich's statement about the child of the future.

"That's Pippi!" she exclaimed. "Pippi says, 'I'm going to be happy and free and stronger than anybody.' She has power, but she never misuses it. She's just kind. But do you think that children of the future will be like that? I'd be very happy if I could believe that. I don't know what will happen to our world if there aren't any kind leaders being born."

"You've written many children's books," I said. "And in many of them the idea of being as happy as a child in summertime occurs over and over. 'Pippi in the South Seas' is really a glorified summer outing. In your book 'Bill Bergson Lives Dangerously,' for instance—I've brought my copy along—you write, 'There were nooks and crannies to hide in, fences to climb over, winding small alleyways where you could shake off your pursuers; there were roofs to climb and woodsheds and outhouses in the back yards where you could barricade yourselves. As long as a town had all these advantages, it need not be beautiful. It was enough that the sun was shining, and that the cobblestones were feeling so warm and comfortable under your bare feet that you felt it was summer in all your body.' "

"I think you should feel everything in your whole body—whatever there is to feel," Mrs. Lindgren responded. "Especially in Sweden, we need the summer. And when you look back at your childhood you think it was always summer, in a way, because everything was at its best then. I want to feel summer in my whole body and in my heart."

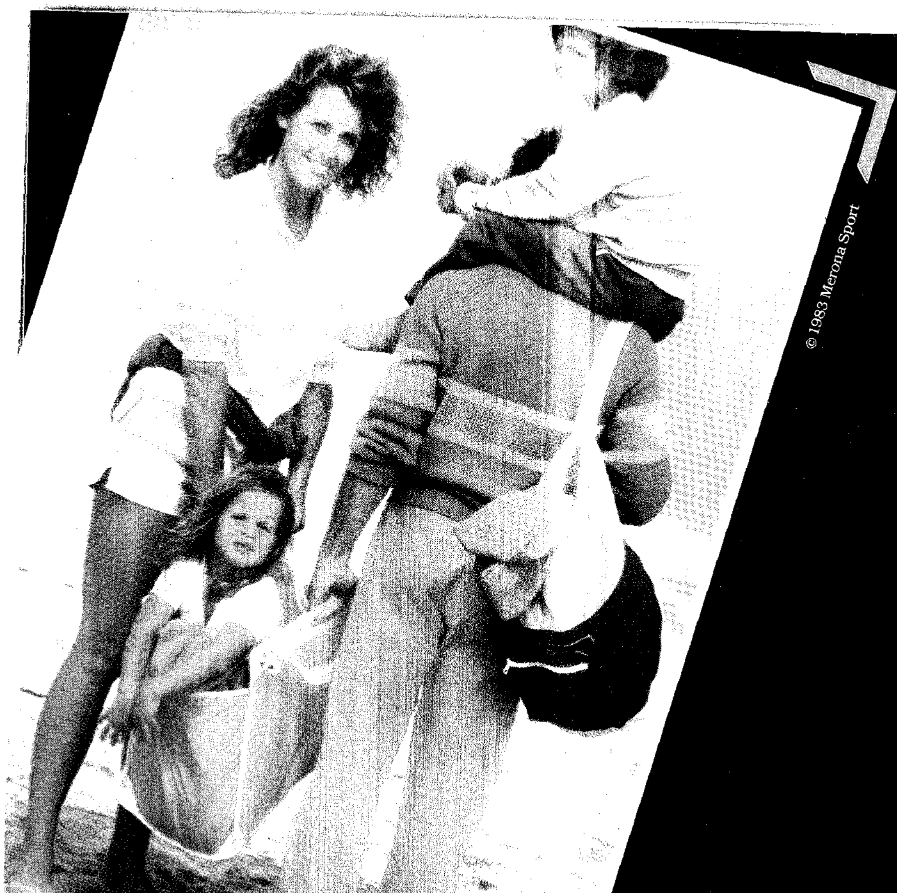
I said, "It's interesting that in 1977 a controversial novel came out in Sweden—'Children's Island,' by P. C. Jersild. As I'm sure you know, it tells of a ten-year-old boy named Reine who refuses to go to a municipal children's camp and, since his mother has left for her own vacation, returns to their empty apartment in a suburb of Stockholm, where he hides out and spends his time reading the 'Guinness Book of World Records' and Donald Duck comics—which I gather are apparently the favorite reading material of Swedish schoolchildren today. On his first day alone, he fakes a letter to his mother." I had brought along a translated chapter of this book, too, and I read the letter aloud. " 'Hi mom. It's great on Children's Island. We swim and play football. The food is yummy. This morning I got stung by a bee on my big toe (bravo, bravo!) but the nurse gave me some salve. Tonight we'll roast hot dogs outside.' " And Jersild writes, "That would have to be enough this time. He felt he'd finished with the whole summer in five lines." I commented, "Things have certainly changed since the days when you wrote 'Pippi Longstocking' and the three 'Bill Bergson' books. No matter how lonely some of your child characters may feel, they never seem to experience this suffocating sense of anomie and resignation and isolation."



"Things *have* changed," Mrs. Lindgren replied. "I'm afraid that children don't play the way we did as children and the way they do in my books. They participate in sports, but they don't *play*. Now they look at television. TV broadens the mind in one way but narrows it in another. It gives you more facts and words and information, but it limits your imagination. It's on a more superficial level than a book, because when a child reads a book he or she has to create his or her own pictures, which are more lovely and beautiful than anything you can ever see on TV. On the whole, I think TV is damaging if you can't control it. I met a mother in America who told me that her daughter had watched TV for eighteen hours one day. She must have been crazy at that point. And I'm sure that there are many homes in which parents don't speak to their children and children don't speak to their parents. I can't write for teen-agers now—I don't know enough about them. They're completely unlike the Bergson children—there's no resemblance at all. When I was a child, we didn't have cars, TV, radio, or even many films. So there was a lot of room for imagination."

I remarked, "You once said, 'That our Lord let children be children before they grew up was one of his better ideas.' And I'd like to know something about your own childhood, since you've also said that 'it is my childhood that I long to return to . . . And if I dare to be so bold as to speak of inspiration, I must say that it is there in my childhood home that I get many of the impulses that can later appear in a story.' "

Mrs. Lindgren told me, "My father, Samuel August Ericsson, was a peasant, a renter of a vicar's farm, and he fell in love with my mother, Hannah, from Hult, when he was thirteen years old and she was nine—and she remained his 'devoted little beloved one' throughout their life together. She died eight years before him—we thought he'd die, too. But no. He said that some leave ahead, oth-



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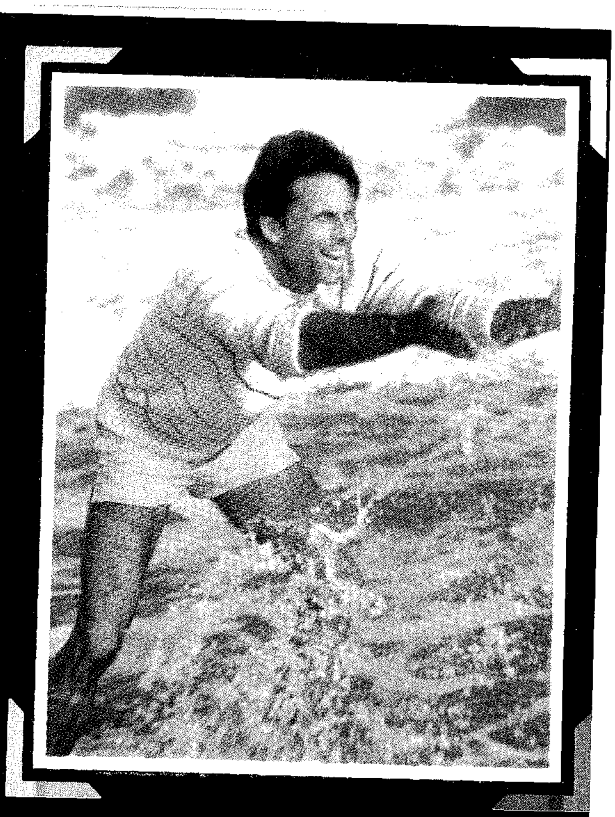

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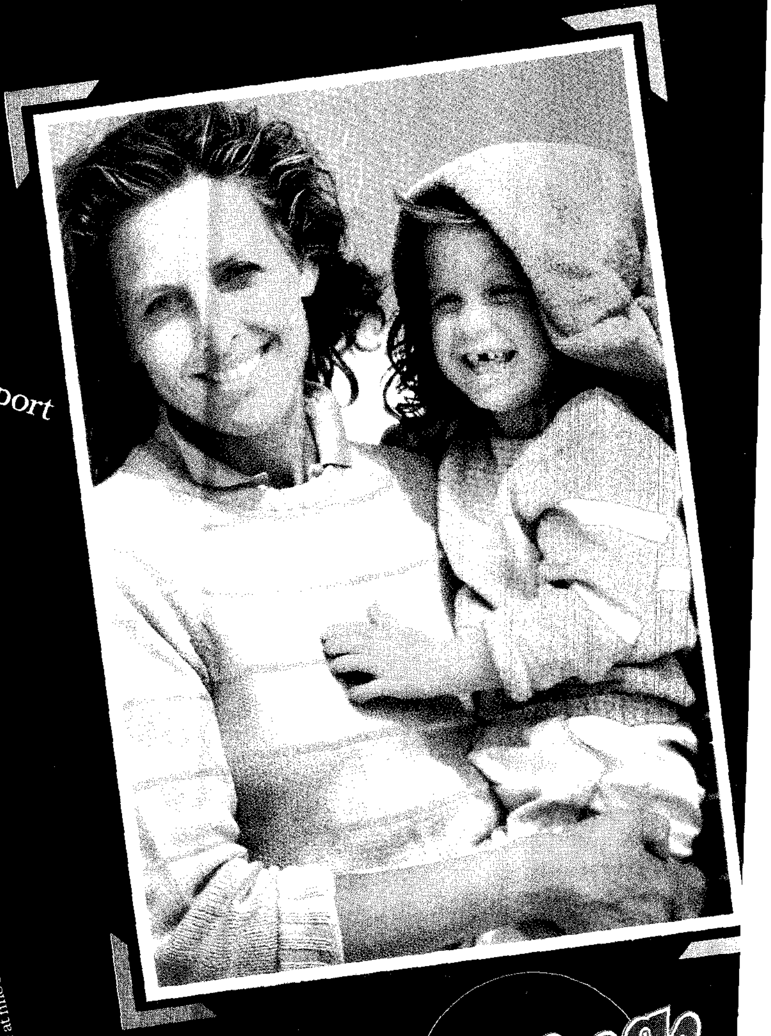

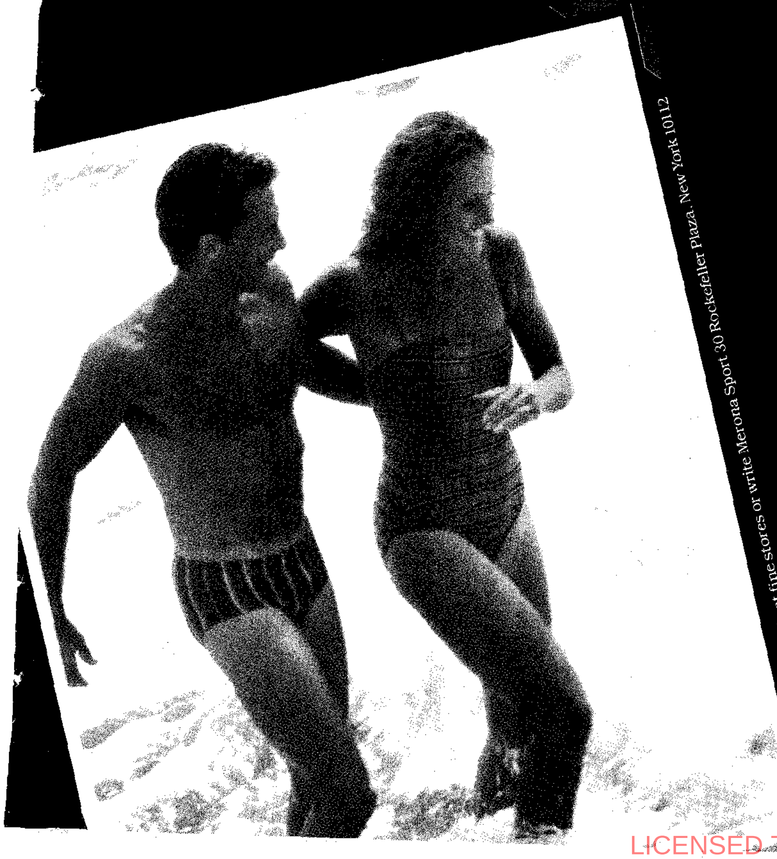

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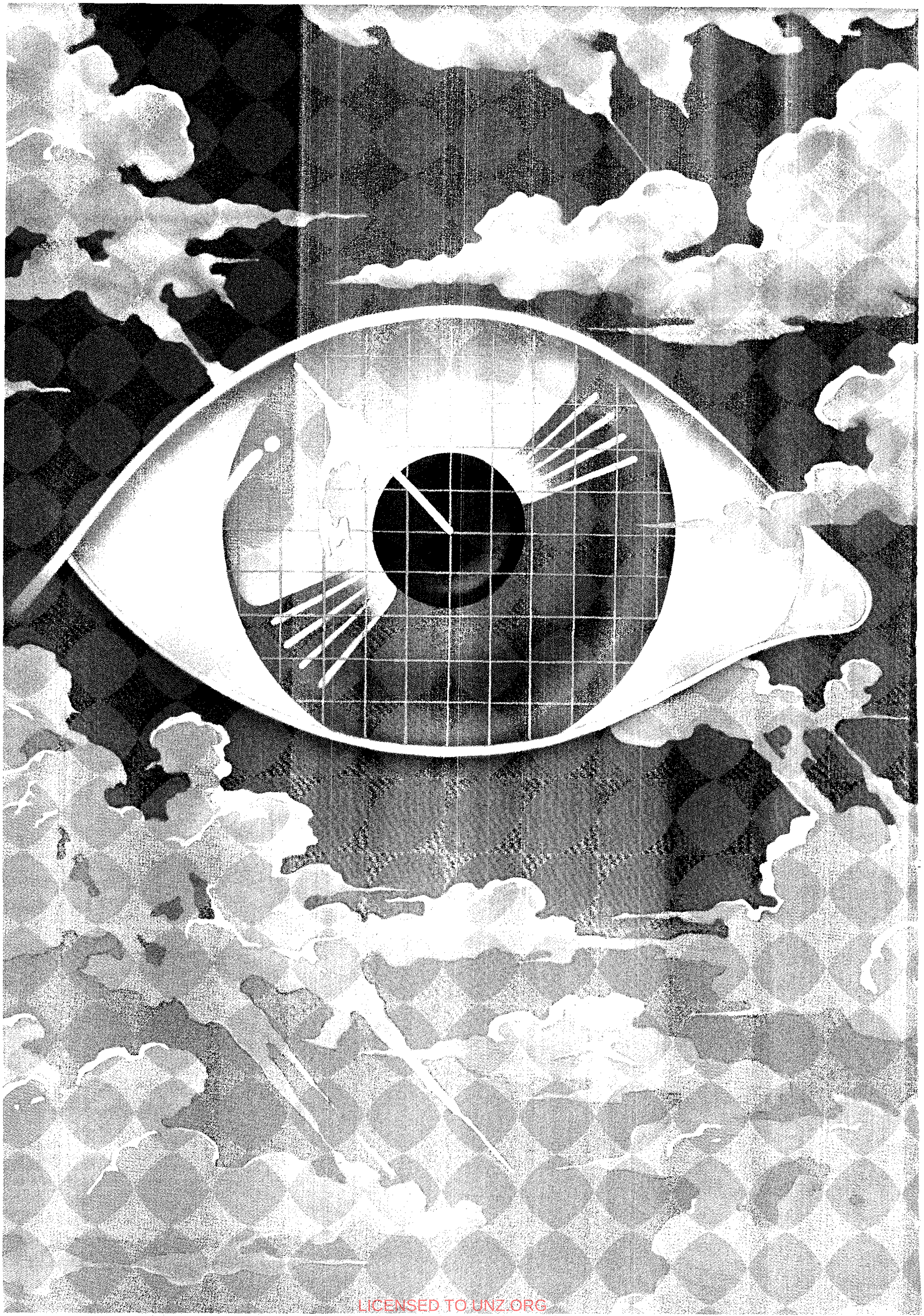

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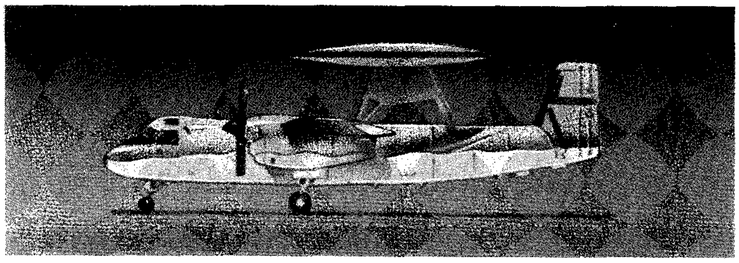

THE TECHNOLOGY FOR THE JOB AT HAND.

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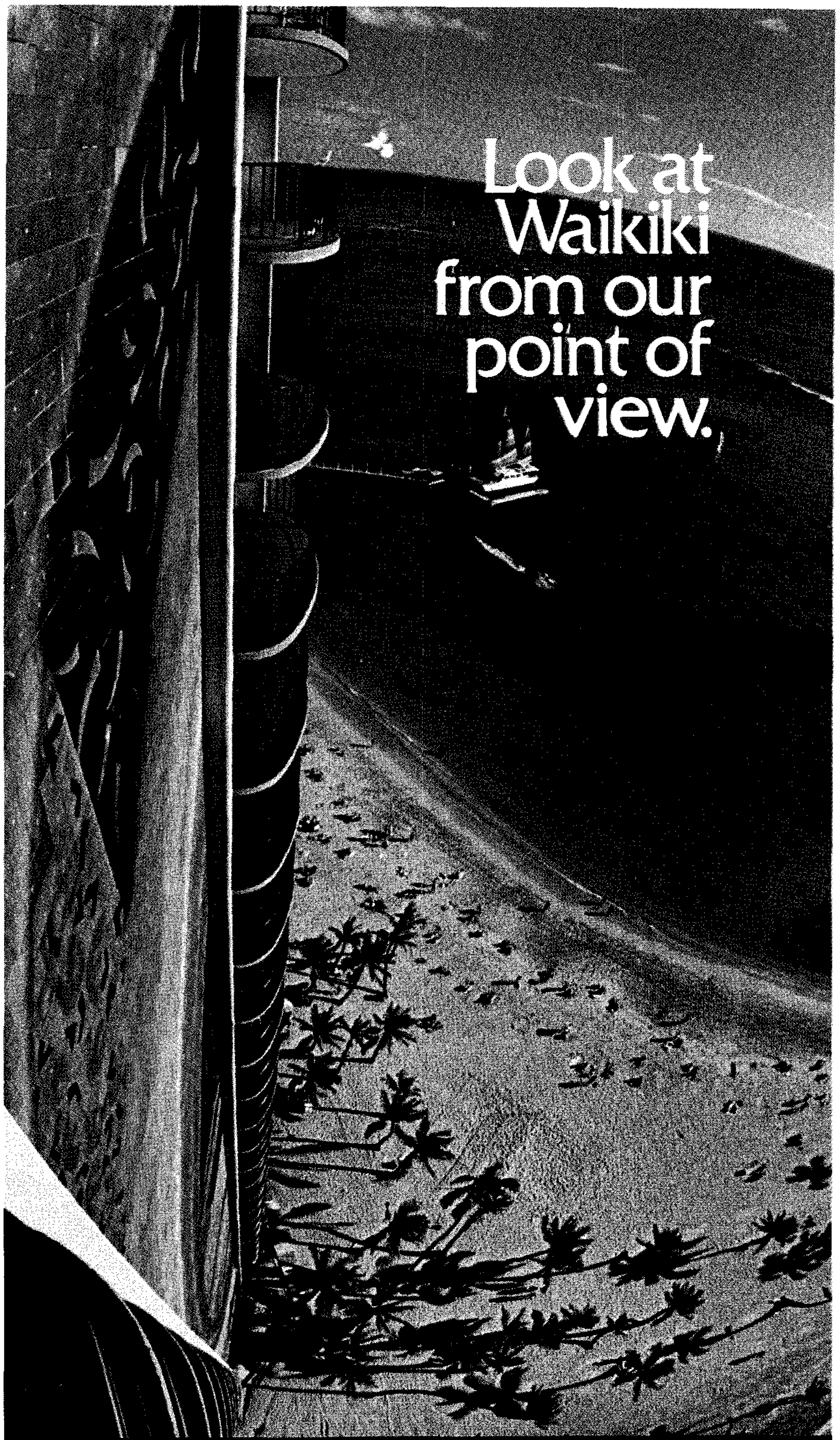

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ers leave later, there's nothing you can do. He enjoyed living, and he was sure that one day he'd meet her again—and he continued to love her and talk about her and to praise all her virtues. They were strong believers, which my brother and sisters and I were not. In the Bible, we read that there is no marriage in Heaven, just angels. So I told my father about 'the little angel Hannah,' and he got quite angry at the thought that Hannah should be there as an angel and not belong to him! I've written a memoir about my parents' love affair and about my childhood." She got up to find a book in one of the bookshelves. Its title, in English, was "Samuel August from Sevedstorp and Hannah of Hult." She went on, "And in this book you can find out everything."

ASTRID LINDGREN, the second of four children—three girls and one boy—was born November 14, 1907. She grew up in an old red house, surrounded by apple trees, on a farm called Näs, near the little town of Vimmerby, in Småland. Her extraordinarily happy childhood was filled with security and freedom, she writes in her memoir: "Security in having those two there, who cared so much for each other and who were there all the time if we needed them, but who, if we did not need them, left us free to roam around the fantastic childhood playground we had at Näs. It is true that we were disciplined with order and the fear of God, as was the tradition of the time, but in our life of play we were wonderfully free and never controlled. And we played and played and played—it is a wonder we didn't play ourselves to death. We climbed like apes in trees and on roofs, we jumped from lumber piles and haylofts so hard that our innards complained, we crawled through our dangerous subterranean tunnels in the sawdust heap, we went swimming in the river long before we knew how to swim, totally forgetting the imperative by our mother not to go 'farther out than the navel.' But all four of us survived."

Free from nagging and free to play, each of the children, at age six, was still expected to learn how to thin fodder beets and cut nettles for the poultry. "Just go on, don't stop" was their mother's admonition when they started dreaming over the dish pail—a piece of advice that Mrs. Lindgren says she has taken to heart throughout her life. And the children, far from being sheltered from adult reality, learned about life from the servant girls and farmhands. "It was fun and it was instructive for a child to grow up, as I did, with people of varying habits and types and ages," her memoir continues. "Without their knowing it and without my knowing it myself, I learned something from them about the conditions of life and how complicated it can be to be a human being. I learned other things as well, for these were outspoken people, who did not keep anything back just because children happened to be around. And we were around, my brother and sisters and I, for we had to bring them coffee while they were working in the fields. That is what I remember best—the coffee breaks, when they were all gathered, sitting there at the edge of a ditch, drinking coffee and dunking their rye-bread sandwiches and exchanging thoughts about this and that."

Astrid and her brother and sisters also used to run through a little stretch of forest and wind up visiting Stenbäcksroten, a group of small cottages where many outcasts of society lived—paupers, "coffee bitches" (women who were reputed to have gone mad from drinking too much coffee), and the village prostitute. There were vagabonds in the family's hayloft every night (probably the models for Paradise Oscar the tramp, who befriends the orphan boy Rasmus in the author's moving "Rasmus and the Vagabond"); they would arrive at twilight and buy milk and bread for the night. Moreover, Astrid, always curious, often investigated local lore. Mrs. Lindgren writes, "Our cow-tender told us that if we walked around the coffin house in the cemetery twelve times at twelve o'clock at night, the Devil would appear in all his hideousness. 'And then it happens, then Knös comes to fetch one'—that was the saying. And, of course, we had to find out if that was really true, just as we had to find out about the coffee bitches and their wickedness toward children. I believe that we spent a great deal of our time exploring what was true and what was not true in this world."

Sundays were grudgingly devoted to Sunday school and church, for which Astrid was forced to wear "freshly washed coarse black wool stockings," which she detested. (Perhaps the refusal of the five-year-old heroine of the author's "Lotta on Troublemaker Street" to wear an itchy striped sweater—Lotta cuts it to pieces with scissors and then runs away—is her author's fantasy revenge for having had to wear those hated stockings as a child.) But she looked forward to travelling to family parties on Sundays at her grandmother's, a journey in a horse-drawn *vurst;* it smelled of "horses and sunbaked leather and the resin of the pine trees." The homebound journey found her "half asleep watching the black forest under the light summer sky," Mrs. Lindgren writes, adding, "And perhaps I remember even better going home from the Christmas parties, bedded down in the basketweave sleigh listening to the sleigh bells and looking up into the starry sky. . . . Yes, it was good to be a child in the age of horses." And then there were the fall and spring fairs in Vimmerby, when the streets were taken over by itinerant menageries and carnivals and were filled with candy women, cattle merchants, farmers, and horse dealers.

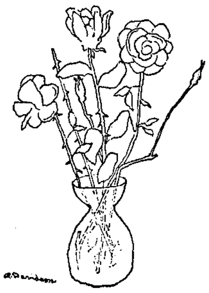
But most of all Mrs. Lindgren remembers nature: "The strawberry patches, the hepatica hills, the meadows with primulas, the blueberry lands, the woods where the linnaeas tinkled their pink bells in the moss, the pastures around Näs where we knew every path and every rock, the stream with the water lilies, the ditches, the creeks, and the trees—I remember those more than I remember the people. Rocks and trees were as close to us as living beings, and nature protected and nurtured our playing and our dreaming. Whatever our imagination could call forth was enacted in the land around us—all fairy tales, all adventures we invented or read about or heard about, all of it happened there, and only there. Even our songs and prayers had their places in surrounding nature."

But while Astrid was "soaking up nature" she was also introduced to "culture." It happened when she was about five years old, thanks to a little girl named Edith, the daughter of a cowhand and his wife: "This girl Edith—blessed be she now and forever—read to me the fairy tale about the Giant Bam-Bam and the fairy Viribunda, and thus set my childish soul moving in a direction that it has not yet completely ceased to follow. The miracle occurred in the kitchen of a poor farmhand, and from that day forth there was no other kitchen in the world."

Eventually, Astrid herself learned to read, and asked for books for Christmas. Her first volume was "Snow White," which had "a chubby, black-tressed princess by Jenny Nyström on the cover," Mrs. Lindgren recalls. "Later, I bought 'Among Leprechauns and Trolls,' with unforgettable illustrations by John Bauer. Imagine, to be the sole owner of a book—I wonder I didn't faint for pure happiness! I can still remember how these books smelled when they arrived, fresh from the printer. Yes, I started by smelling them, and there was no lovelier scent in all the world. It was full of foretaste and anticipation."

At ten, Astrid went to a school that had a library, and began "devouring" everything—the "Iliad," "Robinson Crusoe," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The Count of Monte Cristo," "The Jungle Books," and "Huckleberry Finn," among others. "And then all the wonderful books for girls," Mrs. Lindgren's memoir continues. "Imagine, there were so many girls in the world who were suddenly as close to oneself as ever any beings of flesh and blood! There was Hetty, the Irish whirlwind. And Polly, a jewel of a girl from New England. Pollyanna and Katy, not to mention Sara, the one with the diamond mines who became so wondrously poor and was freezing in her attic until Ram Dass came climbing across the roof with soup and warm blankets. And then, of course, Anne of Green Gables—oh, my unforgettable one, forever you will be riding the cart with Matthew Cuthbert beneath the flowering apple trees of Avonlea! How I lived with that girl! A whole summer, my sisters and I played at Anne of Green Gables in the big sawdust heap at the sawmill. I was Diana Barry, and the pond at the manure heap was the Dark Reflecting Waves." She goes on to say that she read mysteries, "tear-dripping" love stories, and religious books: "In my opinion, all of these books were good books, please notice that! But then, of course, I do not believe in the system of using children as literary critics.”

Mrs. Lindgren found it hard to make time to read as much as she wanted to, since “it was assumed that the children would help around the house.” She explains, “I was frequently put to rocking and singing to my little sister, who refused to go to sleep otherwise, and that was an ordeal if I had just come across a good book. But I managed. I sang from the book, page after page. It took more time than usual, of course, but I could do it. ‘There is a woman alone in the woods and crying, tralalala’—my sisters still repeat that as an example of my exercises in singing and reading.”



In school, Astrid's classmates used to say, “You'll turn out to be an author when you grow up,” or, sarcastically, “You'll be the Selma Lagerlöf of Vimmerby.” Mrs. Lindgren recalls, “That scared me so much that I made a firm decision—never to write a book! It says even in Ecclesiastes that there is no end to the writing of books, and I didn't feel that I would be the right person to increase the stacks of books. I stuck to that decision until March of 1944. But then that snow fell and made the streets slippery as soap. I fell, I sprained my ankle, I had to stay in bed, and I had nothing to do. So what does one do? Maybe write a book? I wrote ‘Pippi Longstocking.’ . . . That's why I write children's books. And it is all nothing but a continuation of what started in Edith's kitchen that long time ago.”

I asked Mrs. Lindgren about the old red farmhouse, with its apple trees, where she was born and raised. “That house must have been the archetype of all the houses that appear in your books for children,” I said. “The little gray house by the lake in ‘Rasmus and the Vagabond,’ the old white house with lilacs and cherry trees in ‘The Brothers Lionheart,’ the white thatched cottage in the Garden of Roses in ‘Mio, My Son,’ and, of course, Villa Villekulla in ‘Pippi Longstocking.’ In ‘The Poetics of Space,’ Gaston Bachelard writes that there exists for each one of us a house of dream memory, lost in the shadow of the real past, and that the places in which we have experienced daydreaming reconstitute themselves in a new daydream, and it is because our memories of former dwelling places are relived as daydreams that these dwelling places of the past remain in us for all time.”

“That's wonderful!” Mrs. Lindgren responded. “I love houses, and I hate them when they go against what my dream house ought to be. I used to go to a place called Tällberg, where there are wonderful old houses—peasant houses that seem as if they came up from the ground by themselves. And now there is one terrible, ugly house that destroys everything around it. Also, I bought the house where I was born, but now the town has spread into the wooded pastureland, and my old house is surrounded by things I don't like. But inside it's exactly as it was, because I've restored it—it's just as it was when I was a child.”

I then said, “Trees are also important in your books—the ones that connect the farmhouses in ‘The Children of Noisy Village,’ the linden tree in which Rasmus perches, and, of course, Pippi Longstocking's hollow oak.”

Mrs. Lindgren replied, “Trees mean a lot to me. I once wrote an essay called ‘Are There Different Trees?’ A professor I knew asked that question—that's how close he was to nature! To me, there's nothing more personal or alive on earth than trees—with the exception of people and animals. And in my essay I quoted a number of verses by different poets about trees—we have trees in poems and songs and tales and myths. I also mentioned my favorite childhood trees. There was Grandmother's whiteheart cherry tree, covered with big yellowish-red cherries, the equals of which might have grown in paradise but nowhere else. Then, there was a particular apple tree outside our house—we used to wake early and be the first outside to eat whatever apples had fallen from it during the night. And then there was the ‘owl tree,’ where owls had their nests. But during the day it was our climbing tree. It was hollow, just like Pippi Longstocking's tree, but it was an elm—not an oak, as in the ‘Pippi’ books. And we loved it. My brother once put a hen's egg in the owl's nest, and the owl hatched a chicken for him. I even taught my little son, when he was three years old, to climb that tree; and he wanted to go up it every day—otherwise, he'd cry in the evening. That tree is still there, though it's now aged and battered.”

At the conclusion of the essay, she writes, “And even better, I know an ash tree that grew at the church of Vimmerby when this century was young. For under that tree they were sitting, my father and my mother, one April evening when snow was whirling around them, and my father asked my mother if she would share his life. Who knows what would have happened if that ash had not been standing there with a bench beneath it! Perhaps there would never have been a proposal, and that would have been sad for me. . . . Far away in our unknown past, we may have been creatures swinging from branch to branch, living in trees. Perhaps in the deepest depths of our wandering souls we long to return there; perhaps without knowing it we regret having ever left the crowns of the trees and stepped down onto earth. Who knows? Perhaps it is pure homesickness that makes us write poems and songs about the trees and makes us dream of all the green forests of earth.”

Mrs. Lindgren remarked to me, “I don't write books for children. I write books for the child I am myself. I write about things that are dear to me—trees and houses and nature—just to please myself.”

Quoting now from “The Poetics of Reverie,” I remarked, “Bachelard speaks of the water of the child, the child's fire, the child's trees, the child's springtime flowers, and says, ‘What a lot of true principles for an analysis of the world!’ ”

“How beautiful!” she exclaimed.

“And he also says that when the human world leaves the child in peace he feels like the son of the cosmos. And I've noticed that you've depicted many orphaned or foster children—Rasmus, Mio, Karlsson in ‘Karlsson-on-the-Roof,’ and Pippi—all of them alone but in touch with what is real. I read somewhere that you once said, ‘To be alone is best. There is no loneliness that frightens me. Deep down, we all remain alone. Without loneliness and poetry I believe I could hardly survive.’ ”

Mrs. Lindgren laughed, and said, “Did I say that? I don't remember it, but it does sound like me. I think, however, that a great many children are lonely, even if they aren't orphans. It's a pity when the child has no adult—at least one—close to him or her, to help the child to be happy and to develop.”

“But all those children in your books do belong to someone,” I com-

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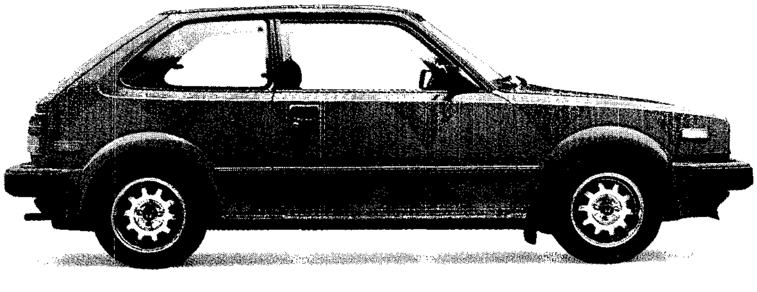

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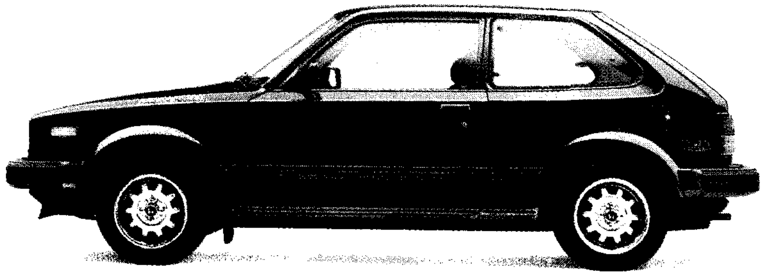

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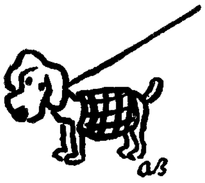
mented. "Pippi has Tommy and Annika, Mio has the King in Farawayland, Karlsson has his friend Eric, Rasmus has Paradise Oscar the tramp, and Jonathan and Karl have each other in 'The Brothers Lionheart.' I wanted to ask you about this last work, because, along with the 'Pippi' books, it's your most controversial, since it's about death—a subject that children's literature in this century, at least, has tended to shy away from. Each of the brothers dies; and after their deaths they find themselves together, first in the heavenly land of Nangiyala, where they have to battle evil forces that live outside their valley paradise. And when one of them again has to die, because he has been mortally wounded in battle, they both decide to die again, in order that they can reach another heavenly land where they will never be apart." I added, "I'm sure your father would have understood this book that reminds us that love is strong as death."



"Yes, and the book came about in a very strange manner," she replied. "You know how you walk around with diffuse thoughts, waiting for something to grow and be real? I like to walk in cemeteries; it's very peaceful to go there and read the inscriptions. And one day I saw one that said, 'Here lie two little brothers.' And then I found other dead brothers lying together—never sisters—and that made me think of what had happened to them, that they had to die so young. So I had this feeling and didn't know what to do about it. And then, one early winter morning, on a train trip through Sweden, seeing a beautiful rose-colored sunrise over the snow, I suddenly knew what I wanted to write—more or less. I thought that this book might be a comfort to children who were afraid of death, as many children are. When I was little and was told that after you die you go to Heaven, I didn't find that very amusing, but thought it better than lying down in the earth and just being dead. But my grandchildren have no such belief. I felt that one of them was afraid of death, and when I showed him the manuscript he smiled and said, 'Well, we don't know how it is—it could just as well be like that.' And I get lots of letters about 'The Brothers Lionheart'—many from adults. One was from a German woman doctor who had lost her nine-year-old daughter to leukemia. And this little girl had lived with the book the last years of her life, and it was her only comfort. When her two little rabbits died, the girl said, 'Oh, they're in Nangiyala now.' Many children have written me saying, 'Now I'm not afraid of death anymore.' Even if it's just a tale, why shouldn't they have some comfort? Incidentally, I just got a letter yesterday from a Korean soldier who studied Swedish at the university in Seoul and who plans to translate 'The Brothers Lionheart' into Korean. He wrote, 'Spring rain falls outside the window and spring flowers growing outside the gray walls whisper to me in my ear: Throw away your green uniform, and let us go out. But I can't, because I'm a twenty-five-year-old Korean soldier.' It's wonderful to get a letter that begins that way. And I think that all soldiers should throw away their uniforms. People have also told me that the 'Pippi' books have changed their lives. But the best compliment came in a message on a scrap of paper that was given to me once by an unknown woman. All it said was 'Thanks for brightening up a gloomy childhood.' That satisfied me."

In her memoir, Mrs. Lindgren concludes, "Memory—it holds unknown sleeping treasures: fragrances and flavors and sights and sounds of childhood past! . . . I can still see and smell and remember the bliss of that rosebush in the pasture, the one that showed me for the first time what beauty means. I can still hear the chirping of the land rail in the rye fields on a summer evening, and the hooting of the owls in the owl tree in the nights of spring. I still know exactly how it feels to enter a warm cow barn from biting cold and snow. I know how the tongue of a calf feels against a hand and how rabbits smell, and the smell in a carriage shed, and how milk sounds when it strikes the bottom of a bucket, and the feel of small chicken feet when one holds a newly hatched chicken. Those may not be extraordinary things to remember. The extraordinary thing about it is the intensity of these experiences when we were new here on earth.

"How long ago that must be! Otherwise, how can the world have changed so much? Could it all really become so different in just one short little half century? My childhood was spent in a land that no longer exists—but where did it all go?"

—Jonathan Cott

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

ARMS AND ALLIES

An alliance of sixteen consenting sovereign states is an uncommon and often unsteady enterprise. With fifteen members relying for their security on the sixteenth, which is distant from most of them, cohesion, and even communication, can occasionally break down. Over the years, the North Atlantic Treaty Organization has weathered a number of political crises. Some of the worst of these were provoked by the Soviet Union, and hence were unavoidable. Some of the others were largely self-induced; that can also be said of the crisis that has arisen from the decision by NATO to place in West Germany, Britain, Italy, Belgium, and the Netherlands American missiles capable of striking Russia. This move was a reaction to the Soviet deployment, beginning in 1977, of intermediate-range missiles—the celebrated SS-20s—targeted against Western Europe which are more advanced, though not more destructive, than other, older medium-range missiles (SS-4s and SS-5s) similarly targeted. The turmoil created by NATO's decision exceeds any the Atlantic Alliance has experienced since the early days of the Berlin crisis, and may become deeply injurious.

Like some earlier crises, this one is rooted in West Germany's perceptions of its security and in Washington's perceptions of German concerns. Every Administration since Eisenhower's has had difficulty in assuring the Germans of the depth and durability of its commitment to their security. NATO is often caricatured as a German-American alliance dressed up as something larger and more collective. For many reasons, most of them obvious, a deep sense of insecurity affects West German attitudes and, at times, politics. German political figures must express this insecurity, occasionally by admonishing, or even reproaching, allies—especially the United States. As often as not, German comment of this kind is exaggerated—an overreaction to events—and intended mainly for internal consumption. However, admonitory sounds from Bonn have sometimes provoked an overreaction among officials and bureaucrats in Washington. At such moments, the idea of taking some initiative—of doing something for the Germans—can arise. Typically, the initiative is a plan aimed at giving them a sense of greater involvement with American nuclear weapons, and thus, presumably, greater confidence in our nuclear guaranties.

In the late nineteen-fifties, a case was made within the Eisenhower Administration for helping President Charles de Gaulle with France's nuclear-weapons program. But continuing pressure to do so was offset by concern about the effect any such gesture might have on West Germany. "Never do for France what you are not prepared to do eventually for Germany," said Jean Monnet, the architect of the European Community, to numerous American officials in successive Administrations who sought his sensible advice. And, as it turned out, any offers to the Germans and other Continental Europeans of greater access, whether real or apparent, to American nuclear weapons were multilateral in nature. Toward the end of the Eisenhower era, the Defense Department, backed by some members of the State Department, wanted to deploy ballistic missiles on barges and railroad cars in Western Europe. A fashionable variant of the idea was to offer ballistic missiles to several European countries, either for purchase or for manufacture under American license. The Navy was urging acceptance of its Polaris missile (a submarine-launched weapon), and for a time it had a small model of the Polaris at NATO's former headquarters, in Paris; curious European delegates, by pushing a button, could witness a miniaturized missile takeoff. The Air Force was simultaneously hawking its Minuteman system, now the mainstay of our land-based missile forces but then barely out of the design stage. These dubious schemes gave way to something called the M.L.F.—for "multilateral nuclear force"—which became the focus of much controversy and strenuous diplomacy in the Kennedy years and the early days of the Johnson Administration. It, too, was an American idea, and it amounted to creating a fleet of surface ships armed with Polaris missiles and jointly owned and operated by several NATO members, each of which would have a veto over the use of the nuclear weapons. The M.L.F. acquired considerable notoriety, and Johnson, although he had apparently been committed to it, finally shelved the project, in December of 1965, but not before it had divided and seriously weakened the government of Ludwig Erhard, then the Chancellor of West Germany, who was the M.L.F.'s only significant supporter in Europe—and a reluctant one at that.

Initiatives of this kind have always failed for lack of serious support in

ALL VISITORS MUST BE ANNOUNCED

Europe or here, or in both places. And most NATO buffs would have bet against the possibility of Europeans' agreeing to play host to (and share the local costs of) a force of five hundred and seventy-two American missiles, including a hundred and eight Pershing II ballistic-missile launchers, which can attack hardened military targets, such as command-and-control centers and missile silos, in the Soviet Union within six minutes after liftoff. Moreover, about two hundred of the new weapons, including all the Pershing IIs, are to be deployed in West Germany, a country whose actions the Soviet Union regards with great wariness and whose non-nuclear posture is of enormous importance to the Soviet leadership. Even though these missiles would be under American control, the idea of their being placed in West Germany is very objectionable to Moscow. (In Geneva, Soviet negotiators have asked how Americans would feel if SS-20s were put into Cuba and—interestingly—Nicaragua. That sort of comment is seen as a debating point, not as a threat.) The Soviet leaders have another strong reason for opposing the proposed deployment: their relentless campaign against the missiles assures and deepens the divisive effects of the plan on the Western alliance.

NATO's momentous decision, taken late in 1979, was of German-American inspiration. It originated in an anxiety that former Chancellor Helmut Schmidt developed in the early days of the Carter Administration. Schmidt felt that there was too much emphasis in Washington on arms control, too little on weapons and security. He worried specifically that in the strategic-arms-limitation talks (SALT), then under way in Geneva, Carter might bargain away American options to deploy medium-range missiles as an offset to the Soviet Union's SS-20s. Schmidt, it is worth noting now, was doubtless the most gifted leader any Western country has had in many years. His departure, after eight years in office, probably coincides with the end of his country's halcyon days—a time in which West Germany flourished and part of Europe became a Deutsche-mark zone, and a time, moreover, in which West Germany (thanks partly to Schmidt) began to shed its stereotype: economic giant and political dwarf. Under Schmidt, German political influence was asserted in a way that had not been judged possible since the end of the Second World War. At home, although never espe-

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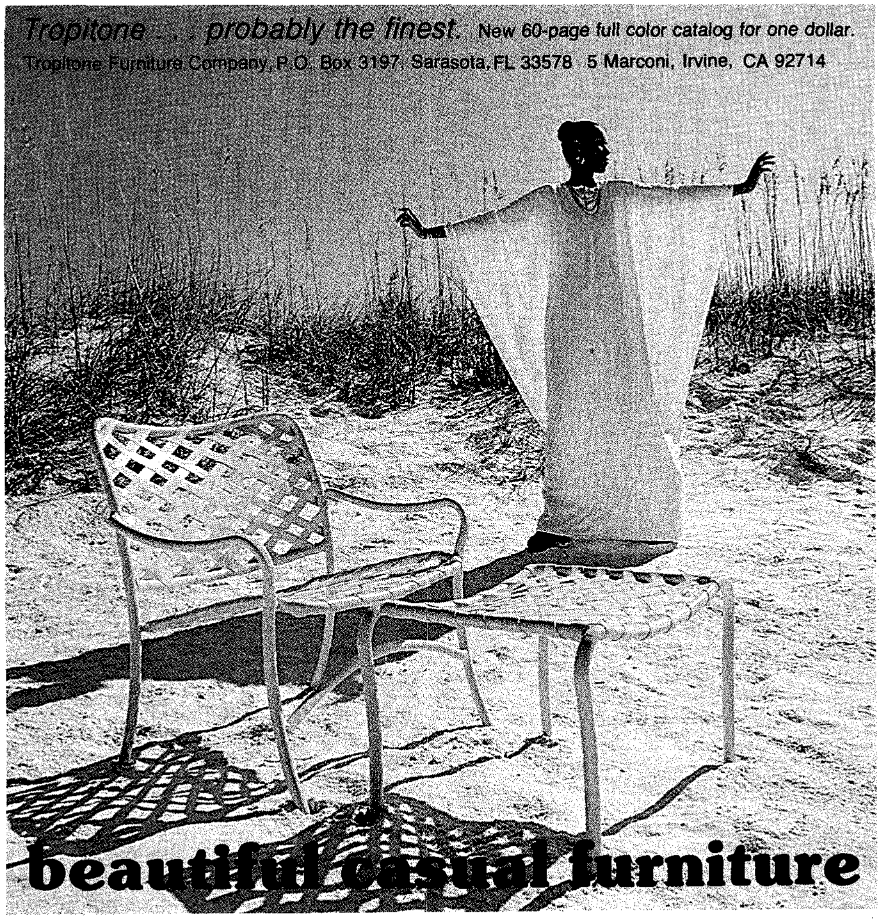
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cially popular, Schmidt was widely respected. Even now, the polls show him to be the most admired political figure in Germany. However, the legacy of this remarkable man includes a major share of the responsibility for the predicament in which NATO finds itself. (In an interview with the Washington *Post* in mid-February, he defended his role but said that he has always preferred offsetting the SS-20s with a sea-based deployment and that he feels that the rising hostility in most Western countries, including the United States, to land-based nuclear-missile systems proves that he was right.)

Like so many exceptional political figures, Schmidt tended to be mercurial and censorious; he was given to lecturing people and to worrying aloud in ways that could be misunderstood and cause overreaction. He often did so in English, a language he speaks fluently, precisely, and almost without accent. Not surprisingly, Schmidt worried aloud—in a speech delivered in London in October, 1977—about the SS-20s; among other things, he called for equivalence not just in intercontinental, so-called strategic, nuclear weapons, about which the Americans and Russians were busily negotiating in SALT, but in their European counterparts as well. Schmidt's remarks were read by some as soliciting a response to the SS-20s in the form of an American makeweight based in Western Europe. As in the past, Washington reacted strongly. In this case, however, the question of what (if anything) to do to offset the SS-20s militarily, and thereby reassure the Germans, got bound up in the political calculations of the Carter and Schmidt governments, both of which were looking ahead to elections in the autumn of 1980. Carter's people wished to strengthen his credibility as leader of the alliance; it needed strengthening. Schmidt, too, although he was at the peak of his political form, may have felt obliged—perhaps because of Carter's apparent weakness—to show that he was a watchful and bold custodian of German security. For these reasons, plus a few others, NATO eventually surprised itself by doing the unexpected.

In doing so, it argued that the SS-20s, because they are seen as sharpening the military threat to Western Europe, amount to political intimidation that must be answered. Also, the argument continued, NATO's strategy relies on a so-called continuum of deterrence—a plausible capacity for meeting aggression at whatever level without necessarily relying altogether on any particular category of weaponry. A failure to respond to the SS-20s, it was argued, would break the continuum. European governments insisted, however, that the deployment decision be followed immediately by a negotiation between the United States and the Soviet Union which would be aimed at removing any need to deploy most or all of the missiles. The Europeans worried, understandably, that a failure to limit intermediate-range-missile systems on both sides could escalate their deployment and create serious political instabilities in Europe.

The incoming Reagan Administration, while it strongly endorsed the deployment decision, was highly suspicious of arms control and appeared to see it more as a threat to national security than as an instrument of it. But eventually, under strong pressure from European governments, particularly West Germany, Belgium, and the Netherlands, it bowed to the arms-control corollary of the deployment decision and agreed to have discussions in Geneva with the Soviets on intermediate-range nuclear forces—the I.N.F. negotiations. In mid-November, 1981, twelve days before the negotiations were to begin, President Reagan proposed the "zero option," an offer to cancel the deployment of the American missiles provided the Soviet Union dismantled its comparable missiles—about six hundred in all—targeted against Western Europe. As theatre, the Reagan ploy was an instant—if temporary—success. It bought some time and upstaged Leonid Brezhnev, who had captured the gallery's attention with his own one-sided proposals. And it appealed to many Europeans, simply because "zero" would mean no deployment to worry about. But, clearly, the zero option is not a negotiable approach. It asks the Soviet Union to dismantle hundreds of weapons in return for American willingness to forgo a step that may be infeasible in any case. The offer is contrived; in effect, it is a gimmick, just as the deployment decision, according to numerous European and American military experts, was a gimmick. They see no military requirement for the new missiles, because the targets they would be directed against can be at least as well covered by American nuclear weapons based in submarines and in the United

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States. They know, too, that while the Soviet SS-20s and their aging siblings can reduce European cities to rubble, the larger, intercontinental Soviet missiles can do so even more vigorously. As for the zero option, its effect has been to cloud prospects for arms control and to invite further meddling by the Soviet Union in NATO's affairs. Moscow's recurring message to Europe is that the United States won't negotiate seriously because it would prefer to deploy the weapons. Predictably, Yuri Andropov, the new Soviet leader, has a proposal: to dismantle the older Soviet intermediate-range missiles and to reduce the SS-20s in central and western Russia to a level not exceeding that of the combined British and French missile forces, which number one hundred and sixty-two. Andropov's proposal drew a frosty reaction from major NATO capitals, but we have surely not heard the last of it. In some capitals—particularly Bonn, Brussels, and The Hague—the Soviet position is likely to be steadily more appealing as the American missile deployment, which is supposed to begin at the end of the year, becomes imminent.

The Atlantic Alliance may have put itself in a damned-if-we-do, damned-if-we-don't position. Cancelling the deployment would be a blow to NATO, in part because the Soviet Union would then appear to have acquired a *droit de regard* on major allied military decisions. In Washington, cancellation would encourage latent "Fortress America" sentiment, which favors relying less on allies, bringing back some or most of the American troops in Europe, and withdrawing behind a six-hundred-ship Navy bristling with nuclear-armed cruise missiles, plus newer and larger land-based missile launchers protected by anti-ballistic-missile systems. People who feel this way would like to break away from the restraints of the SALT agreements and pursue the chimera of strategic superiority.

Cancelling the deployment would be especially hard on West Germany. Its political parties would accuse one another of having damaged NATO and, in particular, of having undermined the defense connection with America. Neither of the two major parties is likely to acquire a parliamentary majority in the elections that are to be held on March 6th, and the winner may not even be able to put together a coalition. And, with or without a majority, governing will be more difficult,

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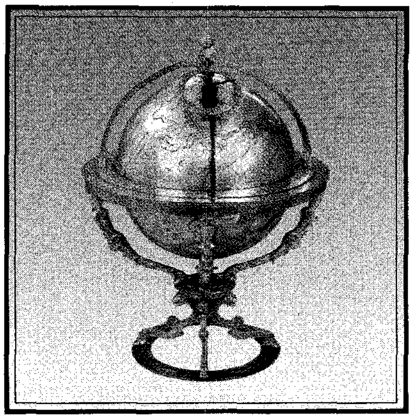

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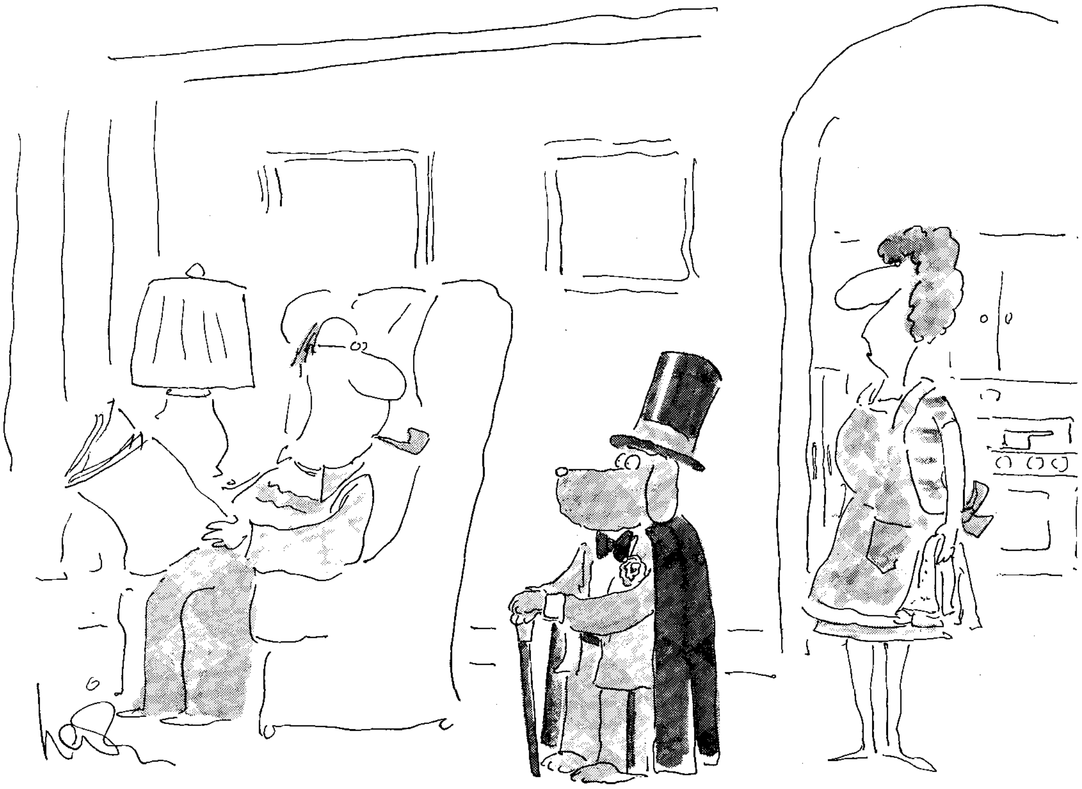
given the declining performance of the German economy. Other economies, such as the British and the French, are in worse shape, but those societies are more resilient—better able to tolerate their economic problems. France is a strenuous advocate of the proposed American deployment, in part because of concern about potential instability in Germany and, with it, a possible revival of the German tendency to play *cavalier seul* in Europe. During an official visit to Paris in late January, Chancellor Helmut Kohl tried to assure the French that West Germany isn't drifting toward neutralism. "We are not wanderers between worlds," he said. "Our place is at the side of the Atlantic community and our French friends."

Still, the probable domestic consequences of deploying the missiles may appear too risky to German, Belgian, and Dutch leaders. Mass demonstrations against insecure governments are to be expected. The Soviets encourage and exploit an impression that America's leaders are seeking to make certain that in the event of war Europe, and not the United States, would be the nuclear battleground. The Soviets are putting special pressure on the West Germans, whose contacts with relatives and friends in East Germany, and trade with Eastern Europe, dictate a workable Eastern policy. But that policy relies on some stability in East-West relations, which, in turn, seems now to require movement in arms control. Critics of NATO's battered decision feel that chickens of heroic size are coming home to roost. Actually, the difficulties have been steadily enlarged by the Reagan Administration, which may have victimized both itself and the alliance. In all likelihood, President Reagan won't get the zero option and without progress in arms control won't be able to deploy the new missiles. (And Andropov, who plays his hand more aggressively than Brezhnev did, will have had a major success.)

SOME of the turmoil may have been avoidable. The dismissal, on January 12th, of Eugene Rostow as director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency brought to light a curious episode in the I.N.F. negotiations about which there had been only vague rumors. The principal figures were the two chief negotiators—Paul Nitze, the head of the American delegation, and Yuli Kvitsinsky, his Soviet counterpart. Nitze's instructions were to try to persuade the Soviet Union to dismantle all its intermediate-range-missile launchers in return for America's willingness to refrain from deploying any of the new missiles. Kvitsinsky was supposed to persuade the Americans to cancel their planned deployment in return for the Soviets' willingness to reduce their own intermediate-range-missile forces. Washington has argued for parity in American and Soviet missiles confronting each other in Europe; Moscow has argued that when British and French nuclear weapons are added to the medium-range aircraft deployed by the United States in Europe parity already exists. And the Soviets insist that British and French nuclear forces be somehow taken into account in the negotiations. Britain and France, supported by the other NATO members, insist that their weapons must not figure either in the I.N.F. talks or in the parallel negotiations in Geneva aimed at limiting intercontinental weapons. The issue of the British and French forces is probably more difficult, both intellectually and politically, than any other.

Nitze is seventy-six, and in several government jobs over four decades he has accumulated more experience with his country's security than any other living American. In this Administration, no one even approaches him in depth and range of government experience. He is virtually the only senior member of the Administration who has taken part in arms-control negotiations and who is expert in defense matters; indeed, there is hardly anyone at the senior level—and not many lower down—with any background relevant to arms-control negotiations. Nitze is also viewed as a hawk; in 1976, he helped launch the Committee on the Present Danger, which became the best-known and most effective of the groups campaigning against the SALT II treaty. One of his chief associates in that campaign—and an old friend—was Eugene Rostow. Nitze, a Democrat, is wealthy and public-spirited; in harness, he is vigorous and very determined. This job may well be his last in government, and although prospects for success in the I.N.F. talks have appeared very dim to most people, Nitze has felt from the beginning that he stood a reasonably good chance of obtaining an agreement. Kvitsinsky also knows his way around the East-West political land-

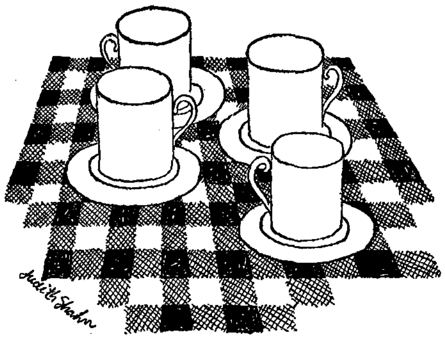


"Howard, I think the dog wants to go out."

scape. During the four-power negotiations on Berlin's status, in 1971, he became the private channel through which American officials reached Moscow. Like Nitze, he has an expert's knowledge of the substance of arms-control negotiations.

It is not unusual for chief negotiators to probe each other's positions by asking "what if" questions. ("Suppose my government were willing to . . . would yours be willing to . . . ?") They meet informally—often for lunch—on a regular basis. Before the I.N.F. talks recessed last summer, Nitze and Kvitsinsky met for lunch in a restaurant in the Jura, overlooking Geneva. The date was July 16th. After lunch, they strolled into the woods and sat down on a log. Nitze thereupon handed Kvitsinsky a paper consisting of several detailed paragraphs. It was a departure from the official American position, and was wholly Nitze's own initiative. Kvitsinsky reworked a few of the paragraphs, and after some discussion they reached an understanding that was, in the words of one American official, "about eighty per cent Nitze, twenty per cent Kvitsinsky." Each of them solemnly reminded the other that the agreement did not commit his government. Their understanding limited each side to no more than seventy-five intermediate-range-missile launchers. Under its terms, the Soviet Union would have destroyed its three hundred and eighty older missile launchers—the SS-4s and SS-5s—and all but seventy-five of the SS-20s positioned west of Novosibirsk, a city in southwestern Siberia. Since there are now two hundred and forty-three SS-20s in this huge area, the understanding would have committed the Soviets to destroying a hundred and sixty-eight of these modern missile launchers. The balance of the Soviet Union's SS-20 force, ninety missile launchers deployed well to the east of Novosibirsk, would have been frozen at that level. (NATO is interested mainly in eliminating SS-20s that threaten Europe and freezing those deployed in the eastern part of the Soviet Union at the current number.) The understanding specified that the seventy-five launchers allowed the Americans could not include any Pershing IIs; these would be banned. (Whatever else happens, the Soviets are determined to block deployment of the new Pershing missiles, which are considered especially threatening because they can reach their targets with almost no warning. The balance of the planned American deployment consists of four hundred and sixty-four new cruise missiles. Unlike ballistic missiles, cruise missiles have wings and never leave the earth's atmosphere; they are, in effect, small unmanned jet-powered aircraft. They may seem less threatening to the Soviets because they are much slower than ballistic missiles.) On the sensitive issue of deliverable weapons (warheads), the understanding gave the Americans an edge. An SS-20 launcher is armed with three multiple independently targeted reëntry vehicles, or MIRVs. Seventy-five SS-20 launchers would have meant two hundred and twenty-five deliverable weapons for the Soviet Union. The American cruise-missile launchers will each be equipped with four missiles; seventy-five such launchers would mean three hundred deliverable weapons. The understanding was silent on the issue of the British and French forces—a major plus from the American point of view. It also set limits—rather high ones—on medium-range aircraft, and imposed some restrictions on shorter-range-missile systems; equipping them with MIRVs, for example, was ruled out.

The understanding drew no applause in Washington when it surfaced, in part because there had been no one there to prepare the ground for it. A negotiator who takes an important initiative or explores new approaches on behalf of someone in Washington is normally in communication with one or two senior officials who have the confidence of the President. Nitze didn't have a reliable "back channel," as it is called. Secretary of State George Shultz had barely arrived on the job and knew nothing of these matters. There is no senior member of the President's national-security staff who understands them. The leadership of the Department of Defense has opposed any move that others would regard as constituting serious arms control. Nitze's main ally was Eugene Rostow, who was not a major figure in the Administration—and, in fact, was considered somewhat erratic. However, Rostow was in Europe last July, and Nitze informed him of his intentions and discussed the content of the initiative with him. Rostow supported it.



When Rostow returned to Washington, he quickly reported what Nitze had done. The understanding was then discussed in two high-level meetings held in August. In the first meeting, no one, including Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger, took a strong position for or against it. Since Shultz was a tabula rasa, his department's position was shaped by lesser figures; they were, it seems, reluctant to advocate a significant departure from the Administration's zero option without some encouragement from their leadership. There was none. The Joint Chiefs of Staff tended, on balance, to favor the understanding. The Chiefs usually resist giving up new weapons, but although they were reluctant to abandon the Pershings, they indicated that they were prepared to do so. Weinberger is strongly influenced in these matters by a forty-one-year-old Assistant Secretary of Defense named Richard Perle, who is among the most dedicated opponents of SALT. His resourcefulness matches his zeal, which is considerable. He was away from Washington on a vacation when the first meeting on Nitze's understanding was held, but he was back well in advance of the second one. He attacked the understanding in a memorandum described by one official as "violent" in tone.

The understanding, Perle argued, was unequal, because it accorded the Soviet Union the right to deploy ballistic missiles against Western Europe while restricting the United States to the less capable cruise missiles. According to people directly involved, the position of the Joint Chiefs was somehow shunted aside. Weinberger adopted Perle's memorandum and defended it forcefully in the second meeting. The President concurred, and rededicated himself to the zero option. (This was not the first of Perle's bureaucratic *coups de main*; another was the zero option itself, which he invented and managed to impose on the Administration.)

Shultz was instructed to convey the Administration's decision to the Soviet Foreign Minister, Andrei Gromyko, whom he was scheduled to meet in New York on September 28th. Shultz did so, but added pointedly that his

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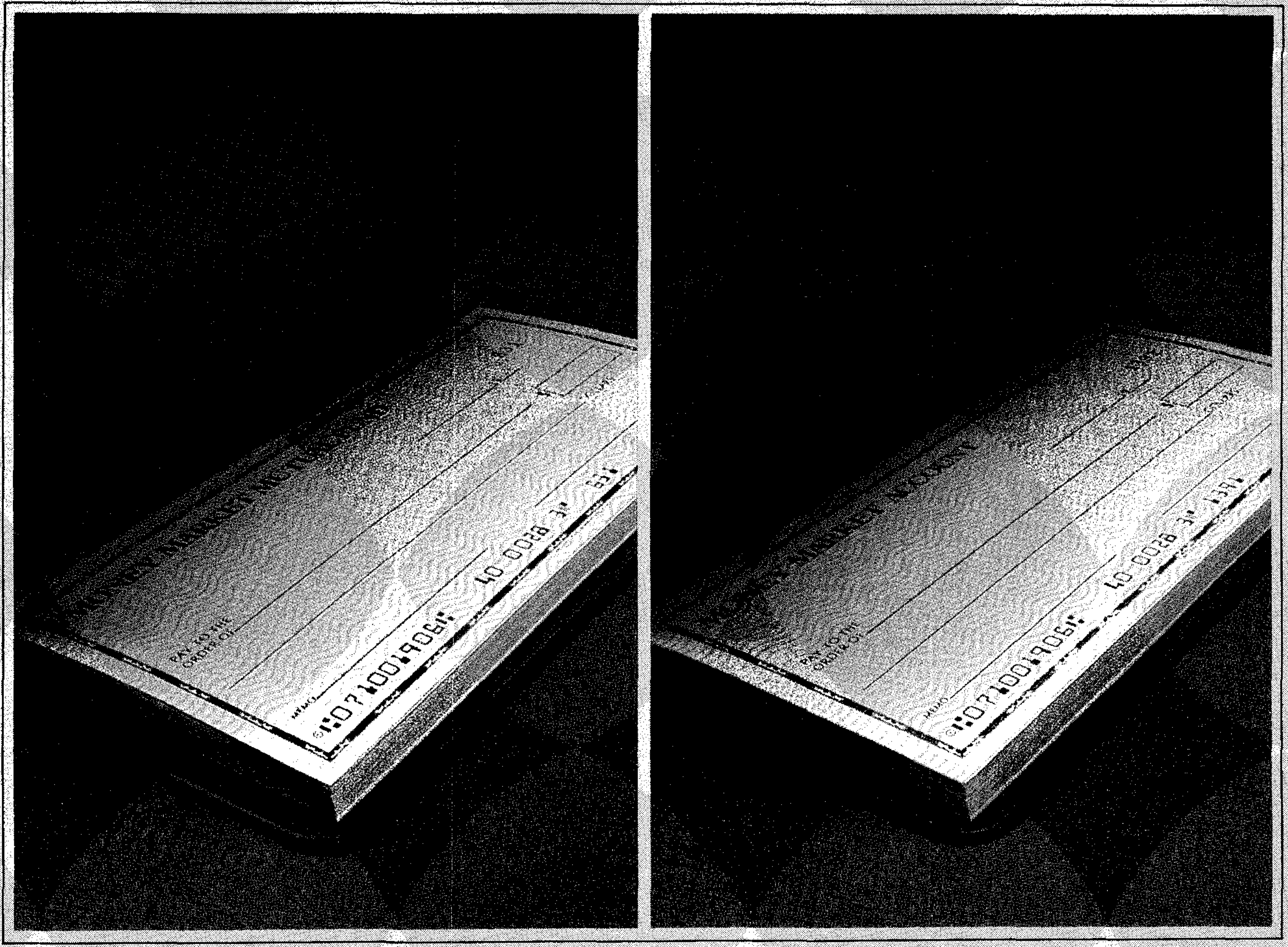

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government would like to keep open the Nitze-Kvitsinsky channel. Gromyko is said to have made no direct response. On September 30th, the I.N.F. talks resumed in Geneva. Kvitsinsky told Nitze that Moscow had also rejected the understanding, and had even reprimanded him—mainly for having ignored the British and French forces in working out the deal. A week or so later, Kvitsinsky had lunch with Nitze and Rostow, who was back in Europe, and told them that some people in the Kremlin were happy that Washington had rejected the understanding. Some American officials have interpreted these words to mean that the Soviet leaders felt they had been spared a deal they didn't really want but would have reluctantly approved.

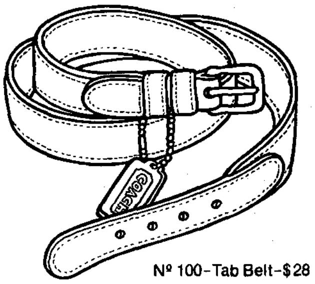
Whether or not the Soviet Union would have accepted the understanding if the Reagan Administration had isn't clear. Within the Administration, many people argue that the Soviet leadership would have rejected it in any case, and will not agree—not for the moment—to the deployment of even one intermediate-range American missile on European soil. Others feel that Kvitsinsky knew what he was doing—that he had anticipated Nitze's initiative and was cleared to do serious business. People in and out of government who take this view doubt whether any Soviet negotiator would do what Kvitsinsky did without approved guidance. Former Secretary of State Cyrus Vance told me he would be "surprised" if Kvitsinsky had been acting without instructions. And Paul Warnke, the chief arms-control negotiator in 1977 and 1978, said, "For Kvitsinsky to be acting on his own would be at odds with everything I ever saw or sensed." There is reason to believe that Kvitsinsky did have at least one relevant conversation with Gromyko prior to his outing with Nitze. An educated and rather plausible guess within the State Department is that the Soviet leadership was directly involved but for some reason later changed its mind about the understanding. Uncertainties about the successor to Brezhnev, whose health is believed to have worsened abruptly at this time, may have caused Soviet leaders to draw back from what would have been a bold change of course.

Although the Nitze-Kvitsinsky understanding is lifeless now, it won't be forgotten, primarily because it would clearly have been a good agreement for the United States in the present circumstances. It would have committed the other side to destroying all but about twenty per cent of the missile launchers deployed against Western Europe; it was a balanced arrangement, and it granted the Soviets no allowance whatsoever for the French and British nuclear weapons deployed against them. An agreement along those lines could have ended Europe's political torment. And Europe's impression of Ronald Reagan—as innocent, truculent, indifferent to arms control—would have changed. An agreement of this sort, if it had been obtainable, could have established him as a strong and reliable leader of the Atlantic Alliance.

Suppose the Reagan people had approved the understanding and the Soviets had rejected it. The United States would have been the clear beneficiary of such an outcome. As it is, the Soviets, through a series of proposals—most of them modest variants of the same basic position—are advertising themselves with some success as the side that favors arms control as a solution to various difficulties. A rejection of the Nitze-Kvitsinsky understanding would have shown them as the side unwilling to accept a balanced agreement, and the United States could have recaptured the high ground it has been losing, especially since Andropov arrived.

Among the effects of this episode so far is a strengthened impression that in East-West matters the Administration is hoist with its own rhetoric and that it is unable even to recognize—let alone make—constructive moves. European foreign ministries are especially prone to take this view. They were not formally briefed on the Nitze-Kvitsinsky understanding—a circumstance that, given Europe's stake in these negotiations, is surprising. The explanation, according to one American official, is that "the allies would have read too much into it." (No one seems to have worried about what the reaction of the allies would be when they discovered what had happened.) Actually, Rostow, while travelling in Europe in October, gave various European governments some flavor of what had been agreed to in Geneva without disclosing the exact number of missile launchers each side would have been allowed. These unauthorized briefings became one of the reasons that Rostow was fired. Another was his leaking some details of the understanding to newspaper reporters. Rostow had argued within the Administration that a few judicious leaks would show European governments that the Administration wasn't inflexible—wasn't bound to the zero option. Andropov was having a field day in the European arena at American expense, and Rostow wanted to slow down the Soviet public-relations offensive. The Administration rejected his suggestion, and he went ahead on his own.

Manipulating the press, or trying to, is hazardous. Rostow's leaks hurt rather than helped, because the effect of the newspaper stories was to show the Administration as unwilling to budge from "zero," the unattainable. (Nitze was deeply disturbed by the leaks.) But firing Rostow hurt even more in Europe; he and Nitze had been viewed there as the Administration's only advocates of progress in the negotiations. His dismissal was judged by European governments to be another blunder. And the circumstances of his departure particularly troubled them. Contrary to a popular impression, Shultz was not consulted on the question of firing Rostow but was asked only to carry out the decision, which had been taken by the White House staff. The impatience there with Rostow had become clear, but firing him didn't seem to be in the cards, and Shultz wasn't told about the decision until shortly before he was selected to do the deed. Two days before Rostow was fired, Shultz and Deputy Secretary of State Kenneth W. Dam visited Rostow in his office, where they chatted with him and a few members of his staff and were briefed on the I.N.F. negotiations. Most, though not all, of the people who know about this visit doubt whether Shultz would have paid a call on a man he might have to fire two days later. A senior European diplo-



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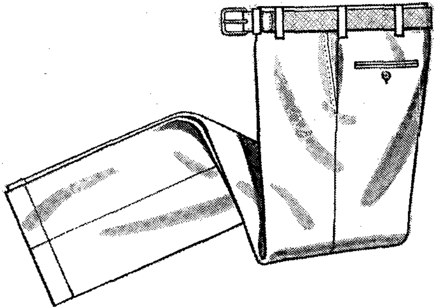

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mat who followed the affair closely says, "Two points stand out from this episode. First, placing Shultz in this position was very odd. It says something about the way this White House conducts its business, and even more about Shultz's less than awesome role within the system. Second, Rostow's judgment may be questionable, but he was actually in favor of movement. He was battling for something."

Shultz has been a moderating and constructive influence within the Administration and the alliance. Europeans are relying on him for sensible steps, and even for miracles. They look to him to do something about the I.N.F. talks and so devise an escape from the trap in which NATO finds itself. But Shultz has problems. One is his discomfort with the substance of arms control. The bureaucrats who deal with him on these matters are struck by the difficulty he has with the subject. One of them says, "He has a block on security questions and always has had. That was true when he was running O.M.B." (Shultz was the director of the Office of Management and Budget from July of 1970 to June of 1972.) Like many accomplished people, Shultz tends to shun subjects that he doesn't understand or isn't at ease with. He recently delegated the routine management of arms-control problems to Dam, who is comfortable with the subject, and, like Shultz, is highly regarded by the diplomats and bureaucrats who deal with him. But he will need Shultz for the heavy-duty political work within the Administration, and that could be another problem. Many of Shultz's colleagues in the Administration, and particularly those in the Defense Department, hold strong views on the subject—views that Shultz will have to neutralize if he is to perform a miracle. Moreover, other miracles are expected of Shultz—especially in Middle East affairs and in international economics. These are subjects that Shultz knows well and is absorbed by. He may not have a lot of time for much else. In any event, he and Dam will not be able to hold their own within the government unless they have reliable bureaucratic machinery to help them. That machinery normally exists within the State Department and the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. But the cadre of people in the State Department with relevant experience has been depleted, and the arms-control agency is demoralized and may be rendered ineffectual, if not irrelevant, by the current turmoil—not least the firing of Rostow, a certified hawk who tried. His successor-designate is Kenneth Adelman, aged thirty-six, who has been serving as deputy representative to the United Nations and is regarded as a hard-liner. Shultz is believed to have had nothing to say about the appointment of Adelman, who has no political standing, no experience with arms control, and, to judge from comments he's made, little or no sympathy for it. His appointment has created a confrontation between President Reagan and the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, a majority of whose members have said they oppose it. Senator Charles Mathias, Jr., of Maryland, a moderate Republican and a highly respected member of the committee, asked for withdrawal of the nomination, noting the "unhappy coincidence" that the President, his Secretaries of State and Defense, and his national-security adviser are all "innocent of experience in the complex and bewildering world of arms control." Adelman as director of the arms-control agency, Mathias continued, would be yet another senior figure "without experience, knowledge, or competence in the field of arms control." I asked Mathias why, in his opinion, the Administration doesn't appoint a Republican with experience in arms control. "I don't know why," he said. "That is so obviously what's really needed. There is a whole stable of such people. The right wing is a problem, of course, but only if you tiptoe around it and refuse to confront it. If you let the right wing veto the people you might name to these jobs, you limit your choices and your policies."

The influence of the arms-control agency, which has a smaller staff than the Battle Monuments Commission, is not great, but its role in the policymaking process is important. It develops and clarifies goals in arms control, and helps some key figure—normally, the Secretary of State—maneuver them over the bureaucratic hurdles. Helping the Secretary of State means becoming his ally in these matters and occasionally taking positions on the issues which are more advanced than those of the State Department. Bureaucratically, this tactic offers the Secretary of State the respectable and often controlling middle position between contesting points of view. The head of the arms-control agency can do at least as much harm as good. By aligning himself with forces hostile to agreement, for example, he can isolate

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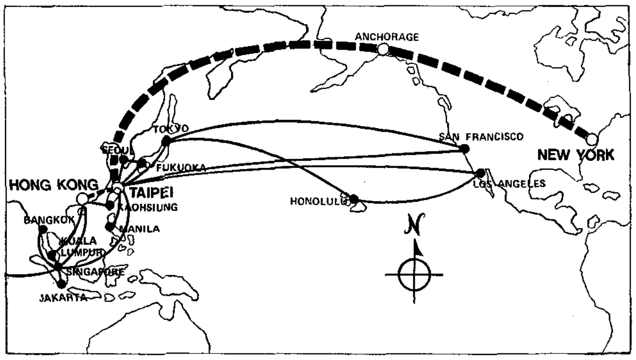
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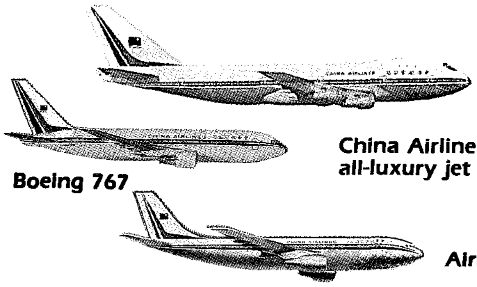
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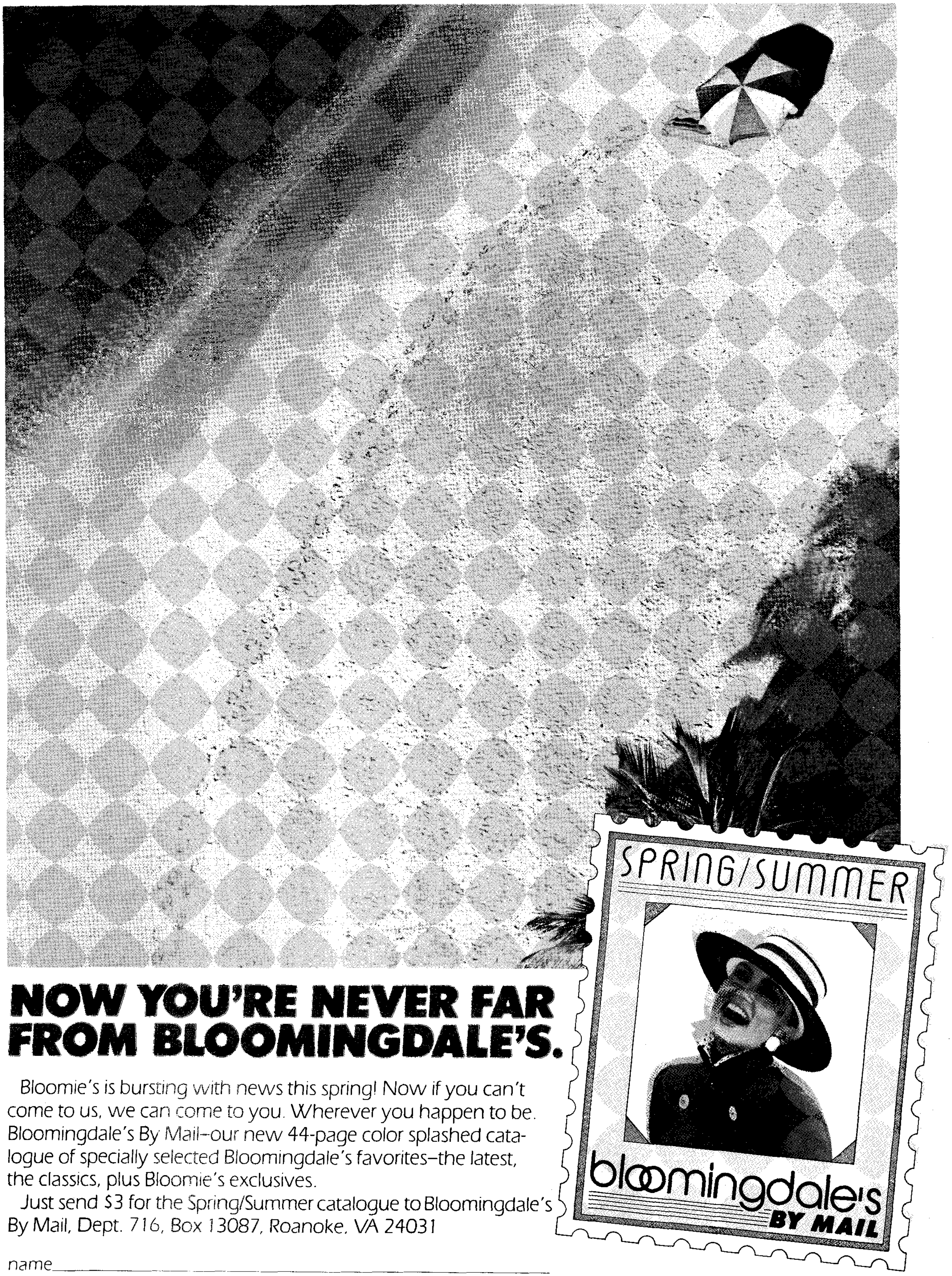
the Secretary of State, and progress then becomes dependent on the determination of the President to back his Secretary against an imposing array of forces within the Administration. Former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger discovered this when he tried and failed to bring off a SALT II treaty in the 1975-76 period. He was building on a major breakthrough made during a meeting of Gerald Ford and Leonid Brezhnev at the Soviet port city of Vladivostok in the autumn of 1974. By late 1975, the negotiation was approaching full agreement, but a handful of people managed to derail it. In that bureaucratic struggle, Kissinger had no allies, apart from a few individuals whose loyalty he could count on. The leadership of the arms-control agency was instrumental in the campaign to block the negotiation. Whoever does succeed Rostow may find himself having to choose between helping Shultz—assuming that Shultz tries for a miracle—and supporting efforts to discourage agreement. The people who blocked and embarrassed Kissinger seven years ago are more strategically positioned now than they were then.

THE Administration is under pressure—from within and from Europe—to consider alternatives to the zero option. Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, the most reliable of Reagan's supporters among Europe's leaders, told the House of Commons on January 18th that zero was best "but in the absence of that, we must achieve balanced numbers." Some weeks before, President François Mitterrand put it about that an acceptable compromise from his point of view would lie somewhere between the zero option and an earlier Soviet proposal that would have meant no American deployment and a reduction in Soviet deployment. The German Foreign Minister, Hans-Dietrich Genscher, is asking for flexibility. In late January, in a radio interview, Franz Josef Strauss, the chairman of the Christian Social Union, the right wing of Germany's governing coalition, dismissed the zero option as "unattainable and absurd." Chancellor Helmut Kohl is now the only major figure of any German political party who continues to back the Reagan Administration's position. Helmut Schmidt, in a recent interview with the *Frankfurter Rundschau*, said, "Someone who takes the position that whatever the United States does is all right cannot have any influence over American decisions." He was alluding to Kohl. The Administration has a strong preference for Kohl over his rival, Hans-Jochen Vogel, the Social Democrats' candidate for Chancellor, who has promised a "prompt personal initiative . . . designed to make cruise and Pershing II missiles unnecessary."

Unlike Schmidt, who has called for concessions on both sides in the I.N.F. talks, Kohl was never involved in these matters, and he has a heavy political interest in not allowing himself to be maneuvered away from the American position. But neither can he afford to be isolated on the issue of missile deployment. The Reagan Administration, according to newspaper reports, has decided that any sign of flexibility—of movement away from zero—prior to the March 6th elections would harm, not help, Kohl's chances. European diplomats and some State Department people disagree strongly. And a prominent American official was told by Egon Bahr, a leader of the Social Democrats and an advocate of arms control, that he hoped the Administration would cling to the zero option, because doing so would help his party in the elections. For conservative and centrist German politicians, the safest position is probably advocating some deployment of the new missiles provided there is a balanced agreement that limits them.

The Reagan Administration isn't ruling out flexibility but as yet hasn't altered its position. Nitze was put on a short tether when he returned to Geneva at the end of January for the next round of I.N.F. talks. His instructions do not permit him to ask the "What if my government . . . ?" sort of question. He can probe the other side's position but cannot indicate any possible give in the American position. Late last month, Vice-President George Bush was dispatched to Europe to listen to what other NATO governments think about all this. What they think is clear: they want to see flexibility, as Bush has reported. And they may. But if that point is reached, harder questions will arise. One is whether there will be time enough to come to an agreement before the end of this year, when the missile deployment is supposed to begin. Another is whether the new Soviet leadership will want an agreement, or whether it assumes that European governments will decide against accepting any of the missiles and thereby remove any need for compromise by the Soviet Union. The Soviet leadership wouldn't have to be



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heavy-handed in order to prevent an agreement: Andropov might simply be unwilling to offer the Americans as good a deal as Nitze worked out with Kvitsinsky last summer. Yet how much less, one wonders, could the Reagan Administration accept? That question worries some people within the government. Andropov, they think, may have concluded that he doesn't have to compromise—that he need not agree to the emplacement of any of the new American missiles.

The situation has a Catch-22 flavor—the Europeans resisting deployment unless it is accompanied by an arms-control agreement, and the Soviets ruling out an agreement if it is accompanied by deployment. There is concern that Reagan's people will elect to have an agreement—but too late. Postponing deployment would be the same as cancelling it, because NATO would probably refuse to go over this ground again. Since time is short, a summit conference aimed at producing an understanding on the major issues becomes an interesting option. But it wouldn't be a desirable, or perhaps even a feasible, option if Andropov's hand continued to improve and he seemed to be in a position to insist on the terms. It is far too soon to say that Andropov will manage to have all this his own way. An American proposal for a balanced agreement of the kind worked out by Nitze, if made promptly enough, would at least put him on the defensive. Also, Andropov may be playing a good hand more aggressively than shrewdly, by putting more pressure on the Germans than they will tolerate. If, however, he does end up having his way, informed opinion in Europe and in Washington will argue that the Administration's tactics and its incorrigible view of the world allowed this to happen. The Administration sees the problem, but seems to be treating it as one of public relations, not policy. In January, the White House launched a "public diplomacy" campaign to promote its foreign policy, including its position on the I.N.F. negotiations, abroad. Reagan told reporters that the project is "not propaganda, it's public relations." A "special planning" group, headed by Peter Dailey, a media consultant who is currently the Ambassador to Ireland, is devoting itself to persuading Europeans to support the zero option.

SINCE NATO made its decision, the political emphasis in arms control has shifted from strategic to intermediate-range weapons. But Europeans and Russians share a view that anything capable of striking the motherland is a strategic weapon. Americans call nuclear weapons deployed in Europe "theatre" systems. Europeans don't think of Europe as a theatre, and they are uncomfortable with distinctions between nuclear weapons targeted against them and ones targeted against North America. Europeans and Russians insist that the I.N.F. talks are as important as the negotiations aimed at limiting strategic arms; these, of course, were known as SALT and are now called START, which stands for "strategic-arms-reduction talks." The feeling in European capitals is that limits on the weapons of lesser range must be set either before any new agreement on strategic weapons is reached or at the same time. However, many European experts worry that having separate negotiations inhibits progress, and could even lead to trouble. For example, long-range Soviet missiles targeted against North America could as easily be aimed at Western Europe, thereby neutralizing an agreement to limit the deployment of weapons of lesser range. Designing an agreement that avoids this trap could be done in various ways, some more complicated than others. One approach favored by several European and some American experts would lump together the two categories of weapons that are now being dealt with separately. The goal would be an agreement placing both categories under one numerical ceiling. The United States and the Soviet Union would have the right to equal numbers of weapons, which might or might not be drawn from both categories, depending on the preferences of the decision-makers. This approach has the virtue of simplicity. Its probable effect would be to discourage both the United States and the Soviet Union from devoting much of their entitlements to the intermediate-range weapons; those of the Soviet Union are less capable than their long-range siblings, and the same can be said of the new American intermediate-range missiles, which would have the added disadvantage of being more vulnerable to attack than weapons based at sea or at home. The single-ceiling approach would put the emphasis back where it belongs—on long-range weapons, as distinct from weapons confronting each other at frighteningly short distances; thus, it would probably remove some of the heat from NATO's political

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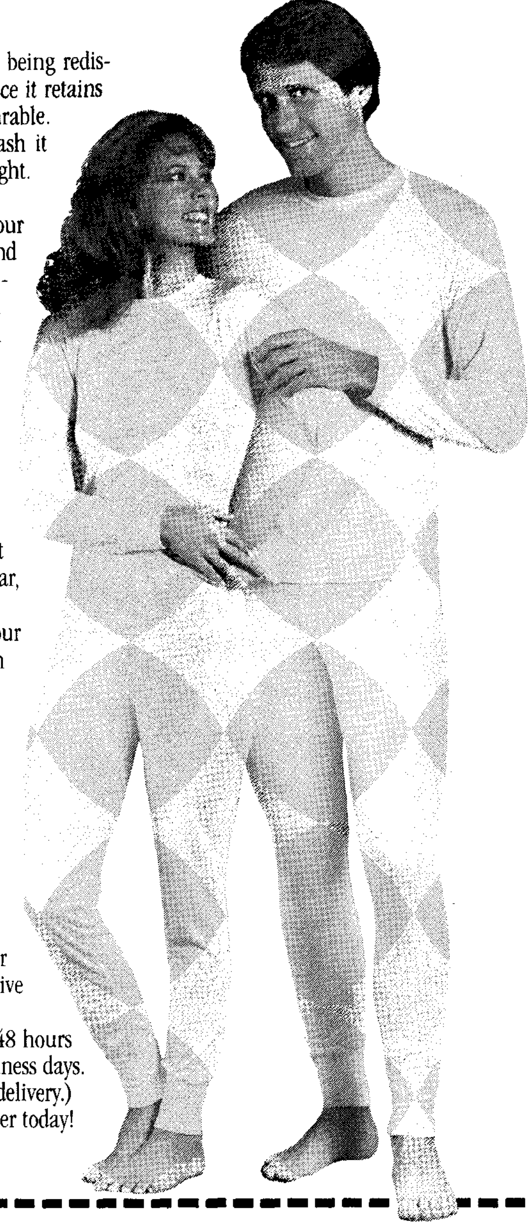

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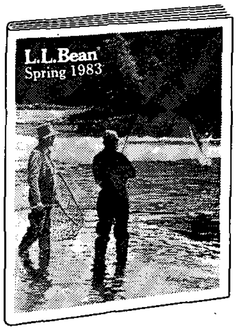
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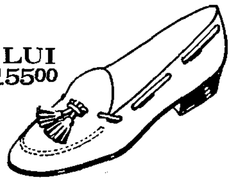
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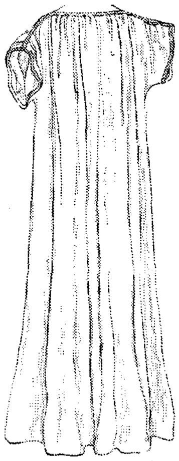
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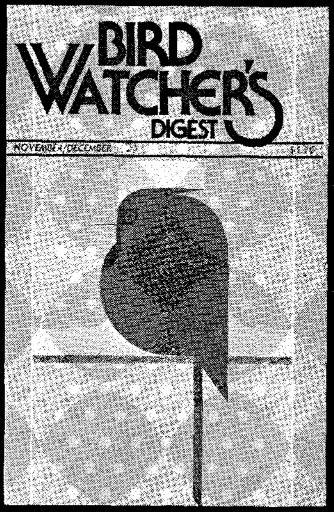
environment and make life less difficult for European governments. A situation built on contrivance would yield to reality, one aspect of which is that it doesn't matter militarily whether Europe's security is assured by long-range or intermediate-range weapons—or, indeed, whether Europe is menaced by long-range or intermediate-range weapons. In short, simply moving the I.N.F. talks off dead center probably won't be enough. At some point, they will need to be placed in some sensible framework of negotiation.

There are two problems that will be very difficult to manage under any approach to negotiations. One concerns the persistent Soviet demand that the British and French forces somehow figure in them. The other concerns modern cruise missiles fired from ships and submarines; in a year or so, both the United States and the Soviet Union are expected to begin such deployments. The Anglo-French problem is difficult in part because both countries have insisted that their weapons not be made part of the negotiations in any way. An advantage of the single-ceiling approach is that the British and French forces can be seen—and perhaps dealt with—as a small part of the whole instead of as a large part of the nuclear forces deployed in Europe.

Of all the nuclear-weapons systems developed over the years, none harbor such truly destabilizing potential as the second-generation cruise missiles. There is no need for such weapons. They were impulsively tossed into the SALT II negotiations by the Ford Administration, which saw them as a bargaining chip. Predictably, they acquired a large constituency in the government—especially among civilian planners in the Defense Department. Kissinger was then in charge of SALT. "Henry sold cruise missiles to the Pentagon, and then he couldn't buy them back," recalls one former official of the Ford era. (Among the uniformed military, however, there have always been some doubts about whether cruise missiles would work as well as advertised.) Although major programs have been sustained by successive Administrations, at no time has the government conducted a net assessment of modern cruise missiles: a study of which side—NATO or the Warsaw Pact bloc—would benefit most if both deployed them. Yet through the years Soviet leaders warned that they would move in this direction if we did. We didn't listen—didn't care, really—and



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they did follow us, and more rapidly than we expected. Now the problem is nearly upon us. The new cruise missiles will give the arms competition another dimension and arms control possibly insoluble problems. Unlike bombers and ballistic-missile launchers, which can be reliably counted and kept track of by various means, cruise missiles are easy to hide and very difficult to monitor, particularly when they are deployed at sea—whether in ships or in submarines. They are interchangeable: they can be fired from torpedo tubes and from a variety of platforms. Conventionally armed cruise missiles cannot be distinguished from ones that are nuclear-armed. The Administration plans to deploy four thousand new cruise missiles at sea, most of them conventionally armed, some nuclear-armed. The Soviets may deploy just as many. We won't be able to monitor the Soviet deployment—not in the absence of cooperative arrangements of a particularly intrusive kind, which would have to be negotiated, and haven't even been invented. Inevitably, we will assume the worst—that the Soviet Union is deploying many thousands of these weapons, all nuclear-armed. The Soviets may make a similar assumption. Uncertainty breeds instability. The main advantage of any arms-control agreement is the certainty that comes with verifiable limits on weapons. A class of unverifiable weapons—thousands of them—should be a sobering prospect. A minor miracle in Geneva may not be worth a great deal if plans for deploying the new sea-based cruise missiles are not sidetracked. Arms control is a hardy plant, and it may be possible to negotiate seriously after these deployments are under way. But it isn't apparent now how this could be done. —JOHN NEWHOUSE

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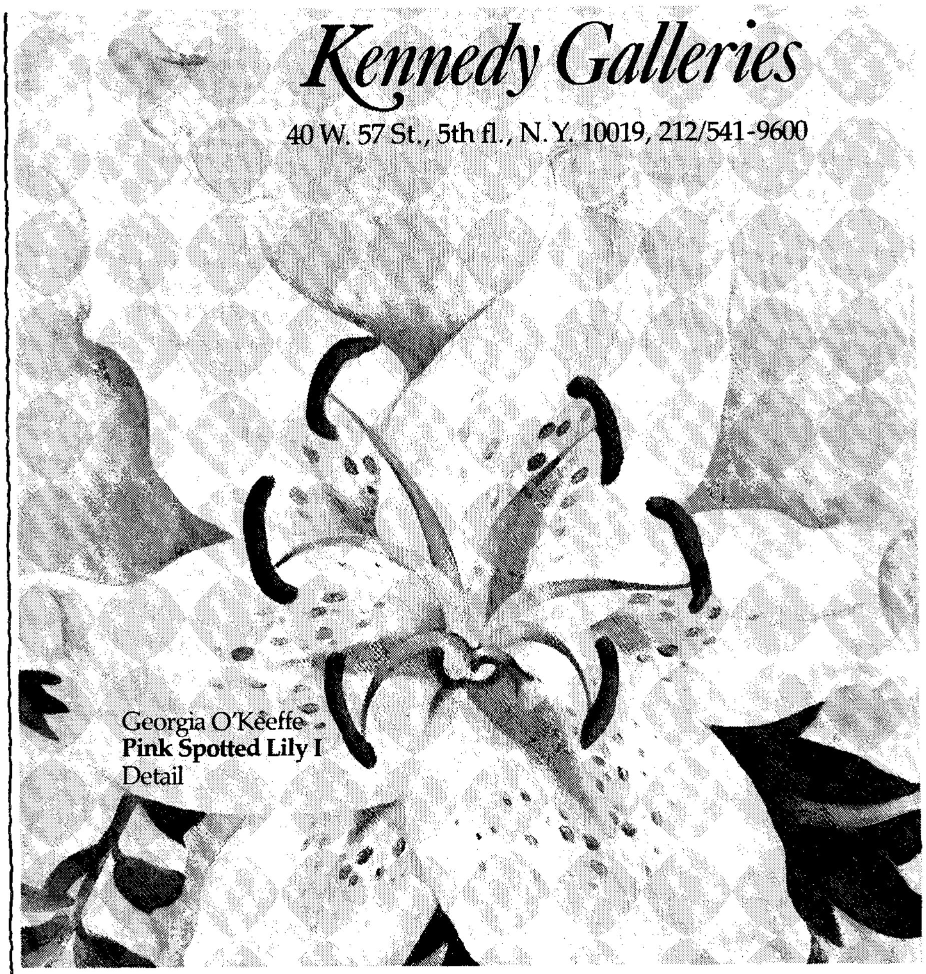
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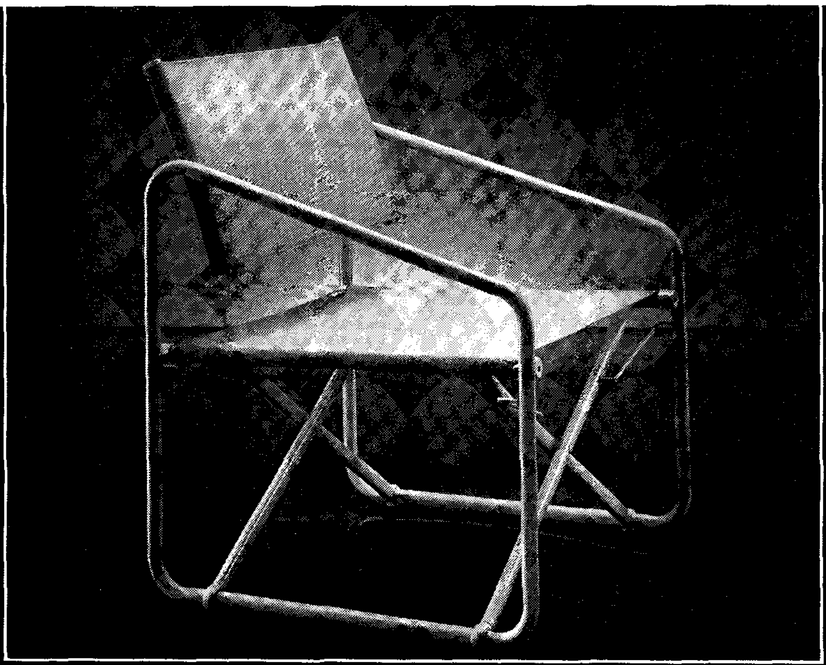
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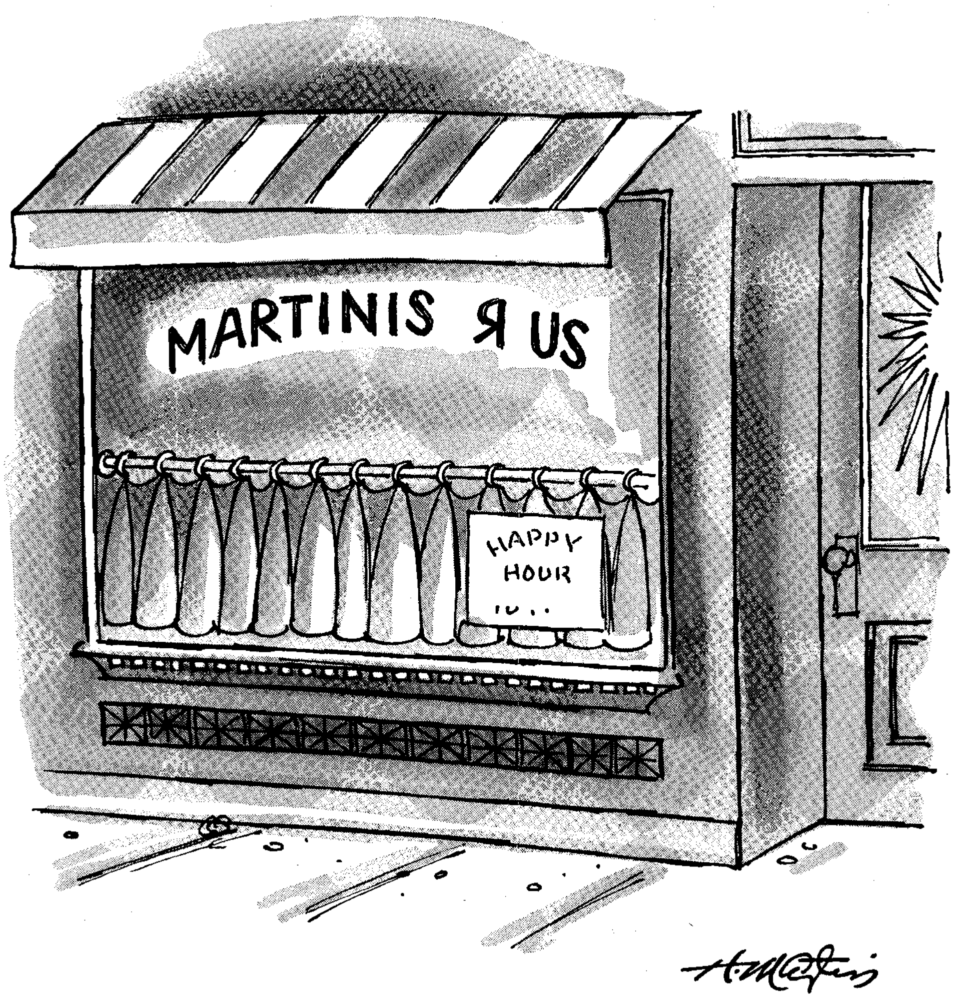
THE THEATRE

Ambitious Illusionist

"MERLIN," at the Mark Hellinger, is a tedious musical comedy interrupted from time to time by marvellous feats of magic. These feats are performed by Doug Henning, who back in the seventies brought to Broadway a show that was *all* magic and that ran for years. I fear that, like the clown who, tiring of sawdust and somersaults, pines to play Hamlet, Mr. Henning has hoped to broaden his professional range by singing, dancing, and wearing a winsome smile beneath a mustache as profuse and scraggly as Spanish moss. Alas, what he seeks to accomplish has the effect of narrowing his range instead of broadening it, for the inanity of the music (by Elmer Bernstein), the lyrics (by Don Black), and the interstitial dialogue (the book is by Richard Levinson and William Link) makes us regard his magic with the relief that accompanies a sudden cessation of pain rather than with the pleasure that it has always hitherto provided. A white pony disappearing into thin air on one side of the stage and then reappearing on the opposite side of the stage, where the air seems to be thicker, ought to be an occasion for bewildered joy, and not for a gloomy foreboding that somebody in the cast is just about to burst into song.

The gulf between magic and musical comedy is probably an unbridgeable one, magic being a means of defying the natural order—indeed, at its darkest and best a means of seeming to outwit death—and musical comedy being a means of accommodating to the natural order, usually on terms more favorable than those we encounter in real life. To mingle forms essentially so unlike is to trivialize them, and I hope that Mr. Henning in future will be content to practice what he is so accomplished at—the bafflement of audiences determined at all costs not to be baffled. Meanwhile, we have "Merlin," and I am not such a churl (in Merlin's day churls were as common as witches and wizards) as to deny that the show has a number of virtues, among them some pleasingly dragonish sets, by Robin Wagner, who evidently got some of his early design training at Druid U.; some pretty costumes, by Theoni V. Aldredge; and a fierce bedazzlement of lighting, by Tharon Musser. The agreeable choreography is by Christopher Chadman and Billy Wilson, and the over-all direction is by Ivan Reitman.

—BRENDAN GILL



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So how does one stamp a home unique and personal and offset the trends? One answer is to display your hobby or collection whatever it might be—stamps, sea shells, cigar bands or kitchen utensils.

For while many people may collect the same items, they will not be displayed in the same way or put together exactly alike.

For example, I've seen a lamp shade covered with stamps, a coffee table top with stamps under glass and a sheet of stamps framed and hung on a wall. In addition, stamps can be found in the traditional albums.

Sea shells can ring a mirror, cover a jewelry box, be put on an end table. A giant shell has even been used as a door stop.

I've seen a mobile of kitchen utensils painted black, a home filled with drums of every shape and size including a beer can with a drum label, a wall of concert posters and a wall covered with family photographs framed and unframed.

Anything that takes your fancy, has sentimental meaning or is readily available is the start of a collection.

Arranging

Now where do you put it? Size is a factor. Small objects as thimbles, miniatures, cameos, paperweights, keys, snuffboxes, can be put in a printer's box or shadow box and hung on the wall. They can also be put under glass for a coffee table top.

Larger statues, porcelins, wood decoys, can be put in an etagere, vetrine or what-not to be most effectively seen.

Pieces of glass can be put in a window to catch and reflect the light. Match covers can circle a mirror, be framed or put in a large glass bowl.

Really large pieces such as model ships, planes or eagles on a mantel or desk top is fine.

Put totem poles or stuffed fish where you can find room.

Programs can be framed individually or make a circle of them on the wall. Another idea is to put them in a binder on a music stand and open it to the anniversary date of the performance.

Some musical instruments can be made into lamps, and old canning jars used for terrariums. Turn old tureens into planters. Have a collection of brass knockers on your door, on the inside.

As for that box of buttons, sew them on a strip of ribbon, hang them from a curtain rod for an interesting window treatment. That goes for medals or costume jewelry as well.

In the end almost anything can be arranged and displayed in an attractive way to give your home a unique and personal touch.—*Amherst (Mass.) Record.*

On the seventh day, rest.

Child, you are like a flower,
so sweet and pure and fair.—*Heinrich Heine*

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ONE HUNDRED

FEBRUARY 7TH. It has been my experience that the funerals of jazz musicians—at least, those held at St. Peter's Lutheran Church here—are not funereal. Without fail, they turn into joyous jam sessions, celebrations—made easier, perhaps, by the fact that when musicians depart they leave their music behind. And at these gatherings—such as the one for Thelonious Monk a year ago—also without fail, the pianist Barry Harris delivers the same lament: "This keeps happening and it's gotta stop. Once in a while, we should gather *ahead* of time to honor some of these old cats—*before* they die. When they die, we all gather to honor them, but then it's too late for them to dig it. We should be doing this *while they're alive!*" In January, a small invitation in the *Times* announced that "in honor of Eubie Blake's 100th birthday, St. Peter's Church, at Lexington Avenue and 54th Street, will hold a 24-hour celebration beginning at midnight Feb. 6." Mindful of the Harris lament, I accepted.

EUBIE BLAKE comes from Baltimore, where he was born to the freed slaves John Sumner Blake (who would have turned a hundred and fifty on his son's one-hundredth) and Emily Johnston Blake. They had eleven children, and he was the only one to live past infancy. At the age of fifteen, Eubie Blake began playing ragtime piano in a Baltimore bordello. At sixteen, he composed "The Charleston Rag." He eventually began working in Atlantic City hotels, and moved on to vaudeville. In 1915, he went into a songwriting partnership with the lyricist-singer Noble Sissle, and six years later they created "Shuffle Along," an all-black musical that ran for five hundred and four performances on Broadway and significantly influenced the course of the American musical theatre. Eubie Blake has written three thousand tunes in his century.

The minister behind the birthday party is the Reverend John García Gensel, a kindly, sixty-six-year-old Puerto Rican Lutheran with a sober manner that is decidedly unjazzy. He does not say "dig," "baby," or "mojo." His special ministry is to the jazz community. For the past eighteen Octobers, he has conducted 5-P.M.-to-5-A.M. jazz marathons under the title All Nite Soul. What he has organized for the entirety of February 7th is a live jazz festschrift for Eubie Blake.

The Reverend Mr. Gensel is to shepherd this fête himself, from midnight to midnight, introducing each of two hundred or so guest artists, with no time-outs and no nod-offs. The event has the loose over-all shape of a linear jam session, with a few participants, both musicians and congregants, on hand the whole time, and the majority floating in and out. It is only slightly ironic that all this jazz, for and by Eubie Blake, occurs in church. When Blake was a kid, his strict Baptist mother would catch him ragging up church hymns on the organ at home and shout, "Take that ragtime out of my house!" She allowed "only godly music." But to the Reverend Mr. Gensel it *is* "the Lord's music," and around midnight, in mid-snowstorm, with several hundred people present, the birthday party begins with a prayer: "Thank you, Jesus, for Eubie. Amen."

The Reverend Mr. Gensel says, "Since we're in a church, we might as well begin with a harp." He introduces Daphne Hellman "on the heavenly harp," with her trio, Hellman's Angels. Miss Hellman, whose golden shoes pedal a golden harp, smiles, sometimes whistles, and vigilantly watches her angels—Ed Berg on guitar and Lyn Christie on bass. The harp gives a light, plucky, semi-celestial sound to "Swingin' Shepherd Blues," "Black and White Rag," "Just a Closer Walk with Thee," and "Watermelon Man."

A happy drunk with a Band-Aid on his head stumbles in and seats himself in the fourth pew, center. He smiles a lot, keeps exclaiming "Beautiful! Beautiful!," has a clapping fit to no particular rhythm, soon passes out peaceably. By 1 A.M., several bag ladies have come to the party, too. There is a large woman with plastic bags that crackle when she moves, which is often, and a haunted, anorexic one, who glares at the musicians, the Eddie Bonnemère Quartet. The quartet's rendering of "Misty" elicits cries of "Yardbird!" and "Hi, Brother Gensel!" from the drunk. Bonnemère gets the sleepy congregation, except the glaring woman and the characters sitting determinedly behind their dark glasses, to sing his "Suffer the Little Children." He says, "You know, you sound dead! Bunch of stiffs! If you expect to go to Heaven, you better sing! Raise your hands if you've ever heard of Dave Brubeck." A few hands rise. "You gotta come to church more if you never heard of Dave Brubeck!"

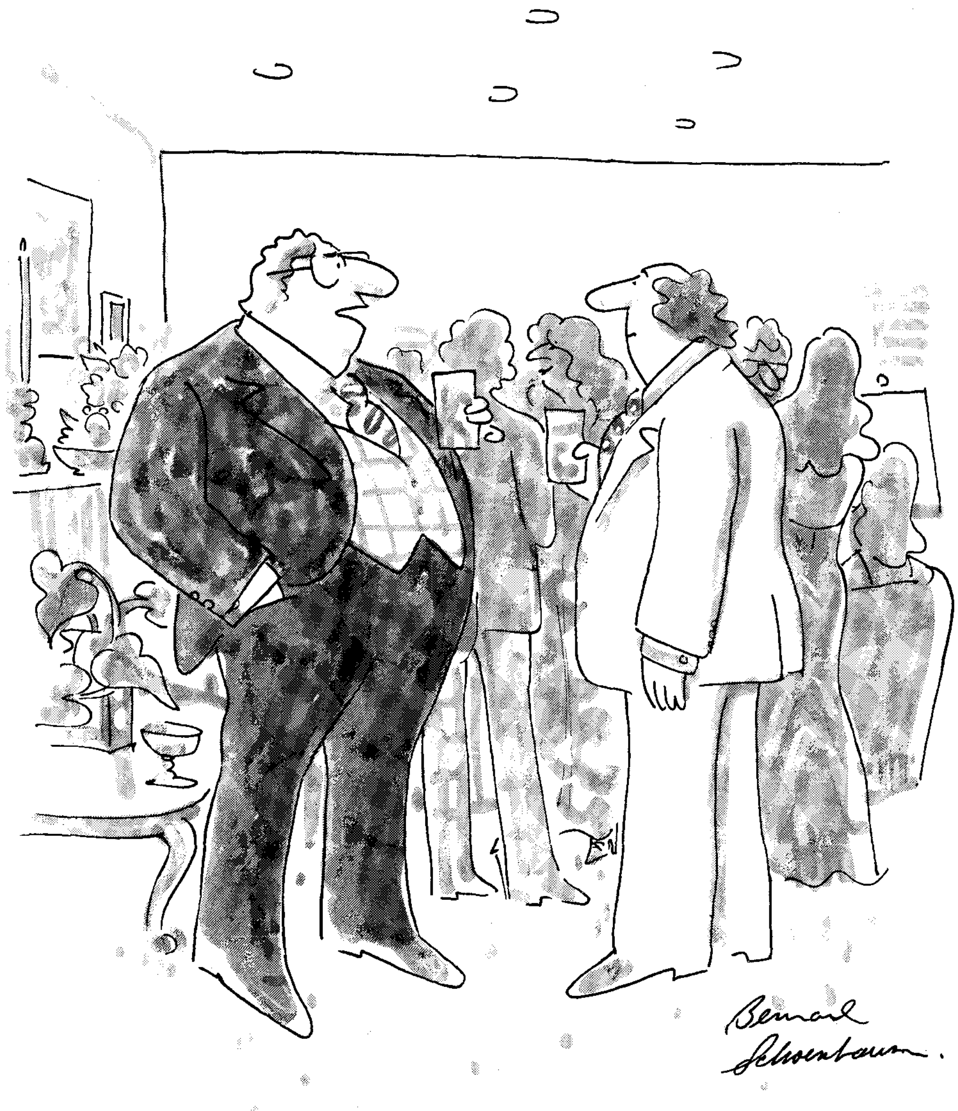
A staff member wanders through the sanctuary carrying, offering, a large bottle of aspirin. At a quarter past two, a young pianist, Bill McDaniel, brings Blake's wobble-wobble walking bass to a set of four tunes by Blake. The first two, "Chevy Chase" and "Troublesome Ivories," both composed in 1911, are from Blake's piano-shark days. (Blake has said "Troublesome Ivories" was written so he'd "have a number to cut everybody with" and that it was hard even for him to play.) Another shark song follows—"Tricky Fingers," from 1908—and "Dictys on Seventh Avenue," which was Blake's "graduation piece" for a bachelor's degree he earned from New York University in 1950. McDaniel explains that a "dicty" is a dandy, a swell. A pair of male transvestites have wandered in to sit in a rear pew while the pianist Paul Knopf struts his shoulders through "Blues on a Wet Thursday." It continues snowing outside—the congregation is thinning inside.

"Believe it or not, the Voice of America is sharing the microphone setup with WBAI," the Reverend Mr. Gensel has announced. "Jazz is making the kinds of sounds that are pleasant unto the Lord," he says. Whereupon an elegant rag duo—Jan Rosemond on flute, Douglas Sides on piano—proves it by riffling through some spirited Joplin: "Elite Syncopations," "The Gladiolus Rag," and "Ragtime Dance."

The piano that's taking the ragging is a black baby grand that has been with the church since 1967. "It was given to us a couple of months before Billy Strayhorn died," the Reverend Mr. Gensel says. "That was Billy Strayhorn's private piano." (He adds, "Nobody, but nobody, can write anything better than 'Lush Life.' ") Around three, the pianist Walter

Bishop, Jr., runs through "Body and Soul," the Reverend Mr. Gensel announces chocolate-chip cookies fresh from the oven, if anyone's hungry, and introduces the Ensemble Sepia. The trio—oboe, cello, and bassoon—opens a classical set with Handel. The congregation applauds appreciatively at every pause, after every movement.

Around four, Bross Townsend on keyboard—goofily euphoric face, flyaway hair, flyaway fingers—accompanies Josephine Livoti in five love songs, by Gershwin and by Rodgers and Hart. Bob Cunningham begins to slap loosely at his bass, and every so often there is a ghostly humming, from on high. It's the wind. (The building was designed to move with the wind. From time to time, the wind will sit in.) By this hour, the congregation is down to about sixty—jazz people, bag ladies, the homeless—all companionably occupying the same church. There is a tall thin man with a long English face who wears a knitted watch cap, a jacket, and a muffler, and has fallen asleep reading two books at the same time. Every so often, I look across the sanctuary—a sort of indoor amphitheatre in warm-blond wood with pews in the pit and tiers of bleachers rising on three sides—and see the Reverend Mr. Gensel to the side of the altar platform, quietly enjoying the music.



"It's the same in my business—feast or famine."

• •

SO what's doing in the first church of jazz at 4:40 A.M.? Tom Briggs is singing love songs, and Kirk Nurock is with him on piano. Toney Watkins, live-wire baritone alumnus of Ellington, moves to the altar, kisses the Reverend Mr. Gensel's hand gallantly, as would the Duke, and brings with him songs from Ellington's "Sacred Concerts." A row occupied by members of the Duke Ellington Society claps, snaps, rocks. Watkins is soon joined by a radiant, buxom young woman in an ankle-length dashiki—Evelyn Blakey, daughter of Art Blakey. Watkins delivers a powerful "In the Beginning, God," then Jimmy Mitchell, a compact pianist and singer of godly volume, dedicates "Peace in the Valley" to "my old buddy Eubie Blake." Mitchell revs up on a gospel number, "Oh Yes!" Ellingtonians begin doing pop-ups. They signify, wave arms over heads, shout "Oh, yes! That's right!" Mitchell is a shouter, too. Ellingtonians talk back, clap back. Mitchell, who sings with Lionel Hampton, moves on to "How Come You Do Me Like You Do?," says "O.K., I'm going to work now." The Band-Aid drunk, who has been dozing, gets shouted awake, comes to beaming, clapping, stands, sways, yells "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Lord have mercy!," gives the nod to Mitchell: "You gotta lotta soul, you know that!"

Around six, the pianist Kirk Nurock, in green jump-fatigues, is back solo with Earl (Fatha) Hines' "Rosetta" and his own bossa nova "Bittersweet." Nurock remarks that he has recently completed a five-movement "Sonata for Piano and Dog," composed for and performed by three dogs. He says, "Animal sounds are part of a new kind of consciousness, and there's music in that."

The gospel hours are from six to nine, when shift-offs of Jimmy Mitchell, Gretchen Ferguson, Evelyn Blakey, and Toney Watkins do "I Go to the Rock," "Amazing Grace," "He's So Wonderful," "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands," "The Lord's Prayer." Shelton Gary does a drum solo, and then little Esther Blue beats up the piano, with Red Mitchell on bass, Lou Grassi on drums, Tex Allen on trumpet, and the Reverend Mr. Michael Cobbler, of Camden, on trombone.

At daybreak, passersby peer down from the street-level windows overhead into the sanctuary den, snowballs in hand, some dancing. The Reverend Mr. Gensel takes the mike, tells the world through the Voice of America, "We're here celebrating Eubie Blake's one-hundredth birthday. Tell our friends overseas—if they don't want to come to church, they should listen to jazz."

Jimmy Mitchell, on keyboard, does

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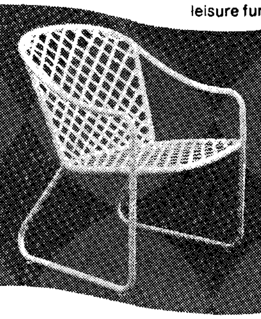

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a "Happy Birthday Eubie Blake" talking gospel number, then a sweet "Georgia," which brings the Band-Aid drunk up to the front pew clapping and shouting "Sing it! Sing it!" After Watkins and Blakey gallivant through a rumbustious "I Got a Glory," he walks up to shake their hands and congratulate each of them.

By 7 A.M., there's still a very hard core of Eubie Blake well-wishers and derelicts. A bright-eyed veteran of All Nite Soul, Elayne Falgares, seated down-pew, says, "What you're going through now doesn't feel like New York City. It's like a small-town revival with a handful of diehards left." How does the Reverend Mr. Gensel get jazz musicians to show up at 7 A.M., or even 8 A.M.? Keeps them all night. Esther Blue and Lou Grassi and Tex Allen, who have been playing off and on for hours, do "something to wake up." Evelyn Blakey follows with "Wild Women Don't Have the Blues," and sings a lyric that begins "Let us rejoice on this glorious morning" to the tune of Monk's " 'Round Midnight." Hardhats have begun travelling up and down the sheet-glass exterior of a skyscraper rising across Fifty-fourth Street, in an orange construction elevator.

Around nine o'clock, during "Heaven," from Ellington's "Second Sacred Concert," the anorexic woman causes a commotion. She has brought breakfast into the sanctuary and intends to eat it. A couple of staff men politely invite her to step into the adjacent "living room" to eat. She throws out her arms, shouts "Arrest me! Arrest me!" She leaves, angrily.

The Reverend Mr. Gensel keeps announcing who's out sick. First, it was Eubie Blake, with pneumonia, but feeling better. Then it was Alberta Hunter, eighty-seven years old—whom Blake accompanied in the early nineteen-hundreds—still in the hospital. Now it's Marian McPartland, who has broken a kneecap. Some of the bag ladies are reading the *News*, the guy in the watch cap is still reading two books whenever he's awake, and the drunk with the Band-Aid, still in the front pew, gets up and goes over to congratulate the pastor on a great event: "Reverend Gensel. Good! Beautiful!" Helen Ennico, from the Duke Ellington Society, counts a hundred and seven signatures collected since midnight on a petition to have the United States issue a Duke Ellington stamp. It has already been suggested that Eubie Blake's picture go on a hundred-dollar bill.

Midmorning, the Reverend Mr. Gensel introduces John Hammond (72), the record producer. Hammond recalls that he first met Eubie Blake in the nineteen-twenties through James P. Johnson, and that in 1969, "with 'The Eighty-six Years of Eubie Blake,' I recorded what was gonna be the last and definitive album of Eubie Blake." He laughs. "It rekindled his performing career, and it's been wonderful to see him go on and on and on." Elliot Hoffman, a dapper man in a three-piece suit, who is Blake's lawyer, has dropped by, and he adds, "Eubie Blake has probably recorded more albums in the last ten years than most jazz musicians have in a lifetime. And four months ago, when he was in the hospital, he said, 'Do me a favor. Can ya find me a lyricist? I've got a show I wanta do. I've got a lot of tunes.' "

A giant with a tenor saxophone slung on his neck, Big Nick Nicholas—the "Big Nick" of the John Coltrane composition—walks onto the altar, joined by Howard McGhee on trumpet and Walter Perkins on drums. He gets into "I Won't Dance." He has the stature and presence of an Easter Island man, lets the sax swing, switches to deep voice, says, "Come on in, Louis," and does an affectionate impression of Armstrong. Meanwhile, Walter Perkins' conspiratorial sneak attacks on his drums amuse the congregation, which has begun to grow.

By late morning, TV is covering the world again, and network people have been dispatched to overwhelm Eubie Blake's birthday party. The TV crews hover, surround, obscure the musicians, trip over wires, knock mikes down, bump into people. As soon as one sound-eye pair vacates a spot, the next moves into it. While Howard McGhee solos, the in-church paparazzi swarm. (At 4 A.M., the strolling trumpeter John Parker, tired of the constant flash-bugging encirclement of a photographer, aimed a high mock-threatening blast directly at the man and forced a retreat.)

At a quarter to two, Sadik Hakim, the bop pianist, takes a quartet through Blake's "Memories of You," all the while strenuously keeping time with his head, and Charlie Parker's "Now's the Time." Then The Voice—Johnny Hartman—walks on, says, "To Eubie Blake the legend, we dedicate this song." Sings "I'll Be Tired of You" and "Lush Life," accompanied by

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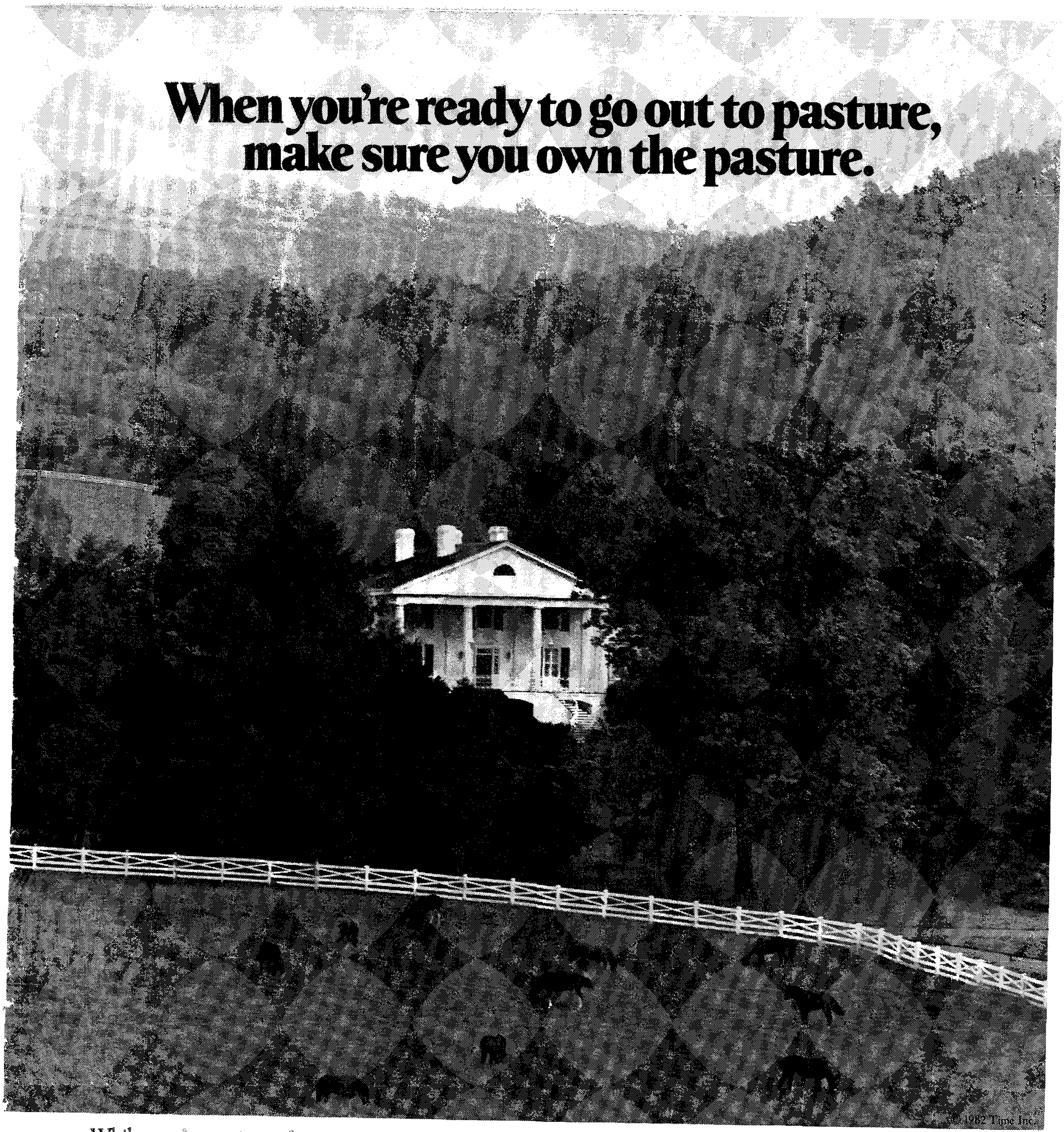

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Tony Monte on Billy Strayhorn's piano.

A tall, spaghetti-fingered young man who's been in tux all afternoon is introduced as "a special friend of Eubie from Norway"—Morten Gunnar Larsen. Blake calls him "the kid from Oslo." He fluidly negotiates Blake's "Charleston Rag" and "Randi's Rag," then Luckey Roberts' "Pork and Beans." He speaks the titles with a curling Scandinavian accent. Assuming Blake is listening on the radio, the Reverend Mr. Gensel says, "Eubie, this is Pastor Gensel speaking—and you had better behave yourself." The steadily inflowing congregation has packed the church, begun collecting in standing pools, as McHenry Boatwright says, "Thank God that Eubie Blake lived for this wonderful occasion," and sings an operatic, deep-down, cavernous "Lord's Prayer."

Elliot Hoffman, the lawyer, stops in again, reports "Eubie's doing fine." He talks about Eubie Blake the time machine—horse-and-buggy to space age. "It's quite marvellous to think that this man who's still with us today was alive when the world was still waiting for all these things: the Eiffel Tower, the Panama Canal, the Statue of Liberty, the zipper, the first automobile. Eubie Blake is the witness to the most incredible passage of man through technology. And he was still a professional performer at the age of ninety-nine! Imagine somebody who is still accepting gigs at age ninety-nine! I still get calls—'When is Eubie Blake going out again?' Who knows?"

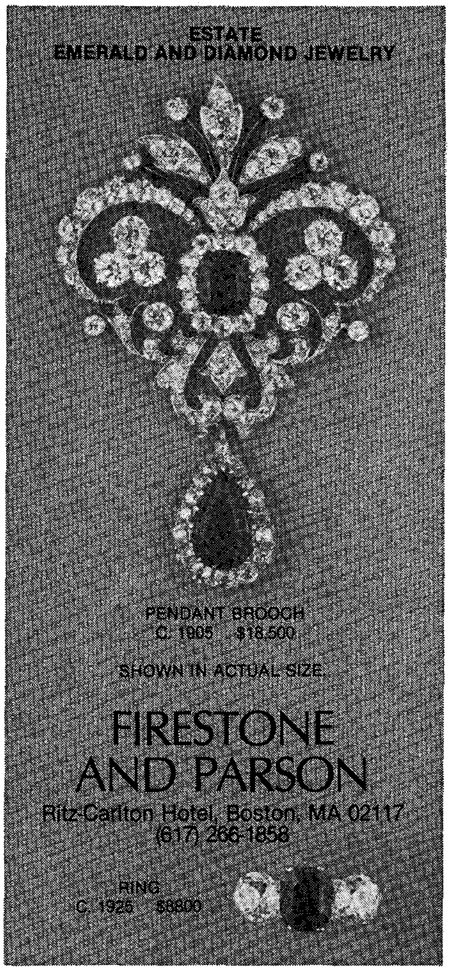
Hoffman is followed by fifty children of the AMAS Eubie Blake Children's Theatre, from Harlem—an organization founded by the seventy-one-year-old actress and singer Rosetta LeNoire, who serves as its artistic director. Miss LeNoire says, "Eubie feels that he is going to live on forever through these children, and these children's children." They sing "We Are Americans Too," a Blake song from "Tan Manhattan," of 1940. (A few hours earlier, the children had done the song at a two-hour birthday party at the Shubert Theatre, and a friend who spent the day with Eubie Blake at his home in Brooklyn, where Blake listened to the proceedings on a special telephone hookup, saw him smile, raise one finger, and conduct the piece.) Miss LeNoire knew Eubie Blake when she was a child. "Because I was chocolate-colored, I had no confidence," she explains. "He gave me singing lessons. And each week he also gave me a cup of hot chocolate, sometimes with a marshmallow in it. He'd say, 'Rosetta, don't look at the top of your shoes all the time! Hold your head up! Being black is not a disgrace!' He encouraged me. He gave me dignity and self-esteem." The children sing "Memories of You," and Miss LeNoire says, "Eubie is universal and forever. We love you, Eubie, and we always will."

IT'S almost four when Emme Kemp, Mary Louise, Panama Francis, and Bob Cunningham do Blake's "If You've Never Been Vamped by a Brownskin, You've Never Been Vamped at All." Adam Makowicz plays his own fast, fluttering composition "The Blues for Eubie," but it is mere background to the busy TV reporters running through their evening newscasts loud enough to be heard throughout the church.

At four, the Amherst Saxophone Quartet—baritone, tenor, alto, soprano—ripples through a stream of Eubie Blake tunes in the most melodious, humorous, sweet, lyrical of tones: "Poor Katie Redd," "Blue Thoughts," "The Charleston Rag," "I'm Just Wild About Harry." They're classical players from Buffalo, and they perform seated, like chamber musicians. (Blake has called them "the boys.") The translation from piano to sax makes for pure euphony. Leonard Feather (68) is here, along with Buck Clayton (71), Sy Oliver (72), Sam Wooding (87), Rudi Blesh (84), and George Simon (70).

At half past four, Dick Hyman takes over the Strayhorn piano to accompany Adelaide Hall, who appeared in "Shuffle Along," in 1921. A beautiful woman, she sings beautifully "Love Will Find a Way" and "Diga Diga Doo," then "I Can't Give You Anything but Love," which she dedicates to "my pal Eubie," adding, "I still love you—but you told me you were a hundred and one *last* year!" She sends her love with a delicate wave of the hand and follows with "Memories of You," to a wildly respectful all-standing ovation.

A piano duel is introduced by Jazzbeaux Collins, conductor of WNEW's all-night Milkman's Matinée: Dick Hyman vs. Joe Bushkin—Howard Alden, guitar, Milt Hinton, bass/referee. They play to a draw "They Can't Take That Away from Me" and "How High the Moon"—Hyman his usual deadpan self, Bushkin beaming, Hinton (smiling, beatific) enormous-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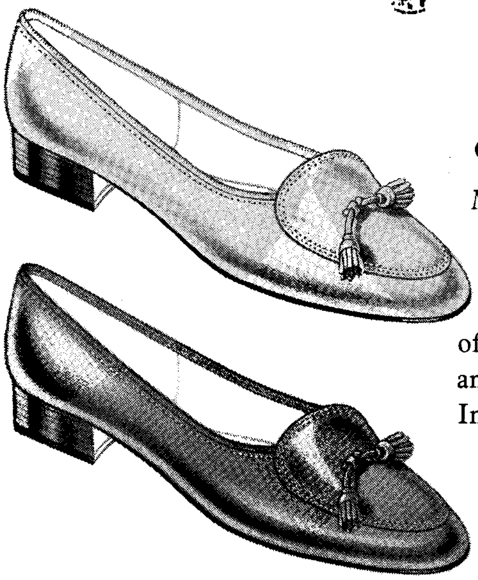
ly enjoying the speed-and-syncopation contest. The next piano pair is Canadian, Katherine Wilson and John Arpin—a young man Blake has called "the Chopin of ragtime." There follows congregational singing of "Happy Birthday, Eubie" and cheers for Sam Wooding, who "remembers Eubie Blake from Atlantic City," according to the Reverend Mr. Gensel. "Sam was in knee pants then." In the audience, an elderly woman tells a woman friend, "You know, I came here at two o'clock and I'm still here at six. My husband doesn't know where I am."

Yolande Bavan, a delicate woman, an exotic even in the world of jazz, takes the altar spot wearing a brilliant-pink silk camise, with shalwar. She may be the only jazz vocalist that Sri Lanka has ever produced. She does Ellington's "In a Mellow Tone"—singing the Cootie Williams trumpet solo—then blows into the Charles Mingus–Joni Mitchell "Dry Cleaner from Des Moines," which includes a long solo improvisation that scats higher and wilder, goes nearly out of control. The congregation responds with enthusiasm, except for a bag lady in black, whose eye is baleful.

Bavan, formerly of Lambert, Hendricks & Bavan, is followed by Jon Hendricks & Co. with Count Basie's "It's Sand, Man." "It's a great honor to be here," Hendricks says, "for Eubie Blake practically started show business. He's given us all something to do with ourselves." The four principal partners of Hendricks & Co. seem to be equipped with vocal extension ladders, perform highly complex turns on "Love" and "Whirlybird" before Hendricks solos on "Tell Me the Truth," his Vietnam-Watergate composition. Next, he introduces "the unforeheard sound of our resident trumpet voice, Bob Gurland." Gurland, a lawyer, simply opens his mouth—astonishes and delights the assemblage by sounding exactly like a trumpet. A woman remarks, "I don't know what you'd have to do to be the legal equivalent of that!" Hendricks, wife, daughter, and voice-trumpet end with "Jumpin' at the Woodside."

A trio, the Savannah Sheiks, on guitar, violin, and vocals, is up next. Its members look very staid. Impression quickly corrected as they fleet through "In Honeysuckle Time," "Memories of You," and "Good Morning Carrie." Gene Jones, their main voice, recalls the first time they went out to Brooklyn to sing for Eubie



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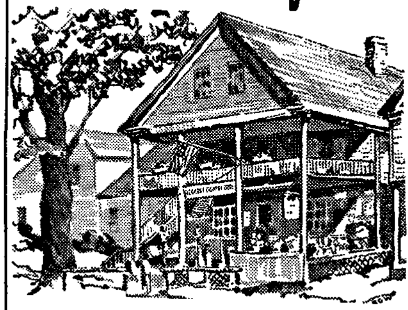

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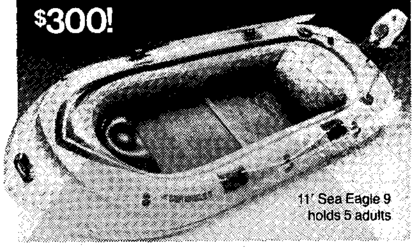

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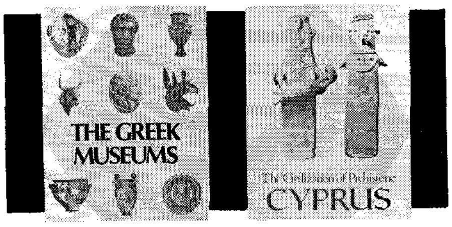

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Blake. "Well, it's good to hear some white boys who aren't playing Mozart," Blake said. The wind continues playing the building, a cappella.

Blake's protégé Terry Waldo, the ragtime scholar-pianist, whom Blake has called a son, brings on a group that includes a young singer named Susan LaMarche, who is a favorite of Blake's, and a bass saxophone, an instrument so gigantic that it is almost impossible to see the man enwrapped in it, Vince Giordano. They do "The Blues My Naughty Sweetie Gives to Me," "Chevy Chase," "Loving You the Way I Do." Mime musicians here and there in the pews quietly finger saxophones, dribble up and down the keyboard, brush drums, some of them perfectly. The Bechet Legacy, under Bob Wilber, leads off with "Down in Honky Tonk Town," and bounces the congregation around with "Ghost of the Blues" and "Cakewalking Babies from Home," sung by Joanne Horton, whose voice, Eubie Blake once said, has "the quality of the young Bessie Smith." Wilber brings out a "special guest artist" on piano, George (Kool Jazz) Wein, to play Blake's "You're Lucky to Me." Wein, who is only fifty-seven, says, "There's one thing about Eubie's life: you don't have to grow old." He recalls Blake's wonderment at receiving a standing ovation from all the young folks at a Newport Jazz Festival.

AT a quarter to nine, the pianist Billy Taylor bounds to the bench, says of Eubie Blake, "One hundred years of creativity is something to aspire to. He played *more* as he got older." Wind sits in again, at will. "Eubie Blake and Noble Sissle were a team that *refused*, that would not do blackface. They *never* wore blackface, and they made it possible for other black entertainers not to." Taylor, dolphin hands diving, plays Blake's 1971 "Melodic Rag" at very near the legal speed limit.

Toward Hour Twenty-one, everyone feeling copasetic, like the two Copasetics, Buster Brown (69) and Phace Roberts (71), who tap across the altar. Brown does a rhythm-dance solo and finishes *en pointe*. There is an enthusiastic greeting for the mostly venerable members of the Harlem Blues & Jazz Band—Al Casey (67), Johnny Williams (73), George Kelly (67), Bobby Williams (68), Eddie Durham (76). The congregation is caught up in pure music during the "C-jam Blues;" rhythmning, clap-

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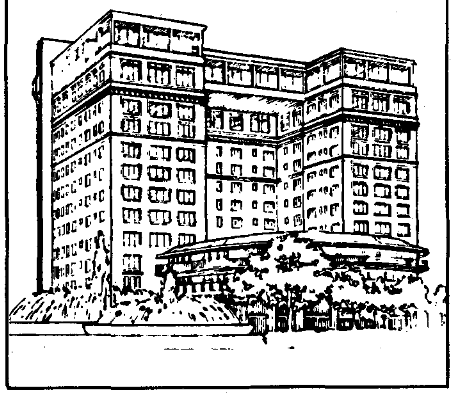

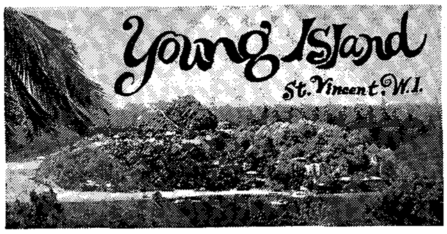

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ping, exuberant, and happy on the swing through "Georgia;" laughing during "Married This Morning," a blues sung by Norman Mapp; exhausted by the detonations of two Savoy-style lindy-hopping dancers, Sugar Sullivan and Sonny Allen, during "Jumpin' at the Woodside." A colossus, the blue-haired trumpeter Al Evans, wades on in fishing boots during Keisha St. Joan's "Stormy Monday." He stands head and shoulders above two saxophonists. Frank Hewitt, in a gray baseball cap, hustles to a piano and does a jazzy turn on "Happy Birthday to You." He is followed by the twenty-two members of Ken McIntyre's Contemporary African American Music Orchestra, each of whom solos several times. McIntyre maintains a remarkable cool as smoke alarms improvise their way into "Geo's Tune"—triggered by the heavy cigarette smoke that has built up in the St. Peter's living room.

Round midnight Monday, Eubie Blake's one-hundredth-birthday party ends with a prayer and a few words read by the Reverend Mr. Gensel: "We are gathered here in love and respect."

FEBRUARY 12TH. Five days later, five days into his second century, by the time the Great Whiteout of 1983 had moved on, so had Eubie Blake. The pianist Max Morath, an old friend, tells a radio interviewer, "The last few years, Eubie Blake was hanging on with spirit alone. His body seemed tired, his spirit was all that was left. His spirit hung on till that great day, and then he faded away." Eubie Blake once said, "If you lose somebody, you don't go to pieces over it. You can see they're gone and the world is still here. If it was you that was gone, it would still be here, too. But you got to get up and go out and live your life." The world still here is the more melodious for the hundred years Eubie Blake was with it. His friend Louis Jacobs said to me two days before Blake died, "It's no accident this man is a hundred. Eubie Blake is a very special miracle." —PATTI HAGAN

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[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the San Francisco Chronicle*]

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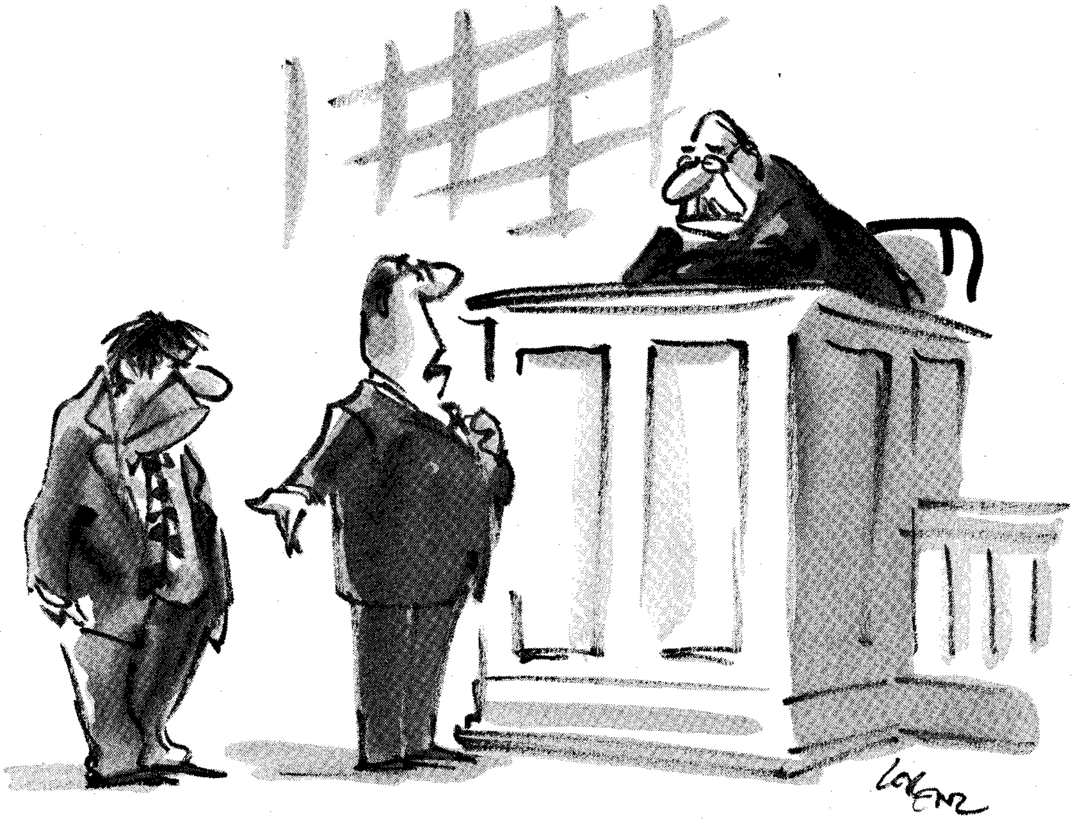
THE ART WORLD

A Winner?

THE advance sale for the Metropolitan Museum's huge Vatican loan show—"The Vatican Collections: The Papacy and Art"—which opens to the public on February 26th, fell considerably short of expectations. Tickets went on sale October 15th, through Ticketron outlets across the country, at four dollars apiece. By the end of January, two hundred and thirty-seven thousand tickets had been sold—less than half the number printed for the run of the show in New York. (It will be at the Met until June 12th, and then moves to the Art Institute of Chicago and, in November, to the M. H. de Young Memorial Museum, in San Francisco.) Ticket sales have picked up lately. The show has been open to museum members all this month, and it has been getting a lot of favorable and not so favorable publicity. But so far there has been nothing like the stampede for admission to the 1978-79 "Treasures of Tutankhamun" show, when a million two hundred thousand tickets sold out in five days. The "Tut" show came here on a wave of publicity, having drawn record crowds at the National Gallery, in Washington, D.C., and at museums in Chicago, New Orleans, Los Angeles, and Seattle. "The Vatican Collections," which is making its début in New York, is bound to generate its own public allure. After all, who can resist going to see Leonardo's "St. Jerome," Caravaggio's "Deposition," the Apollo Belvedere, and other famous works—two hundred and thirty-seven objects in all—culled from the vast riches of the Vatican's nine museums and installed with well-orchestrated fanfare on upper Fifth Avenue? The show has been designed for maximum dramatic effect, by Stuart Silver, the Met's innovative former director of design. (He now works for Knoll International.) In a recent interview, Silver was quoted as saying that he had planned the installation "with the fatigue factor in mind," and had placed "a few of the sexier objects near the end of the show, so that people will exit laughing, so to speak." They will exit, needless to say, into a generous space set aside for the sale of merchandise relating to the exhibition—postcards and posters, catalogues and picture books, and carefully made replicas of the objects they have just seen, priced from six dollars to twelve hundred and fifty.

Negative thoughts ought to be out of place here, in the presence of such largesse. In Italy, to be sure, some well-known art historians and intellectuals, including the novelist Alberto Moravia, have issued statements protesting the loan of these precious works for what one protester, the painter Renato Guttuso, called "a gigantic tourist-propaganda operation." Art experts differ widely on the dangers of sending ancient works of art on the road. Some say there is always damage done, even if it does not show up for a decade or more. Others believe that contemporary methods of packing and shipping—which provide temperature and humidity controls and crates within crates of vermin-free lumber—make the risk acceptably slight. Philippe de Montebello, the director of the Metropolitan, went so far as to say, to an interviewer for *Connoisseur*, that "works of art are probably better cared for during a special event such as this than at any other time in their existence." While de Montebello's argument might appear to imply that, for safety's sake, works of art should remain permanently mobile, in the case of the Vatican show he was on strong ground. The Vatican museums are chronically short of funds for restoration. One of the main considerations in the Vatican's agreeing to lend its treasures was a four-hundred-thousand-dollar payment by the Metropolitan (later increased to more than five hundred thousand dollars) for cleaning and restoration. Most of the works in the exhibition have benefitted from this grant, and none more spectacularly than the Apollo Belvedere, which for more than two centuries had been sequestered in a niche in the Belvedere sculpture court, anchored by a thick iron rod to the wall and to its base. The restoration included the resetting and repositioning of its thirteen marble elements (it had been broken in antiquity) and the insertion of internal stainless-steel rods that



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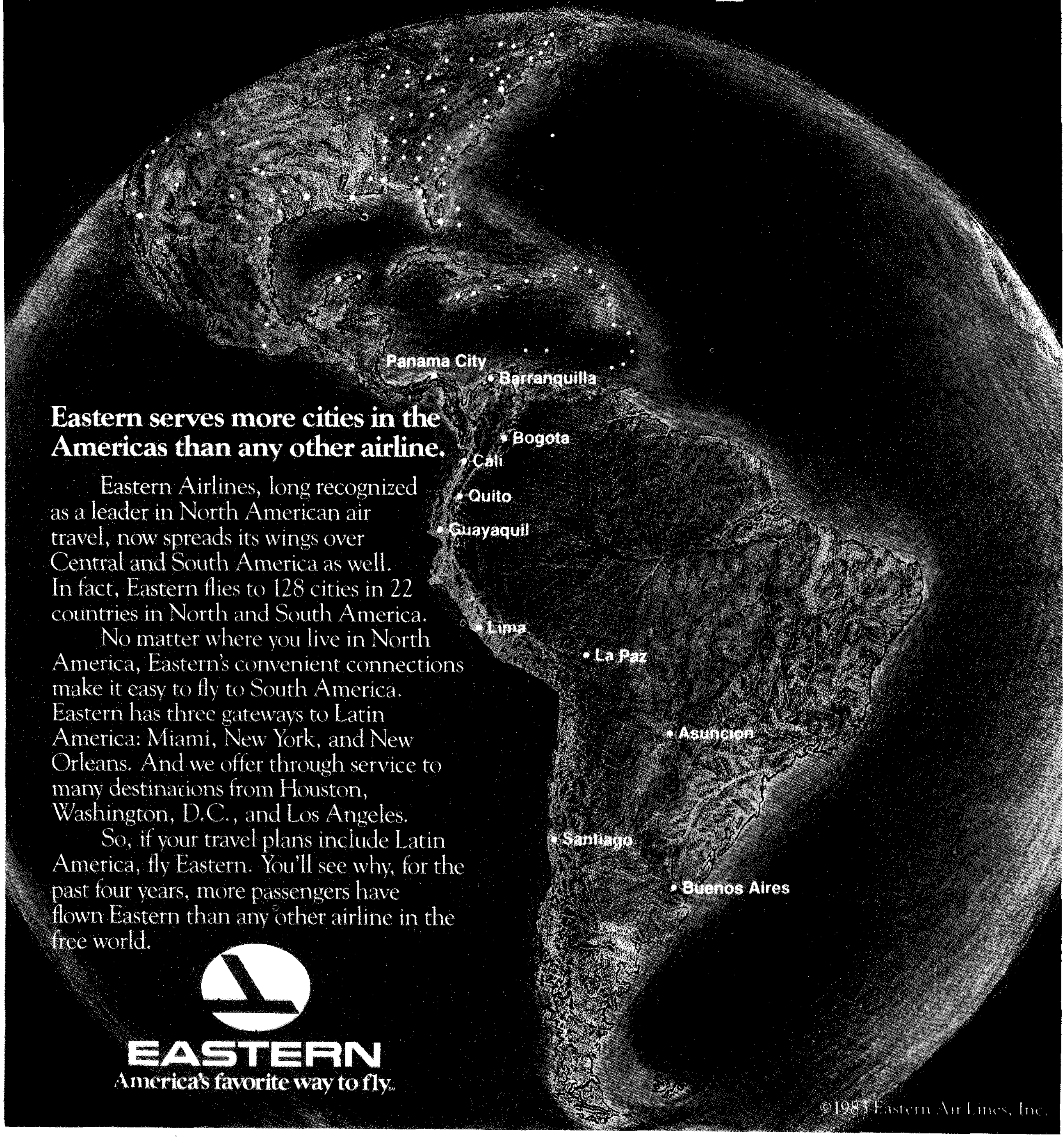

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The protests in Italy have apparently died down, in any case. The works of art made the trip, intact, courtesy of Pan American World Airways, which is transporting the exhibition free of charge on its three-museum junket. A three-million-dollar grant from Philip Morris, Inc.—the largest corporate contribution ever made to an art exhibition—took care of packing and shipping and other costs, and grants of two hundred thousand apiece from Manufacturers Hanover Corporation, Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith, and the Robert Wood Johnson, Jr., Charitable Trust helped defray the costs of installation at the Met. In addition to the restoration funds, the Vatican will get ten per cent of the net retail receipts on all exhibition-related merchandise sold during the show's run. (The Chicago and San Francisco museums will be offering the same goods, which they will get at cost from the Metropolitan.) If everything goes according to plan, the Met figures, its own take from admissions and from its sales shop, added to the various corporate grants, should just about cover the exhibition's total cost, which the Met estimates in the neighborhood of eight million dollars, and for which it is wholly responsible. The Vatican will make money, and the Met and the two other American museums should at least break even. American museumgoers in three cities will get to see works of art that have never before left Rome, under conditions of lighting and placement which the Met says are superior to what those works have enjoyed up to now. Everybody should be very happy.

Why am I still mortified, then, by the intrusion of negative thoughts? My difficulty is not so much with the issues that trouble art historians—with the possibilities of damage done to priceless works—or even with the disappointments of pilgrims who come to Rome in future months and press forward, all unknowing, into the Belvedere court and the Hall of the Muses, only to find that both the Apollo and the Belvedere Torso (the marble fragment that so powerfully influenced Michelangelo's Sistine frescoes) have gone to New York. The pilgrims still have the Sistine to worship, and the Laocoön, and the Raphael Stanze. No, what nags at me is something vague and inchoate, something I can only describe as a feeling of being a little fed up with great international-loan shows.

Certain exhibitions strike us with the force of revelation, and a few influence art history. It can be argued that the first American showing of Matisse's late, cut-paper works, at the Museum of Modern Art in 1961, directly affected the development of hard-edge abstract painting in this country. The 1977 show of Cézanne's late paintings and the 1980 Picasso retrospective, both at MOMA, had an incalculable effect on every artist who saw them. To go farther back, the Metropolitan's own exhibition of American "industrial arts" from 1625 to 1825, put on in connection with this city's Hudson-Fulton celebrations of 1909, helped to create the market for American antiques, and led more or less directly to the creation of the Met's American wing. There is another sort of exhibition that we have been seeing more and more in recent years, however, and this is the "Treasures of" sort. A museum attracts viewers, members, money, and national attention, and a museum director or curator furthers his or her career, by obtaining the loan of famous works of art, preferably by Old Masters, and preferably from European collections. There is no particular point to these exhibitions—no contribution to art history or to scholarship. Nor is there any particular need for them; the majority of people who go to see them might well be capable, in this era of mass travel, of seeing the same works in Rome or Paris. In all but its title, the Vatican show exemplifies the "Treasures of" exhibition.

Heterogeneous international-loan shows really started at the Metropolitan, soon after the end of the Second World War. Francis Henry Taylor, the Met's director at the time, had the bright idea that European museums, many of which had been devastated by bombing, might be willing for the first time to lend some of their great treasures (hidden away during the war or, in some cases, looted by the Nazis and only recently recovered) to the museum in New York. The Met's show of French tapestries in 1947, its "Paintings from the Berlin Museums" in 1948, its van Gogh exhibition in 1949, its "Art Treasures from the Vienna Collections" in 1950, and its big Cézanne show in 1952 drew unprecedented numbers of people into the museum, and confirmed Taylor as the leading museum man of his day. James J. Rorimer, Taylor's successor, proved to be more interested in acquisitions than in loans, but the Taylor brand of exhibition showmanship took hold in other museums around the country, and it returned to the Met in a big way when Thomas Hoving became director there, in 1967. Under Hoving, the Met put on "major" shows of every imaginable sort, from the disastrously sociological ("Harlem on My Mind") to the ultra-scholarly ("The Great Age of Fresco"). The series of exhibitions in honor of the museum's centennial, in 1970, required a four-million-dollar fund-raising effort and signalled the start of a museum-expansion program that is only now approaching completion. Philippe de Montebello, a less flamboyant figure than Hoving, appears nevertheless to be a firm believer in continued expansion. The Metropolitan recently announced the start of a new capital campaign to raise a hundred and fifty million dollars. Evidently, there is no question in anyone's mind that exhibitions such as "The Vatican Collections" will be of significant help in reaching that goal. The steps taken by the Met to obtain the exhibition, moreover, give some idea of the levels on which this exhilarating game is played.

Wishful thinking about a Vatican show had gone on at the Met and at the National Gallery at least since the late nineteen-seventies. The Vatican museums have a long tradition of not lending anything, but in 1978 the Metropolitan was able to borrow several objects from them for its "Age of Spirituality" show, and this spurred curatorial ambitions. In July, 1979, when de Montebello learned that Pope John Paul II was coming to the United States that fall, he immediately telephoned Terence Cardinal Cooke, the Archbishop of New York. In addi-

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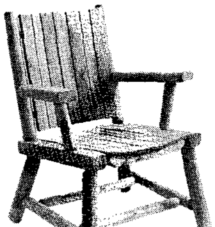

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tion to being a trustee of the Metropolitan, Cardinal Cooke is the president of an organization called the Friends of American Art in Religion, whose main function is to acquire suitable works of American art for placement in the Vatican's collection of contemporary religious art; the Friends had been trying since 1977 to interest the Vatican museums in a loan show, without success. De Montebello had no trouble persuading Cardinal Cooke that the time was right for a new approach. It is well known that no work of art can leave the Vatican museums without the Pope's specific approval. Cardinal Cooke found his opportunity toward the end of Pope John Paul's triumphal New York visit. In the limousine taking His Holiness to the airport, the Cardinal broached the subject of a large loan exhibition and was told to consider it a *fait accompli*. Various reasons have been advanced for this favorable response, from the Vatican museums' need for cash to the Pope's belief that works of art can serve as visual symbols of God's will and as efficient recruiters to the faith. Negotiations proceeded apace. The Metropolitan's curators claim to have obtained almost every piece they asked for—and more besides—except a few paintings on wood panels which were judged too fragile to be moved. (The Leonardo, a panel painting that has been much abused over the centuries—the saint's head was cut out at one time, and later reunited with the body—is presumably not so fragile.) Meanwhile, the museum's vice-president in charge of development, Richard Dougherty, swung into his courtship dance with several of the large corporations that have a policy of supporting museum exhibitions. No great persuasion was needed, as it turned out. After Philip Morris came through with its record three-million-dollar grant, Frank Saunders, the firm's vice-president for corporate relations, offered this notably straightforward explanation: "We know we have a winner."

Just what sort of winner "The Vatican Collections" will be is a question. No one really contemplates a dramatic rise in cigarette sales, I suppose, or an outpouring of public gratitude and affection for Philip Morris and the other sponsors. The show does not appear at this juncture to have the drawing power of "Tut," nor does it stand to make as much money. "The Treasures of Tutankhamun" was a relatively small exhibition (only fifty-

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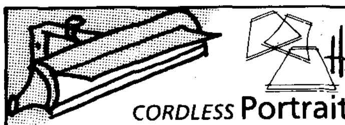

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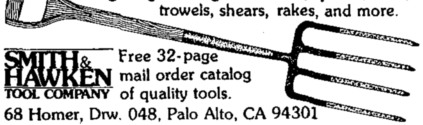

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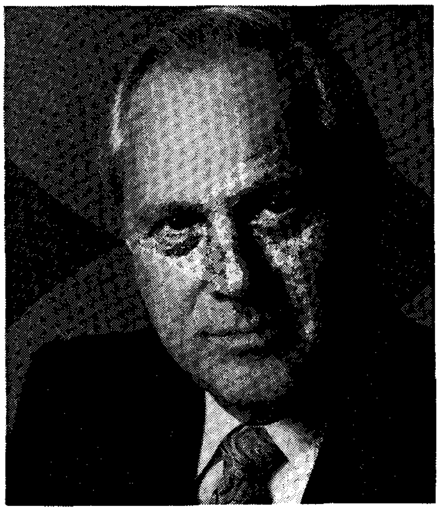
five objects), and so was much cheaper than the Vatican show to ship and install. The Egyptian government is said to have received seven million dollars from the sale of reproductions and related merchandise during the run of that exhibition (since it ended, all such profits have accrued to the Met). Nobody expects the Vatican to take in anything like that, and unless ticket sales soar the undertaking could prove a costly embarrassment to the Met. Spokesmen for the Met and the sponsoring corporations would say, naturally, that the big winner is the general public. The "great majority of Americans who have never visited Rome," as the directors' foreword to the catalogue puts it, will have some of the great masterworks of ancient and Renaissance art at their doorstep, provided they have bought tickets ahead of time and are willing to share the peak experience with quite a number of their fellow-citizens.

Let's think for a minute about the general public, as it wends its way through the twenty-two thousand square feet of exhibition space. Seeing the Apollo Belvedere on its pedestal, splendidly lit, larger than one had imagined it and certainly more numinous, is likely to be a thrilling experience. Other rooms, such as the one showing papal vestments or the gallery of rather lamentable modern art, require a degree of faith that the average museumgoer may lack. The main gallery of paintings has marvels large and small, and it is likely to be well populated at all times. When I was there, a crowd clustered in front of two small predella panels from Fra Angelico's Perugia Triptych. Brief glimpses of color, incredibly fresh and radiant, appeared and disappeared between moving, murmuring viewers, like glimpses of the sea from a train window. It was difficult to seize the pictures whole, to take in details such as the golden heads of three sisters asleep in a large bed—the maidens saved by St. Nicholas, whose gift of three gold balls kept their impoverished father from selling them into prostitution. (Gentile da Fabriano painted the same incident; his version is nearby, its recently cleaned colors not quite as lush as Angelico's.) The amiable crowd milled slowly, listening through earphones to Philippe de Montebello's taped comments. A sound like distant surf filled the room.

Toward the end of his career at the Met, Francis Taylor sometimes seemed a little dubious about his suc-

"...balance..."

Lee Adler



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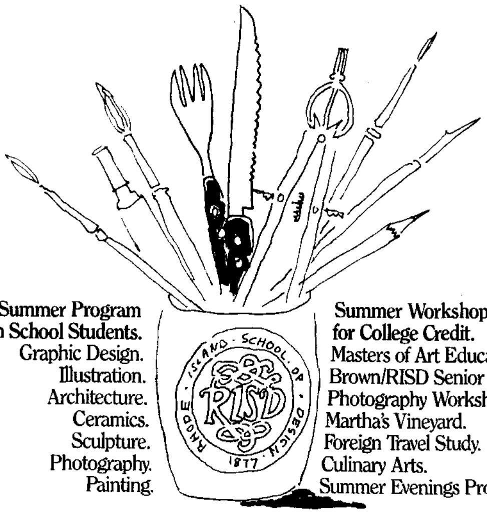
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cess in doubling and tripling the museum's attendance figures. "Damn it," he said once to a colleague, "we've got them into the museum, but what do they look at? One thing after another—if they come to a fire hose, they look at that, too." It is easy (too easy) to slip into an élitist frame of mind—to define the museum's role, as Taylor facetiously suggested that his predecessors had done, as "casting real pearls before imaginary swine." Most museumgoers these days know a great deal more about the exhibition they are seeing, and about art in general, than their parents did twenty years ago. I am not so sure that museum people have advanced as much in their knowledge. One of the problems with a "Treasures of" exhibition is that museum fatigue sets in so quickly. When there is no real continuity to sustain the mind's interest, the eye alone poops out in fairly short order. The Vatican show is divided into five sections, which correspond to the main collecting eras in Vatican history. The unifying principle, according to a press release, is "the development and changing meaning of the papacy's . . . concern with the commissioning, the preserving, and the collecting of art." Not what I would call a really riveting concept. Since works of many different periods, from Egyptian sculpture to Matisse's paper cutouts, were acquired in several of these collecting eras, the exhibition does not proceed strictly chronologically. The unifying theme does not unify, nor does it provide any really useful structure for the viewer's imagination. What we have are some splendid and some less than splendid paintings, sculptures, reliefs, ivories, mosaics, tapestries, papal vestments, and liturgical objects, one after another. (I do not recall any fire hoses, but that absence was offset by a very fine one I had seen the week before at Robert Rauschenberg's three-gallery exhibition in SoHo—a length of regulation, canvas-covered hose with a blue electric light bulb at one end, entitled "The Proof of Darkness.") It is pleasant to have these works of art in New York, of course, and I do not mean to sound ungrateful. "The Vatican Collections," though, is probably not going to strike anyone with the force of revelation. When works of art are removed from their usual context and presented in this manner, with lavish showmanship and an obbligato of souvenirs and corporate good will, the results may have more to do with the fine-arts industry than with aes-

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thetic experience. The exhibition strikes me, in fact, as one of many that are designed for the greater glory of museum directors and large corporations, whose increasingly ardent liaison is one of the central facts of our present museum culture.

The winners here are those whose power and influence are confirmed or, in some cases, augmented by such transmigrations of visual wealth, and this should come as no surprise to anybody. Art and power, temporal as well as spiritual, were as closely allied in the time of Julius III and Urban VIII as they are now, although even then it was the custom to emphasize the great benefits accruing to the general public. Benefits there have been and are, without a doubt. Go to "The Vatican Collections," by all means. Watch for momentary partings in the crowd, and resolutely refuse to read the voluminous wall labels. (Some pilgrims read their way through entire exhibitions and barely have time left to look at the works of art they learn such a great deal about.) Spend as much or as little time as you please, and then, if your eyes and your legs will sustain it, take a stroll through the museum's regular galleries of European paintings on the second floor. I did that recently, when the Met's last big loan show, "The Search for Alexander," was packing in several thousand viewers a day, and for an hour I was almost alone with some of the finest paintings in Christendom. It occurred to me that this was one of the hidden benefits of great international-loan shows.

Quite often, I leave a "Treasures of" exhibition with a sense of disappointment, a feeling that I have not experienced what I was meant to experience. For years, I assumed that this was due to a failure of attention on my part, but I don't think that anymore. What I want to suggest is that it is perfectly all right to feel disappointed, because the highly publicized experience may not be there. The show may not really be intended for the public. If you go with moderate expectations, the rewards should be sufficient.

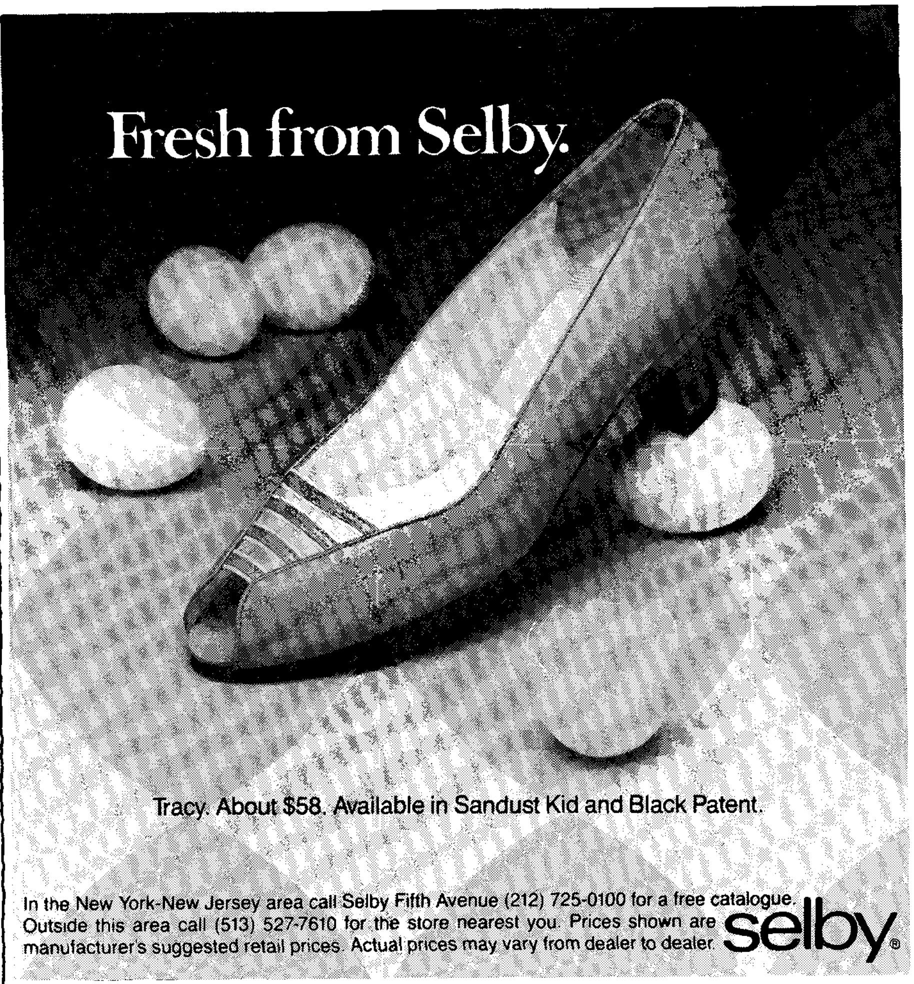
—Calvin Tomkins

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the University of Western Ontario Gazette*]

Unless one has managed to live an amazingly puritanical life, it is safe to assume that everyone has buried deep within our minds and souls an incident of the past that involves ourselves.



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MUSICAL EVENTS

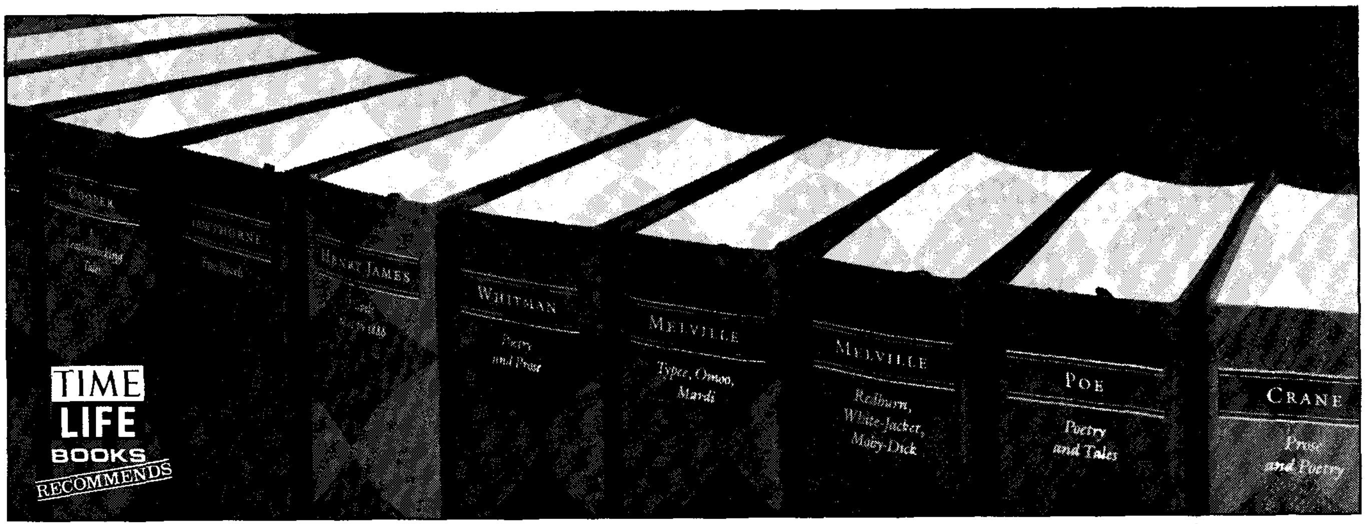
Generous Youth

Richard Strauss's first opera, "Guntram," appeared in 1894, in Weimar. It was one of the less successful new operas of the year. Before the century was out, several other 1894 pieces had been performed widely, internationally, in various languages: not only Massenet's "Thaïs," "Le Portrait de Manon," and "La Navarraise" but also August Enna's "Cleopatra," Emile Jaques-Dalcroze's "Janie," Nicola Spinelli's "A Basso Porto," Rudolf Raimann's "Arden Ênok," Spiro Samara's "La Martire," Leonhard Emil Bach's "The Lady of Longford," Pietro Floridia's "Maruzza," and Jenő Hubay's "A Cremonai Hegedüs." By 1900, two of the Massenets, "A Basso Porto," and "A Cremonai Hegedüs" had all been heard in New York; "A Basso Porto" was also done in St. Louis. "Guntram" had to wait almost ninety years for its American première: it was done last month in a concert performance, in Carnegie Hall, by the Opera Orchestra of New York, conducted by Eve Queler. I've not heard a note by Enna, Spinelli, Samara, or the rest but am prepared (if only for that reason) to wager that Strauss's music is better than theirs. And in 1894 Strauss was no mere novice: "Don Juan," "Macbeth," "Tod und Verklärung," and some of his most celebrated songs had already appeared. But "Guntram" was tepidly received in Weimar, and its second production, in Munich the following year, was withdrawn after a single performance. Revivals in Prague (1901) and in Frankfurt (1910) failed to establish the piece. Strauss dug a grave in his garden and erected a tombstone with the inscription "Here lies the honorable and virtuous youth GUNTRAM, Minnesinger, who was horribly slain by the symphony orchestra of his own father." After "Guntram," Strauss returned to tone poems: "Till Eulenspiegel," "Also Sprach Zarathustra," "Don Quixote," and "Ein Heldenleben" (in which "Guntram" themes are prominent among the Hero's Works of Peace). It was seven years before his second opera appeared; this was "Feuersnot," which tells of a romantic young magician's revenge on the men of Munich who had failed to appreciate either his art or that of his great master. References to a "waggoner" who was "daring" (a double pun on "Wagner") and to the new "warfare" ("Strauss") that the disciple has brought to Munich find appropriate musical vesture—the latter a citation of the war theme from "Guntram."

In 1933, Berlin Radio celebrated Strauss's seventieth year with a performance of "Guntram," conducted by Hans Rosbaud. According to the composer's "Reminiscences," it "revealed that the work . . . contained so much beautiful music that 'Guntram' well deserved revival, if only for its historical interest as the first essay of a dramatic composer who later became renowned." Strauss shortened his score here and there and thinned his formerly "fatal" orchestration. In the revised version, "Guntram" has enjoyed a few modern revivals. A BBC performance with American principals—Carole Farley as the heroine, Freihild, and William Lewis in the title role—and John Pritchard as conductor has circulated on pirate discs. The American première had foreign principals—Ilona Tokody as Freihild and Reiner Goldberg as Guntram—and also used the revised edition.

Often, but not always, the early works of good composers are more interesting and more rewarding to hear than the mature works of less good composers. Wagner's "Die Feen," "Das Liebesverbot," and "Rienzi" are operas largely underrated because by "Der Fliegende Holländer," "Tannhäuser," and all that followed they were eclipsed. Yet it can be claimed that an opera company that produces Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots," "Le Prophète," or "L'Africaine" when it could be doing "Das Liebesverbot" and "Rienzi" has its musical and moral priorities wrong. Mozart's "Lucio Silla," "La Finta Giardiniera," and "Il Rè Pastore" are operas musically richer than Cimarosa's "Il Matrimonio Segreto" and Paisiello's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," but they are less often staged. That, too, seems wrong. Against that claim it can, of course, be argued that a second-rate master's mastery comes off and pleases the public in a way that a great composer's early, ambitious, but perhaps ill-proportioned works do not; and that operatic fare should be as rich and varied as possible. (Do Raimann and L. E. Bach have their modern champions?) The "Guntram" performance raised questions easier to pose than to answer, about survival, revival, and what

"Miss Jenkins, is anyone out there waiting to tangle with me?"



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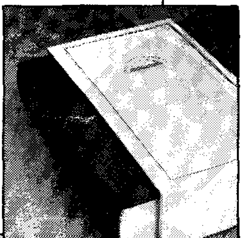

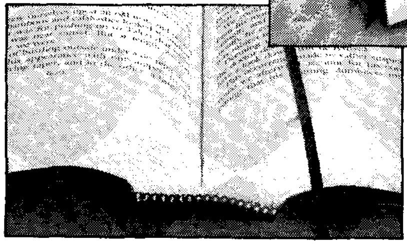

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the repertory should be. Still, no one is compelled to attend the Met's presentation of Cilea's "Adriana Lecouvreur." And thanks to concert performances, to the radio and the phonograph, and to the enterprise of such companies as the San Diego Opera, which this season has staged Chabrier's "Gwendoline" and Saint-Saëns' "Henry VIII," the curious, questing operagoer—provided he has the time, and the means to travel—can slake whatever his particular thirsts may be. Public radio should and if properly funded could do more than it does, by broadcasting across the country as a matter of course whatever is not locally available in live performances. The Carnegie "Guntram" was not carried to California. Gluck's "Armide," which Alan Curtis conducted in Berkeley last month, was not carried to New York. Nor were "Gwendoline" and "Henry VIII." The widest public availability would help to justify the large expenditure of public money incurred by any opera performance.

In his 1908 book on Strauss, Ernest Newman, a clear-eared, clear-minded critic not given to rash enthusiasms, wrote about "Guntram":

> The bulk of the score touches a high plane of beauty, and curiously enough, in spite of the occasional Wagnerism of the music, the style throughout gives one the impression of being personal to Strauss. . . . Altogether "Guntram" is a great work, the many merits of which will perhaps some day restore it to the stage from which it is now most unjustly banished.

The musical Wagnerisms in "Guntram"—almost literal citations from "Tristan," a cadence in the hero's first monologue lifted from Siegmund's "Winterstürme"—are evident and unimportant. The music relates more closely, on the one hand, to Strauss's tone poems and, on the other, to operas still in the future—"Die Frau ohne Schatten," "Die Aegyptische Helena"—in the rich, euphonious orchestral writing and the glowing stretches of slow-moving diatonic music animated by chromatic counterpoint. But "a great work," one "most unjustly banished" from the stage? I think not. "Guntram" is likable for its earnestness, for its generosity of invention, and for an absence of cold calculation. Strauss, carried away, made no compromises with practicability. He wrote an impossibly demanding title role: Guntram has three immense monologues, two of them as taxing as Tannhäuser's Rome narration. Willi Schuh's "Richard Strauss: A Chronicle of the Early Years, 1864-1898," an amply documented study that has now been published in English translation by Cambridge, includes a long, intelligent review, by Oskar Merz, of the 1895 Munich performance. The protagonist, Max Mikorey, "confined himself to singing the notes as correctly as possible," Merz says. "This was all that could have been expected when he was cast in this gigantic part, which (according to a particularly conscientious statistician) amounts . . . to a hundred and sixty bars more than the role of Tristan." Much the same could be said about Mr. Goldberg in Carnegie Hall. I doubt whether any tenor could throw himself into the role with all the ardor, intensity, and powerful dramatic accents that Strauss requires and make it through. This was Mr. Goldberg's American début. As Parsifal in Hans-Jürgen Syberberg's film he sings with more variety, poetry, and passion.

The libretto, Strauss's own, is not without interest. Guntram, a pacific social reformer, a member of a medieval order that preaches peace through universal love and reinforces its preaching with the power of song, sets about the conversion of a tyrannous duke. He saves the duke's wife, Freihild, from suicide, falls in love with her, and kills the duke in a scuffle. Although the deed is not unjustified, Guntram feels himself morally compromised, because love for Freihild directed his hand. He renounces her, renounces his order, and sets forth "to expiate the guilt of my existence—forever lonely, my soul lost in contemplation of the Divine—to draw near to the Saviour's grace." Much of the diction reads like a parody of late Wagner; much of the stage action echoes "Tannhäuser" without sharing Wagner's theatrical flair. Strauss's idea is clumsily executed. The opera's future, I think, lies mainly in concert performances of the preludes to Acts I and II and in concert performances of Guntram's Spring narration and Peace narration. These are lofty, beautiful music. And a tenor uncumbered by the whole role could sing the long solos fully, fearlessly.

Miss Tokody, a soprano of the Budapest and the Vienna Operas, was also making her American début. She was confident, accurate, and efficient.

Geraldine Decker sang an old woman's curse ("Fluch dem Herzog! Fluch seinem Geschlecht!"), musically close to Isolde's curse, with Isolde-like passion. Roger Roloff in the small role of the old duke, Freihild's father, revealed a baritone voice of admirable firmness and focus and a strong command of the text. Miss Queler's conducting was at once spirited and disciplined.

STRAUSS'S tenth opera, "Arabella" (1933), has achieved a foothold on the fringe of the international repertory. Both London companies have productions—Covent Garden's being international and sung in German, the English National's being in English, staged by Jonathan Miller, with the wonderful Josephine Barstow its heroine. The Met first staged "Arabella" in 1955, in English, with Eleanor Steber (and, later, Lisa Della Casa) in the title role; the production lasted for ten years and twenty-two performances. This month, it has been replaced by a new version, sung in German, designed by Günther Schneider-Siemssen, and directed by Otto Schenk, with Kiri Te Kanawa as its heroine.

About "Arabella" I have shuttlecock feelings. It is an operetta action written and composed as a full-scale opera. Arabella herself is the battledore. If—as Miss Della Casa's Arabella was—she is charming and interesting, warm and spontaneous, brave and intelligent, and potentially a tragic heroine, impelled by a decadent, selfish society toward unhappiness until the rich, handsome Mandryka turns up to end her and her family's troubles, all is well; the opera can seem worth doing. If not, then Arabella's two solos and her duets with her sister Zdenka and with Mandryka are all we need bother about; the rest is skillful confection. Strauss was aware of the dangers. When Hofmannsthal's first-draft libretto reached him, he called Arabella "insufficiently interesting and almost unattractive." By several canny suggestions he sought to make all the characters warmer, richer, more human, and to sharpen their emotional conflicts.

Dame Kiri, I thought, hardly brought the heroine or the opera to life. Her performance seemed studied, unspontaneous, self-contained to a point where her relationship with the others on the stage was small. Her tones were often beautiful, but her phrasing was not impulsive. Kathleen Battle was a delightful Zdenka. Her singing was sweet, and her playing was unmannered and nicely impetuous, although the voice was small for a lyric role in so large a house. She herself is so much smaller of frame than Dame Kiri that it seemed even less likely than usual that the young officer Matteo could go to bed in the dark with one sister thinking her to be the other. Realistic portrayals were not much in evidence. The most eligible of the Noble Ninnies—the composer's designation of Arabella's three aristocratic suitors—looked like a butcher, and the shy, touching one was played as a mincing fop. Matteo—a role that "should always be given to a decently proportioned, fairly handsome tenor," as William Mann observes in his book on Strauss's operas—was plump and unromantic. Bernd Weikl, once so promising a romantic baritone, sang Mandryka's music rawly, often out of tune, with little feeling for lyrical line. Gwendolyn Bradley, the Fiakermilli, was pure and deft, but soft-grained, not sparky enough, in timbre. Donald Gramm gave a polished performance as the girls' father.

The size of the house and the decision to sing the piece in German both told against its effectiveness. Mr. Schneider-Siemssen's sets are realistic, attractive, distinguished, perhaps a shade too constantly muted in color. They reduce the proscenium opening to a narrow slot, and this further distances the action—makes it seem like live opera aspiring to the condition of a television show. Mr. Schenk's staging is carefully planned and nicely detailed. Erich Leinsdorf's conducting was dry and unemotional.

—ANDREW PORTER

• •

Savago attributed the victory of U.S. Rep. Matthew McHugh, D-Ithaca, over Republican David F. Crowley in the 28th district to the what he termed McHugh's last-minute push to scare voters, particularly the eleesmy-!cy!saying!Psesieeot!Reagan would "kill Social Security."

—*Poughkeepsie Journal.*

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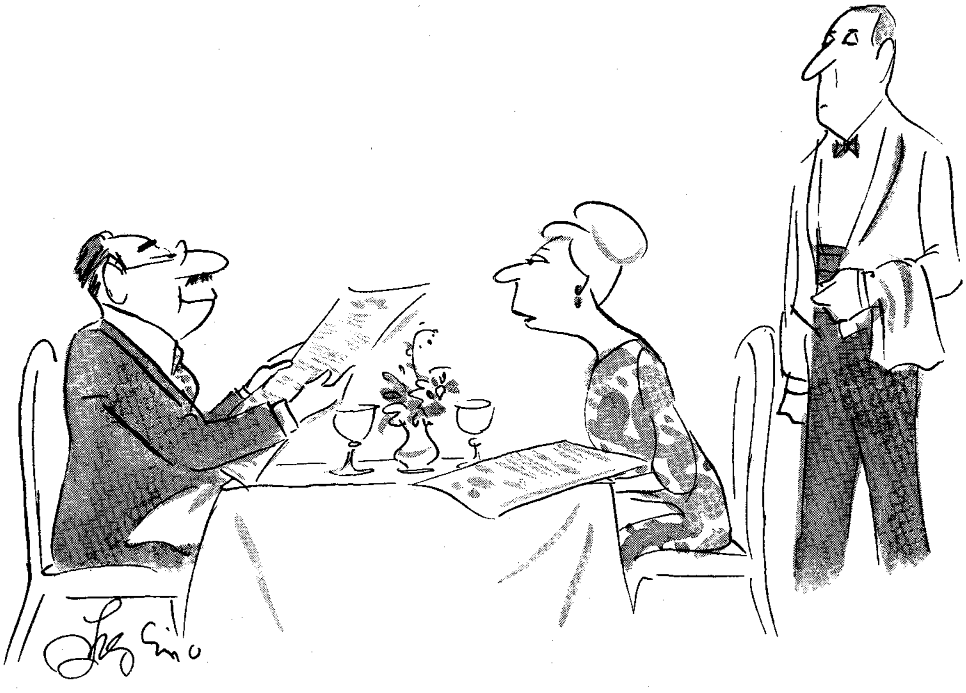
LETTER FROM EUROPE

Paris, February 15

THERE is an argument going on here about a movie called "Danton." The argument does not have much to do with whether "Danton" is a good movie or a bad movie, although it probably should, because by any reasonable standard "Danton" is terrible. The argument is about whether the Polish director Andrzej Wajda, who made "Danton," has a correct appreciation of the French Revolution—a correct appreciation from the point of view of the French government being that *le peuple*, in their passion for liberty, were the true heroes of the Revolution and that a strong man of the Grande Terreur like Maximilien de Robespierre was merely a servant of that passion, carried away by a conviction that "the Terror is nothing more than prompt, severe, and inflexible justice" in the people's name. The government here gave Wajda about half a million of the four million dollars that "Danton" cost to produce, but, more important, it gave him the blessing of a Socialist Élysée and a year of fussy service from the Ministry of Culture. The government in Poland, where Wajda still lives and works and has a theatre company, gave him another four hundred thousand. He raised the rest of the money privately. Most of it came from Gaumont, the French production-and-distribution company, which figured that a movie about revolution and oppression made in France by a famous Polish director during the year that Solidarity was crushed (and opening in forty-five Gaumont theatres) was not a very risky proposition.

No one really knows why the Poles invest in Wajda. "Man of Iron," his movie about Solidarity, was not much better than "Danton," and its sentimental images of Church and family were about as popular with the Party in Poland as Marc Riboud's photograph of little Magdalena Walesa in her christening robe. Still, Poland has been backing Wajda's movies for thirty years. Dissident or not, he belongs to one of the country's few profitable export industries. His movies bring in hard currency. To worldlier apparatchiks, confronted now with sullen neighbors and angry children, Wajda seems to fill what Nadezhda Mandelstam once called that margin of bourgeois hypocrisy where illiberal people flatter themselves with the kinds of liberal attitudes and gestures that in no way threaten their power and their privilege. It is obvious that General Jaruzelski would rather give Andrzej Wajda money to make a movie about a dead Frenchman—a movie he can easily suppress at home—than let jailed intellectuals like Jan-Jozef Lipski and Jacek Kuron out of prison or invite the young leaders of the Solidarity underground up from clandestinity.

"Danton's Death," of course, is the great work about Robespierre and the comrade who turned against him to plead the cause of his own weaknesses—and for a moment of respite and tolerance for France. Georg Büchner wrote it in 1835. He was twenty-two and a revolutionary himself—on the lam from the German police, passionate about the revolution of 1830 in France, composing tracts about the overthrow of the princes at home. Wajda's "Danton" comes from a Polish play of the nineteen-twenties. The play was called "The Danton Affair," and it was written by an ardent young Communist named Stanislawa Przybyszewska, who despised Danton as a kind of proto-revisionist. Her play covered the last eight days of Danton's life—his trial for corruption and his execution—but her hero was Robespierre, who sent Danton to the guillotine. Przybyszewska's Robespierre was the first Communist. He was the vanguard through which the will of a people expressed and realized itself. She gave him a mandate that made conventional notions of political liberty obsolete and discussion irrelevant, and turned dissent into betrayal. A Polish historian here tells me that her play is a kind of "Our Town" of the East Bloc, a set piece in the provincial repertories of Poland and the German Democratic Republic. He says that Przybyszewska's Robespierre and Danton are such broad caricatures that all it took was a few words here, a few gestures there for Wajda and his screenwriter, Jean-Claude Carrière, to stand the play on its head and make heroic Robespierre bad and bad Danton heroic.



"Just give him the order without trying to win his friendship."

Wajda has made some good movies in his time. "Ashes and Diamonds"—he shot it in 1958—is one of them. But the French did not give Wajda money because of movies like "Ashes and Diamonds," which is complicated and personal in its judgments. They gave him money because they wanted to encourage a French "Man of Iron" or "Man of Marble"—a movie in which *le peuple* of the late eighteenth century, like workers in Gdansk's shipyards, would shine with force and solidarity. They wanted to start celebrating their Bicentennial of 1989 now. The government here kept a paternal eye on the social revolution in Poland. During the sixteen months of Solidarity, there was constant contact between the French and groups of dissidents in Poland. A fair number of Poles were visiting in France when the military took over their country on December 13, 1981, and suspended their workers' movement. Many of them stayed. The Centre National de la Recherche Scientifique and the universities here gave jobs to about twenty Polish scholars in 1982. The Maison des Sciences d'Homme was suddenly full of Polish historians and Polish economists. They were welcomed by Hungarians of 1956 and Czechs of 1968, who referred to the place as "*notre coin de dissidence*." France adopted Solidarity because the French tend to see reflections of their own Revolution in other people's struggles and easily mistake those people's various ideas of freedom for their own ideology. The Socialists, who brought Wajda here (and campaigned for "Danton" to win a critics' prize called the Prix Louis-Delluc), were confused when Wajda presented them with a movie in which *le peuple* and their revolution counted for very little. The French people were at the heart of Büchner's play. Wajda's people rarely do anything but wait in bread lines and watch the executions. His movie is an argument between Robespierre and Danton, with Saint-Just and Camille Desmoulins as seconds in a kind of social philosophers' duel. Robespierre (Wojciech Pszoniak, a Polish actor who used to play the part in "The Danton Affair") is a sociopath who soaks his bed with sweat and cringes if a woman touches him. Danton (Gérard Depardieu, who is wonderful, roaming around the movie like a big bear caged in a cliché, too cheerful and too generous to be bored) is a slob and a libertine and a lush who drinks his wine in gulps, like Polish vodka, but in the end would rather be executed than executioner, and defies the Terror he helped to theorize.

It is hard to imagine why anyone here expected a fifty-six-year-old Catholic from Communist Poland to like a French revolutionary who hypothesized a dictatorship of the people (not to mention permanent revolution and government by central committee) some seventy-five years before Marx wrote "Das Kapital." The right thinks that "Danton" is a terrific movie. Michel Poniatowski, who was Giscard d'Estaing's Minister of the Interior for three years (and had such enthusiasm for state security that he himself was sometimes referred to around the office as Robespierre), wrote Wajda a thank-you note in *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*, as if the movie were a small gift to the right from an admirer. The left took "Danton" personally, too. François Mitterrand went

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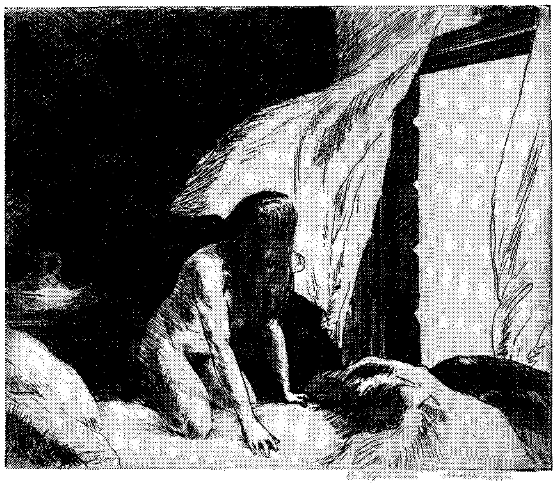

Edward Hopper, The Evening Wind (Zigrosser 9), etching, 1921, a very fine impression, signed in pencil, inscribed "To Alfred Barr." P. 7 x 8³⁄₁₆ in. (178 x 212 mm.).

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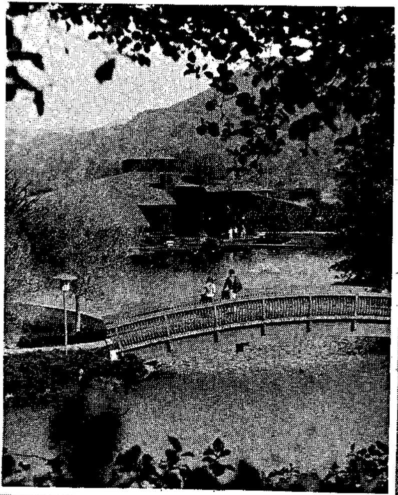

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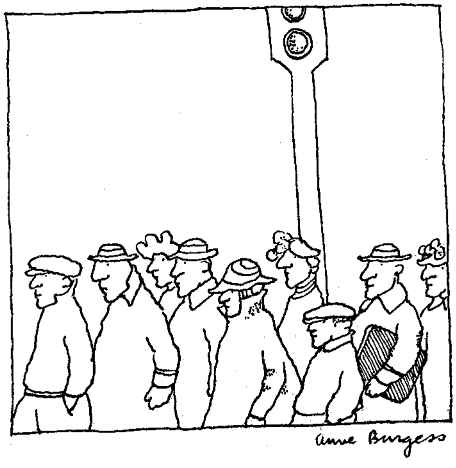
to a screening at the Palais de Chaillot and endured the experience with what was described as "glacial courtesy." Michel Vovelle, the historian who is next in line for the chair of French Revolutionary studies at the Sorbonne, refuted Wajda's "revolution" in the Communist Party paper *L'Humanité*. Then the Socialists took Wajda on. *Le Monde* devoted a page to the argument. Louis Mermaz, who is president of the National Assembly, complained that "Danton" was a confrontation out of context—which in a way was true—but what bothered him most was how the French themselves had been neglecting Robespierre. He was distressed, he said, that there was no Rue Robespierre anywhere in Paris. (Actually, there is a Rue Robespierre, with its own Robespierre Métro station, in Montreuil, in the *banlieue rouge* around Paris, but Danton has a street and a four-hall movie theatre right in the middle of the Latin Quarter.)

Robespierre was a prig. It was to Danton's credit to have loved him once, and to Saint-Just's credit to have kept on pretending to love him until they went to the guillotine themselves, four months after Danton died. Wajda's Danton tries to woo Robespierre with a feast in the Palais-Royal, and the sight of the rich food revolts him—which in France is a sure sign of repression. Büchner's Danton was more to the point with Robespierre: "You and your 'virtue,' Robespierre! You've never taken money, you've never been in debt, you've never slept with a woman, you've always worn a decent coat, and you've never got drunk. Robespierre, you are appallingly upright. I'd be ashamed to walk around between heaven and earth for thirty years with that righteous face just for the miserable pleasure of finding others worse than I."

Mme. Roland described Danton in her memoirs as a man whose great gift was his ability to charm people less cruel than he into murdering for him. "*Voilà* Danton," she said. "I defy the artist who wants to paint a two-faced man to find a better model." Mme. Roland went to the guillotine on November 8, 1793. Five months later—it was April 5, 1794—Danton and his friends followed. In Büchner's play, his last words are to the executioner: "Do you want to be more cruel than death? Can you prevent our heads from kissing at the bottom of the basket?"

An actor in Wajda's "Danton" told me that to his mind Americans project their own secularism onto European life. He said they tend to forget that in Catholic Europe (and in a lot of Protestant Europe, too) renouncing the Church usually amounts to an act of faith in something else, and that this is what gives the European left its baffling fervor. The first guillotine lists went "Aristocrats, libertines, and fanatics." "Fanatics" meant Catholics. Catholics were dangerous *not* just as reactionaries or monarchists or mystics, or whatever else the Revolution called them; they were dangerous because they competed with the Revolution for an idea of history, because *their* history, their moment—the moment from which their time and meaning and explanation derived—had nothing to do with the moment of July 14, 1789, when the Bastille fell, or the moment of November 10, 1793, when Liberty danced on the altar of Notre Dame and the Cult of Reason was declared. François Furet, the historian, says that when Frenchmen today talk about the Revolution they are really talking about two revolutions—the Revolution of 1789, which was about freedom, and the Revolution of 1793, which was about the suppression of freedom in the interests of "the people," most of whom were too hungry by then to care about revolution anyway. Furet says that the French try to absolve themselves of the Terror in their enthusiasm for Bastille Day, which is a moment that everyone in France but the most ardent monarchists can claim. They make their Revolution a kind of sister to the American Revolution, which was liberal and pluralistic and not, strictly speaking, a revolution at all. If they are on the left, they make it father to the Revolution of 1917 in Russia and grandfather to all the independence wars in Africa and the civil wars in Latin America. Seventeen-eighty-nine



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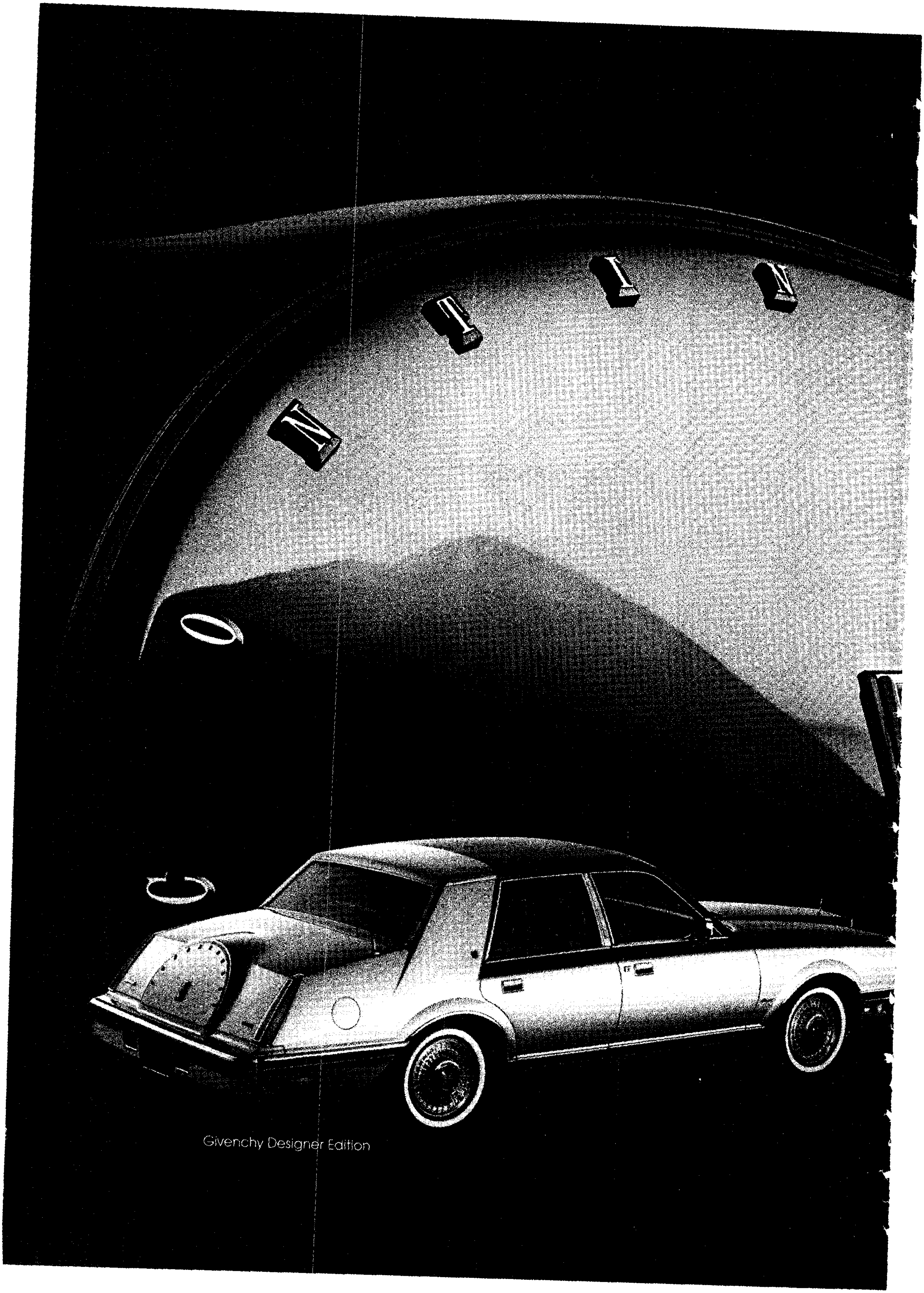

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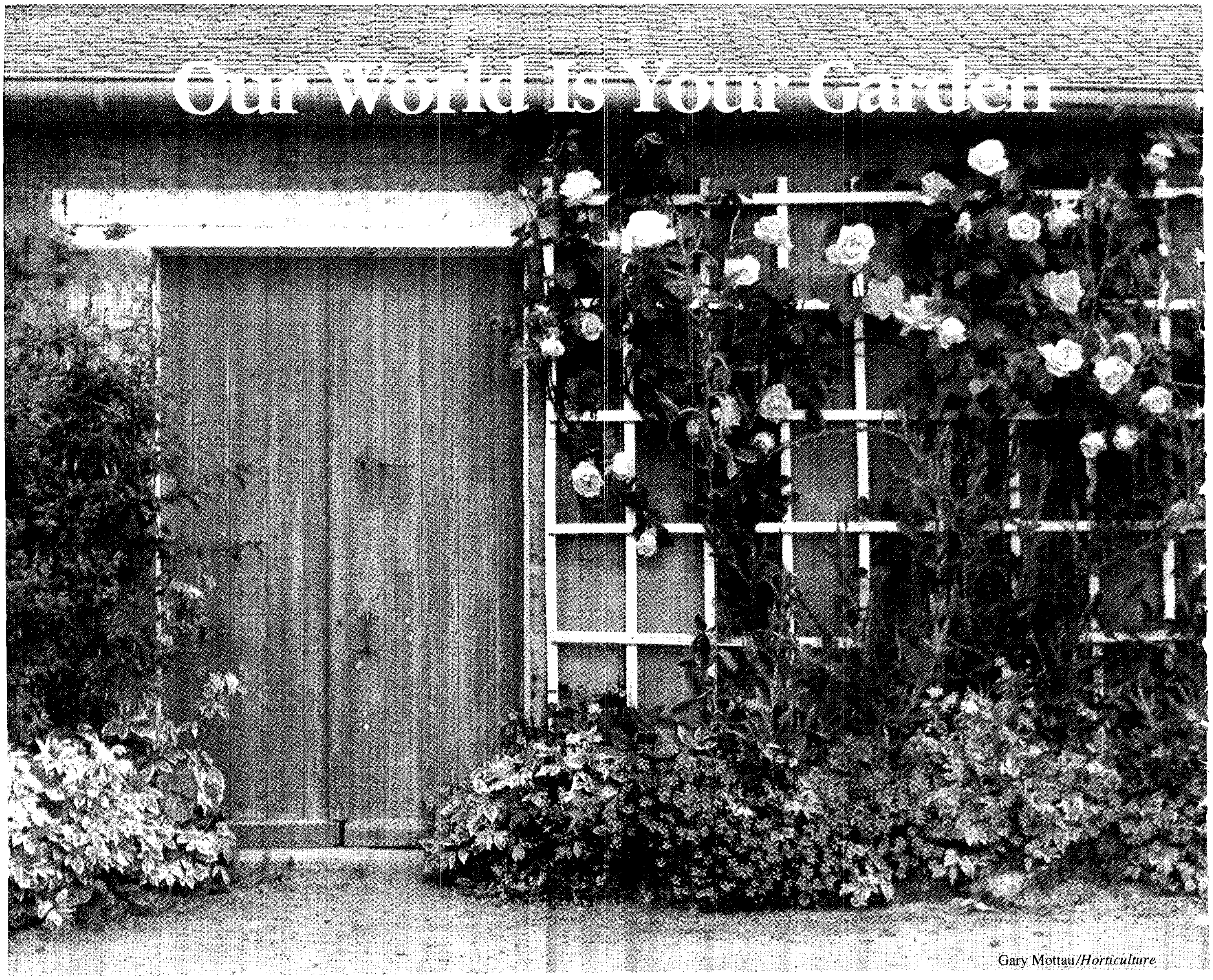

Gary Mottau/*Horticulture*

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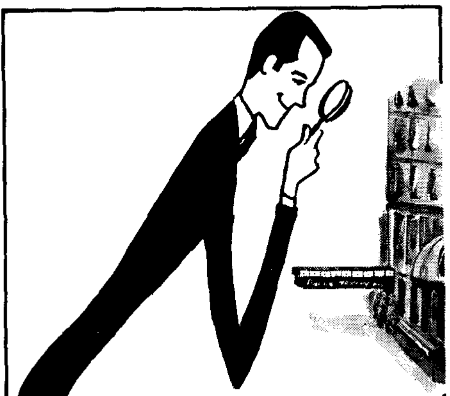
is the reason the French could fight for years to keep their colonies in Indo-China, and then, having lost the war, turn ideological confessor to those colonies. It is why the French could claim common cause with the Algerians after eight years of war and torture. It is why Mitterrand today can go to Mexico and, in all sincerity, adopt the Third World as France's special spiritual province. It gives a kind of moral logic to a foreign policy that otherwise seems whimsical and exasperating. And it explains, at least in part, why so few Frenchmen seemed to expect a Polish dissident to take on Robespierre just because of his own experience with a failed people's republic at home.

Despite the evidence of Solidarity, the French left does not actually believe in the reality of Catholic revolution. Socialists here think of the phrase "Catholic revolution" as a contradiction in terms. They regard the Church in Poland as a family—conservative and reassuring, a refuge from the reality of Communism, but not a part of any reasonable person's strategy for change. They do not really understand the lush Vatican Catholicism with which the Poles defend and sometimes delude themselves. They prefer to think of Polish revolutionaries as acolytes of 1789.

THERE has been a chair in French Revolutionary history at the Sorbonne since 1886. It goes, by tradition, to historians of the left—Georges Lefebvre, Albert Mathiez, Albert Soboul, and now, in all likelihood, Vovelle. They are party to a sort of scholars' *compromesso storico*, which divides French history so that conservatives control the monarchy, Marxists the revolutions, and liberals the two World Wars. Of course, some of the best writing about the Revolution was done by men who were not, properly speaking, historians at all: Chateaubriand and his "Memoires d'Outre-Tombe;" Alexis de Tocqueville and his "L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution." Chateaubriand and Tocqueville are for the grownups. Children in France learn their history the way American children learn their times tables. They memorize the canons of citizenship. Their teachers are apostles of a rigorous and quarrelsome national identity. Their education has to do with forming a proper attachment to the state—Freud would have called it transference. For ten years, Marcel Ophuls' film about France during the German Occupation, "The Sorrow and the Pity," was kept off French television, the official wisdom being that Ophuls' France, with its collaborators as well as its Maquisards, was not good for French children, and would give them unproductive feelings about their parents and their country. Georges Pompidou didn't want the film. Giscard didn't care, but the chairman for French television did, and he and his board opposed it. The board included Simone Veil, a Jew whose mother and father and brother died in concentration camps and who herself was turned over to the Nazis by collaborators. This sort of thinking has nothing to do, really, with the right or the left (though it was Mitterrand who saw to it that "The Sorrow and the Pity" was finally aired). It has to do with the conviction that truth for its own sake has no particular pedagogic value. No one here expects the press to be objective, or even fair. English and American papers seem strange to the French, because they serve no persuasive purpose as the French understand it. A Frenchman reads the paper to corroborate his prejudices, or he reads many papers and makes a sort of collection of prejudices. He is not much interested in information without a strong attitude attached to it.

A schoolteacher down the street from me who teaches history and geography at the local lycée uses one textbook that describes bananas as yellow fruits grown by peasants in poor, hot countries for 11.5 per cent of their market value and exported and sold by foreign intermediaries who pocket the other 88.5 per cent. Last week, the teacher had a visit about bananas from an angry mother. The mother wanted the teacher to tell her twelve-year-old son that while bananas were indeed yellow fruits grown in poor, hot countries and sold for a lot of money by wicked foreign intermediaries, the exploitation of banana farmers was not really part of the essence of "banana." She had tried to tell him this herself, she said, but he did not believe her. He believed his textbook, which had a page about bananas in a chapter entitled "The World Today." Another page in "The World Today" was about happiness in China. Another was about the wealth and health and culture of France's old African colonies. Another was about wanton power in North America, and another was about misery in South America. (It was called "315 Million Men Under the



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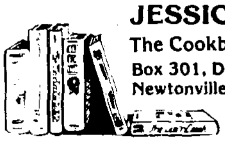
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Shadow of the United States.") There was no page about the Soviet Union or Eastern Europe—in fact, nothing to suggest that there was a Soviet Union or an Eastern Europe besides the initials "U.S.S.R." on a chart about oil producers and oil consumers. The schoolteacher, who happens to be a Socialist, agreed with the mother about bananas and said he certainly found it odd that the Soviet Union had disappeared from the modern world. On the other hand, he saw nothing odd in the fact that Francophone Africa resembled a set of Chamber of Commerce postcards, whereas New York City looked as if it had been photographed by a police photographer on a slum homicide case.

Not so long ago, every French schoolchild learned his history from little catechism textbooks known as Malet-Isaac. Albert Malet was a history teacher at the Lycée Louis-le-Grand, in Paris. He wrote the first of these textbooks alone, around 1900, but eventually he took on Jules Isaac, who was a teacher at another Paris lycée, as a partner, and when Malet died, in 1915, Isaac kept writing. Albert Malet liked Danton. Back in 1908, children all over France read in their Malet that Danton was one of the country's great statesmen—"incapable of hatred, or even rancor, an ardent patriot, the best of the men of his time"—whereas Robespierre was a hateful, jealous man, a puritan dandy who devoted his mornings to clothes, and to a wigged and powdered "sober elegance," and his afternoons to guillotining his friends. Isaac, on the other hand, preferred Robespierre. After he started to work with Malet, another generation of children read that while Robespierre may have been given to a few "odious excesses" Danton was brutal, cynical, and venal—a statesman, yes, but certainly not a great one. The children of the next generation got Isaac alone and then Isaac with some new colleagues, and they had it on authority that Robespierre was the preëminent democrat of the Revolution, champion of universal suffrage, more than worthy of his nickname, which was "the Incorruptible." As for Danton, he was not only brutal, cynical, and venal but also ugly and—the ultimate disgrace—"a revolutionary opportunist."

This was the Danton that Wajda's critics—they are in their forties and fifties now—inherited, and, in a way, the Revolution they inherited. They are not much interested in revisions of

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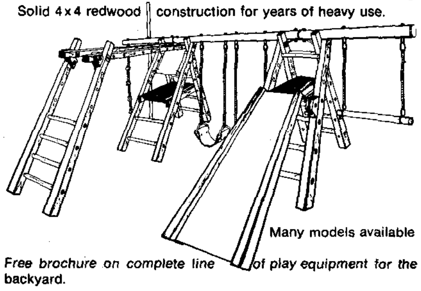
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that Revolution—especially foreign revisions. Probably, they never were. Büchner is loved in France, but it took fifty-four years for anyone here to publish "Danton's Death." Charles Dickens is loved in France, too, and yet "A Tale of Two Cities" was out of print here until the nineteen-sixties. The Petit Robert, which is the standard French desk encyclopedia, does not include "A Tale of Two Cities" in its list of Dickens' novels; it commends his other books for their insight into "British hypocrisy" and "American rapaciousness." The first Dickens scholar in France dismissed "A Tale of Two Cities" as "a novel with neither humor nor originality." The most recent Dickens scholar—his name is Sylvère Monod, and he likes Dickens well enough to have been the first Frenchman elected president of the Dickens Fellowship—says he does not care for the novel, either. French children weep for Oliver Twist in the workhouse and for lonely David Copperfield, but they do not weep for Sydney Carton on his way to the guillotine. To the French, "A Tale of Two Cities" is Dickens under the influence of Thomas Carlyle, and Carlyle, with his peculiar ideas about geniuses being more important than *le peuple* when it comes to cataclysmic social changes, is not a favorite here. The kindest thing I ever read about Carlyle in French was that his history of the Revolution was not history but a kind of epic poem, "sublime and uneven."

IT is surprising that Andrzej Wajda, choosing a text for his movie, ignored "Danton's Death." (Peter Gill recently put on a "Danton's Death" and a "Major Barbara" at the National and gave London some of its best theatre in years.) There has been tremendous interest in German theatre here lately. Young French playwrights and directors started going to West Germany, and especially to West Berlin, in the early seventies, because there was so much money for experimental theatre in Germany—state subsidies and residencies and fellowships—and so little money for it at home. Giscard was notably parsimonious when it came to culture. Mitterrand is notably generous, and now the Germans are coming to Paris. Many of them first knew Paris because of a remarkable impresario here by the name of Michel Guy. There is no one else in Europe, I think, like Guy. He is not in the business of culture, strictly speaking. He is an en-

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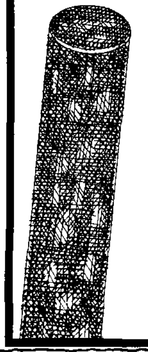

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thusiast, a gentleman collector. He was Minister of Culture once, in the nineteen-seventies—he says that Giscard admired the cut of his English suits and mistook that for a common culture—but left quickly for his old office on the Rue de Rivoli, where he puts together his own Paris season of theatre, dance, film, and music, known formally as the Festival d'Automne. An American who danced at the festival last year said that Michel Guy casts a classical gaze over the avant-garde and the avant-garde delivers classics. He has introduced the country to some of its own best directors. Patrice Chéreau, Gildas Bourdet, and Jean-Pierre Vincent (the new director of the Comédie Française) got their first important Paris productions because of Michel Guy. He has invited Americans like Robert Wilson, Merce Cunningham, John Cage, Lucinda Childs, and Richard Foreman, and Germans like Peter Stein, Manfred Karge and Wolfgang Langhoff, of the Bochumer Ensemble, Klaus Michael Grüber, and Botho Strauss.

Botho Strauss is a thirty-eight-year-old playwright. He was dramaturge at Stein's Schaubühne, in Berlin, for a time—he adapted Gorky's "Summer Folk" for a famous Schaubühne production, which Guy brought to Paris in 1976—and now most of his own plays open there. A Botho Strauss play called "Kalldewey, Farce" is at the Schaubühne now, and when that closes, another Strauss work begins its run. A few years ago, the Schaubühne came back to Paris with the play that Strauss is best known for—"Big and Little." Last fall, a French director named Claude Régy staged his own production of "Big and Little," at the Odéon. It was the best theatre in Paris. Botho Strauss is a wonderful writer. West Germans consider him their finest playwright, or maybe, more accurately, their first playwright—a voice, finally, that is not a postwar voice but one indigenous, if the word applies, to its moment. Jürg Laederach, the Swiss novelist and playwright (and a contemporary of Strauss), once described "Big and Little" to me as a "station play," because it moves across West Germany, dropping in on lives, interrupting Sunday lunches and family fights and office work and silences, as if reality were stops on a trip to some other place—some place more innocent, more coherent, more welcoming. (Strauss himself calls it "scenes" rather than a play.) In fact it is a kind

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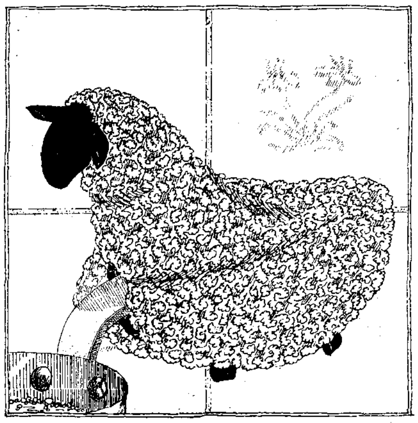

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of Calvary. A woman named Lotte (Edith Clever played her with the Schaubühne, Bulle Ogier played her here) talks her way to a Golgotha where no one wants her and she is told to go. She talks to herself, to us, to everybody she encounters. She has a droll simplicity of soul which puts her in the company of Auden's bawling infants and great saints: Lotte is someone who does not lie. She talks so much because she wants to be friends. She talks because the idea of secrets has no meaning for her. She talks to the husband who threw her out and then she talks to his mistress, because humiliation has no meaning for her, either. She stops at a window to talk to a couple just getting out of bed, because privacy is not a concept that Lotte recognizes. In one inspired scene, she stands in a raincoat at the glass door of a big apartment house, buzzing tenants on the intercom and asking about an old school friend who is supposed to live there now. She begins to talk to the intercom—arguing, joking, lecturing, cajoling, getting nowhere, getting mad at the cold metal box and the tinny voices that do not know anything at all about friendliness or manners or pity. Once, later in the play, Lotte talks to God. She sits in an empty room with a book, a guestbook—the empty Scriptures of an exasperating humanity. She says that all the names in her book have disappeared, but the book gets heavier. She blames God. God wants her. She thinks that maybe He wants her for His cup or His chalice or some other vessel. "I'm not the one you think I am, I was just babbling away," she says. She would like to know, "Is this to be my punishment? Just because I talked out loud to myself a little?" That scene is called "Wrong Number."

—JANE KRAMER

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Onley (Va.) Eastern Shore News*]

EASTVILLE
Shirley Moore

Mr. and Mrs. Micky Moore and son, Stevie, of Delmar, Del., were weekend guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. Ronnie Moore and son, Brian, of Laplate, Md., and Donnie Moore and friend, Kathy, of Suffolk spent the weekend with their mother, Mrs. Louise Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. David Moore and family of Exmore were dinner guests of Mrs. Louise Moore, Sunday.

Mrs. Luther Moore is recuperating at her home after a long illness.

Mr. Ralph Moore is on the sick list at this writing.

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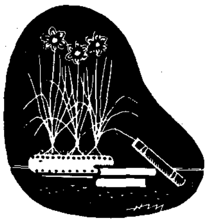
Sorting Things Out

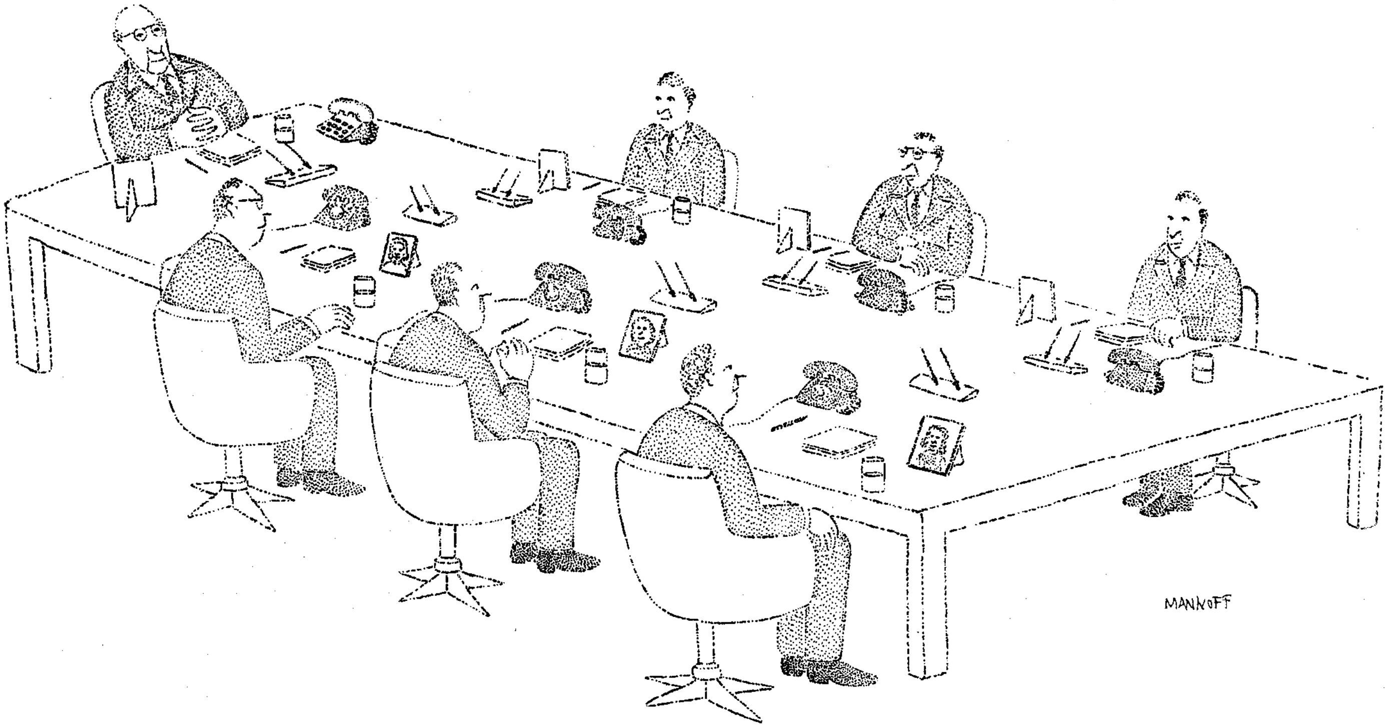


NOVELISTS address their readers from different removes. The great Victorians, their voices orotund and melodious, stand apart and intone, certain they will be heard. Proust talks quietly, interminably in our ear. Mann reads from a lectern. Hemingway, posed near us, speaks rapidly through clenched teeth. Norman Mailer is never still: he's at our elbow, across the room, on a tabletop, just outside the door. Saul Bellow keeps coming at us. Philip Roth telephones. In a first novel called "Blue Rise" (Morrow; $14.95), Rebecca Hill gets almost as close to us as Eudora Welty did in "The Ponder Heart." She sits at the other end of the glider and talks in a confidential, funny, pained, lyrical voice, and she never moves. She is an old-fashioned novelist, who pits good against evil, gentleness against cruelty, straightforwardness against hypocrisy. In contemporary novels, characters are often transparent and seemingly self-created, but Rebecca Hill gives her characters shapes and sizes, and antecedents as well—parents and aunts and uncles, and even grandparents. Moreover, as they are revealed to us they grow, and by the end of the book they are different beings. The book is full of time. It passes almost visibly instead of merely evaporating, as it seems to do in much new fiction. And the narrative moves continually and with great deftness between past and present. Miss Hill also places her characters in a firm environment (largely rural Mississippi), in which the houses have color and design and the garden vegetables have names. She allows us the pleasure of using the mind's eye.

Jeannine Hinton Lewis, born in Mississippi and raised in Detroit, is in her mid-thirties, and is slight, intense, and intelligent. She has been married for ten years to a computer executive, Larry Lewis, and they have a five-year-old daughter, Laura. The marriage has begun to go dead. Larry travels two or three days a week (they live in Des Moines), and she finds herself resenting him when he is home and tuning out when he is away: she picks Laura up at nursery school later and later, she neglects the housework, she stretches out on a comfortable rug in the middle of the night and falls asleep. She talks to Larry in her head: "Your energy works on me like a steamroller; your heat and weight and pressure are one part vitality and three parts denial, and when you get things smoothed over the way you like them, you have flattened all the textures I need for my life." She sends Laura to her in-laws in South Carolina and goes back to Mississippi to visit her widowed mother and sort out her life. She discovers that you never discover that you can't go home again until you're there. Her mother, Melvinia Groves Hinton, who was reared in the Southern Baptist tradition of every man being king in his own castle, turns on her. She tells Jeannine that she will kill her if she leaves Larry and her "children." She asks Jeannine, "How can anybody not be grateful for the love of a good man?" Jeannine's cousins Drew and Raymond are unsettling, too. (Drew has become something of a slut, and Raymond tries to seduce Jeannine.) And so is her old friend Carrie Dean Parrish, sunk in a blind, sanctimonious Baptist lethargy. Jeannine is a Yankee down home and a Southerner up North. She develops a nice eye for cultural differences:

> I was raised in the Groves tradition of fierce huggers . . . Up North, hugging is not routine . . . When I married Larry, it was appropriate to exchange hugs with his immediate family. . . . Theirs is the three-second hug. You clasp each other's arms and/or shoulders, draw your faces near for three seconds, and break away in relief.

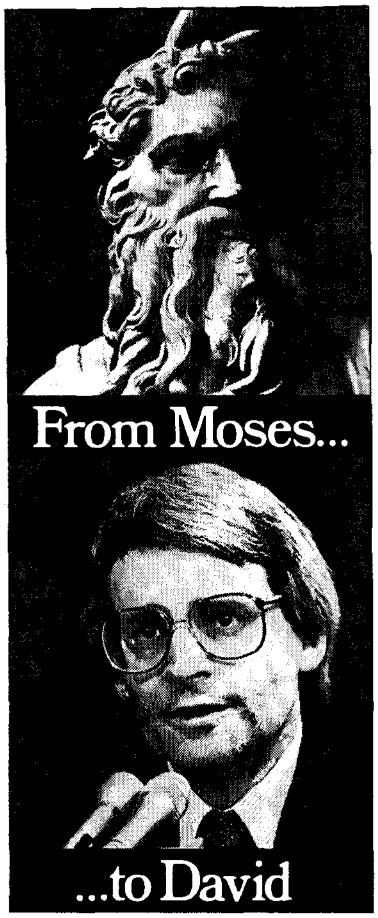
She is also stranded between her mother and her father, who was killed not long before in an accident. An alcoholic with an ungovernable temper (drunk or sober), he had scarred her, her mother, and her two brothers with his belt and his fists. After his death, her mother refuses to admit that she may have wasted her life with a



wretched man. Instead, she slowly remodels him, telling Jeannine how misunderstood he was, how much he had loved and respected Jeannine (who had hated him). She laboriously transfers her martyrdom to him. She even takes on some of his characteristics. She loses her temper and hits Jeannine, she turns peevish and sarcastic, she hides in physical labor. As she conducts her strange alchemy, she and Jeannine slip into subtle and devastating new roles. Jeannine thinks, "I have become the person I least wanted to be: my mother, as seen by my father. She has become the person she least wanted to be: my father, as seen by herself." So there is the heart of Rebecca Hill's book—the ancient, inscrutable sea that separates parents and children and is crisscrossed only by the same irreducible questions: Why can't adults remember what it is like to be a child? Why do grown children so often imitate the very things they most dislike about their parents? Why can't adults remember what they felt about their parents when they were children? Why do children think it hilarious that their parents were once children? Why do parents sometimes compete with their children? Jeannine does not solve these mysteries, but she rids herself of her horror of her father (the last time she saw him, he apologized for his hopeless temper), and she comes to at least partly understand her mad, lonely mother. One of her discoveries: "Intimacy with my mother means I draw near enough for her to tell me what's wrong with me." And she begins to realize that she and Larry (he is the only major figure in the book who never quite comes into focus) must disengage completely, and then try to find out if they can fashion a new life.

It is remarkable how many young novelists—inundated by visual images (TV, the movies, Pop Art) and by an obliterating music—have acute, poetic ears. Drew tells Jeannine how she handled her husband, Rusty, and the woman Rusty was running around with:

> I let the air out of all four of her tires, and I went up to the door of the [motel] room and knocked on it. I had my girlfriend there as a witness. There was all kind of scufflin' and scratchin' inside the room, and when Rusty opened the door just a crack, we pushed it on open and went in and had us a look. It was sorry, I can tell you. Rusty was yellin' at her to cover up, and hittin' me across the face and pushin' us out of the room, all at one time. When he got us shoved outside, he



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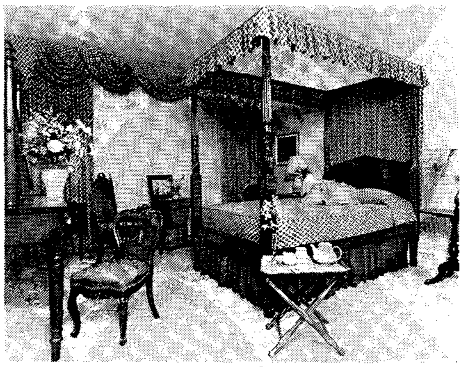

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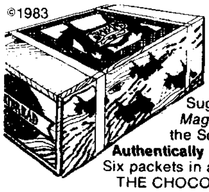

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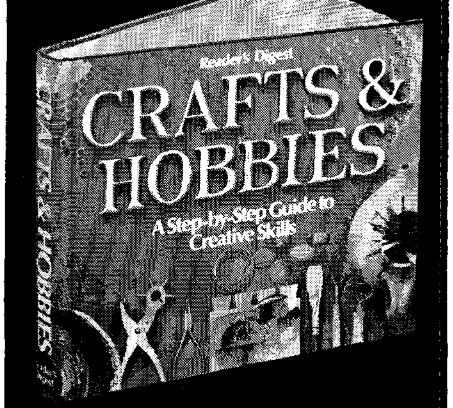

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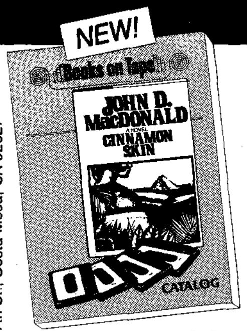

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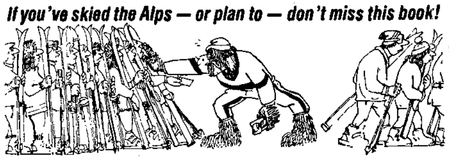

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slammed the door shut. I knew he would listen to see if we'd go on, so I got right next to the door and said real soft, "Don't come home, sugar."

Rebecca Hill is a good writer. ("Water straining toward the boiling point;" "Gay laughter, bright clothes fluttering on a line"), and she can even get off some graceful rhetoric:

> O beware the slim stoop-shouldered men, the ones who carry the head provisionally forward on a graceful neck, like a bellflower upon a stem. Beware the long openhanded arms that advertise no weapons, no lethal instruments. Be watchful; go round and see that there is no force stored up along the shoulder blades, no accumulation of angers not displayed in the face, defeats not acknowledged. Beware the burdens carried where they cannot be frankly espied, the determination not to show what wares have been hoarded. For these are the men who train themselves for the eye of the needle: They will narrowly pass. They will mildly bear what must be borne. And they will give up nothing.

Elsewhere, though, she tells us that suffering is "sky-torn blue," that the moon "has not risen from its sluggish daybed," that "despite myself, cold fear tentacles its way into my heart." But young writers with a lyrical bent rarely move forward unless they are willing once in a while to let their emotions trick them into such excesses. Later, those often turn out to be the roots of the flower.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

[*From "Flying Machines: Construction and Operation," by W.J. Jackman, M.E., and Thos. H. Russell, A.M., M.E., 1910*]

In the opinion of competent experts it is idle to look for a commercial future for the flying machine. There is, and always will be, a limit to its carrying capacity which will prohibit its employment for passenger or freight purposes in a wholesale or general way. There are some, of course, who will argue that because a machine will carry two people, another may be constructed that will carry a dozen, but those who make this contention do not understand the theory of weight sustentation in the air; or that the greater the load the greater must be the lifting power (motors and plane surface), and that there is a limit to these—as will be explained later on—beyond which the aviator cannot go.

•

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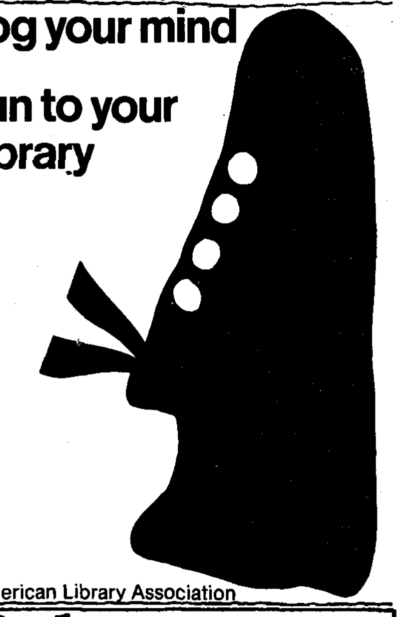

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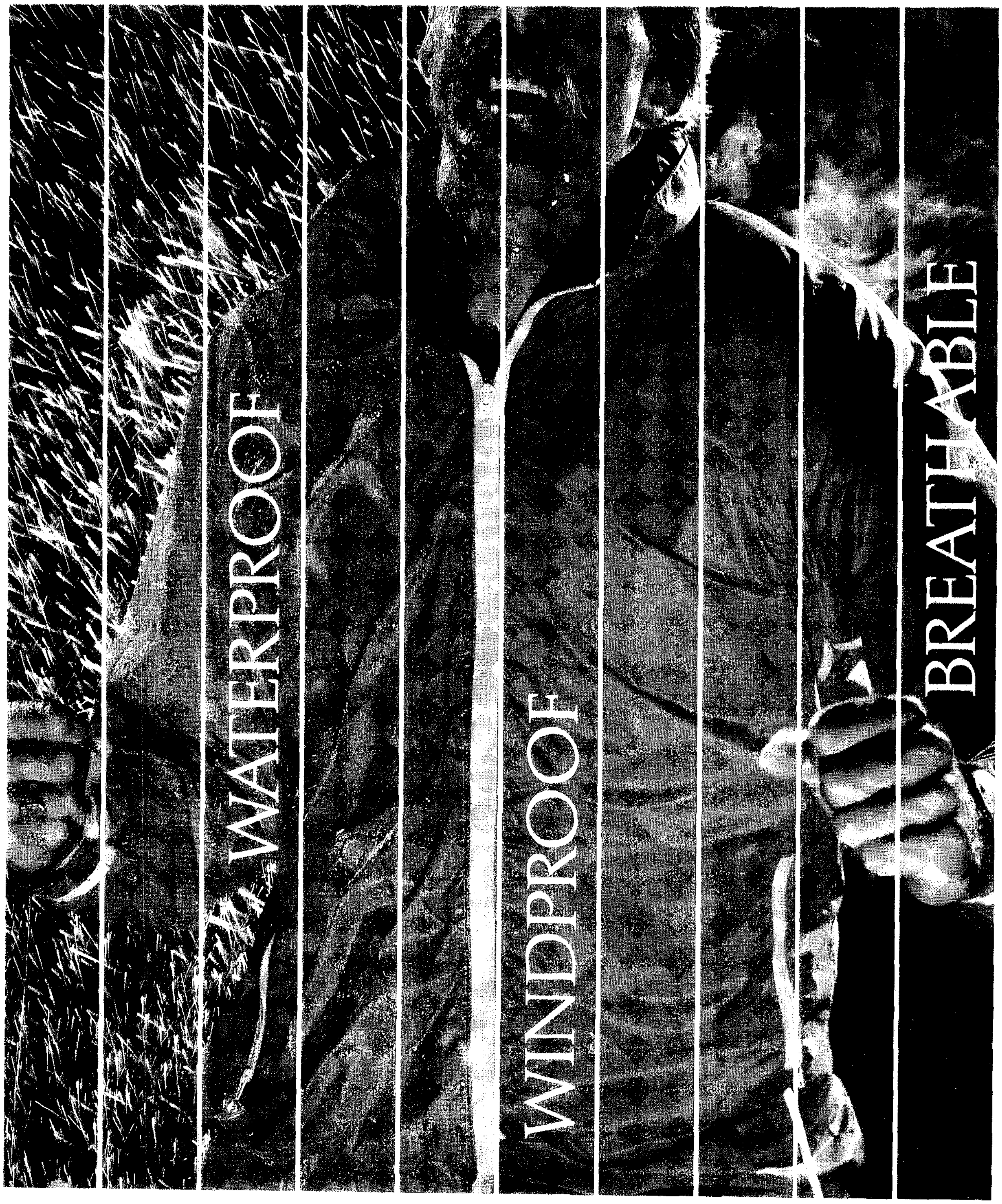
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